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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

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May 15, 1937

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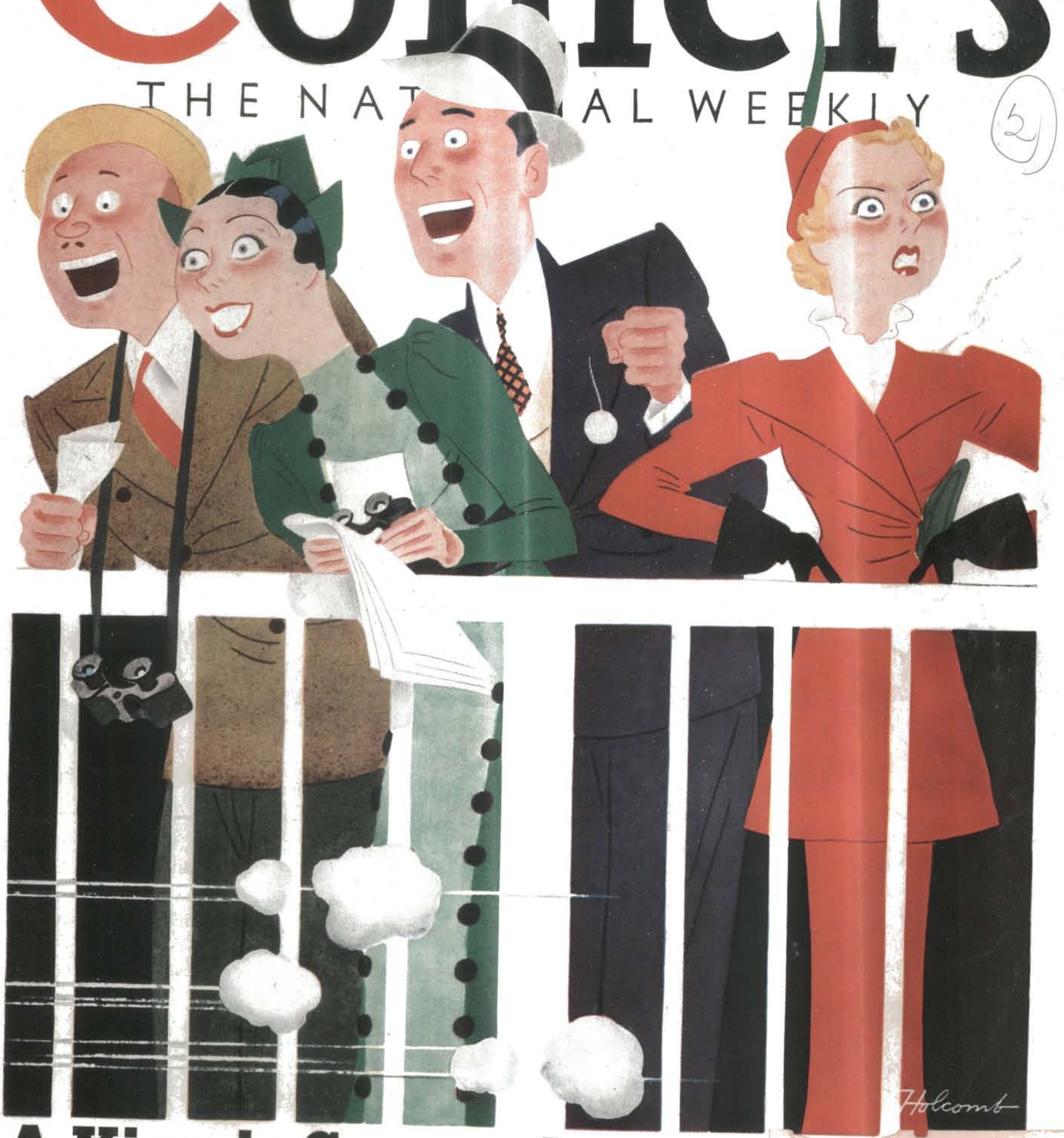
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

(2)



A King is Crowned

BY WINSTON

MRS JOAN :...HARGROVE 121
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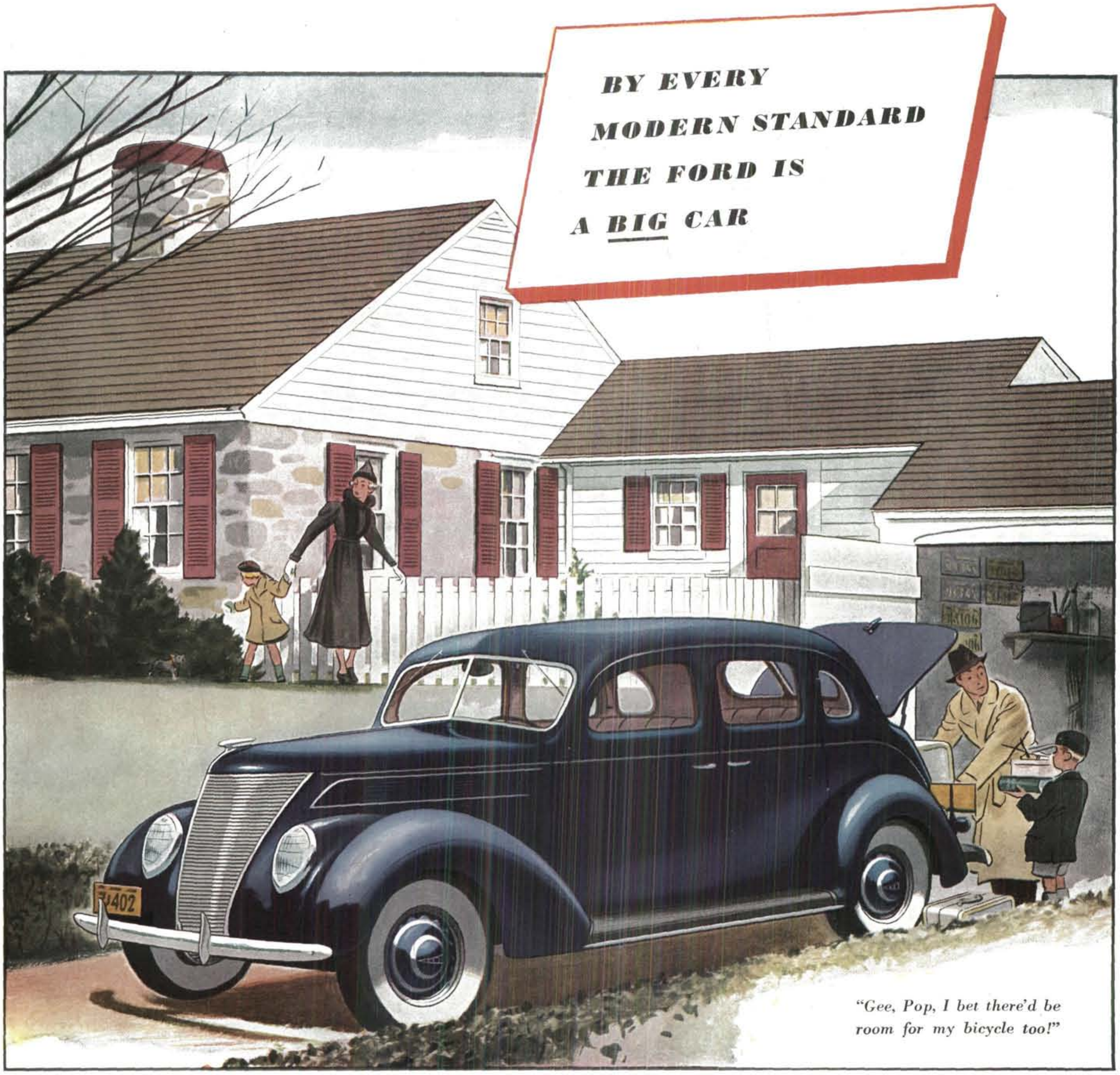

"Gee, Pop, I bet there'd be room for my bicycle too!"

Up-to-date buyers don't judge cars by the length of their hoods. They have learned that it is the usable space inside the body—the room it gives them—that counts.

Because of skilful design and a compact V-8 engine, the 1937 Ford V-8 has inches more body room than many higher priced cars. More room for you—more room for your luggage—because the V-type engine requires less. (Two short banks of four cylinders each, instead of all in one long line.) Extra space means extra comfort. This big-car comfort and big-car performance make the Ford V-8 a really BIG car—with small-car economy. It's unmistakably The Quality Car in the Low-price Field.

Ford V·8 FOR 1937

You don't have to be rich to
RETIRE AT 55 ON $200 A MONTH

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE IN 15 YEARS

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were.

Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

For example, here is what $150 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $150 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $15,000 has been paid, and you can get as much as $20,000, $25,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, additions can be made to your plan by which—

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $30,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from any other cause before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $15,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55 a Monthly Income for you.

How much do you have to put in? We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.

For details, mail coupon below for free illustrated booklet.

Copyright 1937, P. M. L. I. Co.

"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life,* as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

"How can you manage it?" asked another man.

"It's easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I'm 55, and it's guaranteed for life.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—I don't have to pay any premiums that fall due, and I'll get a Disability Income besides."

"Fine. Can you tell me how much this Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

What Does it Cost?

"How much you need to save each month depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book about The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan? They'll mail you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works and what you get."

Here's *your* chance to find out how simple it is to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of $100, $150, $200 or more guaranteed to you for life. (And there are also special plans for women.)

Write the necessary information in the coupon and send it now. You will be mailed a new 24-page book that tells all about this plan. It also tells how you can provide money to leave your home clear of debt, money to send your son to college, money for special needs. It tells how this plan is backed by the Phoenix Mutual, an 86-year-old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. Send for your copy of this free book today. No cost. No obligation. The coupon at the right is for your convenience.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
227 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.
Please send me by mail, without obligation, your new illustrated book,
"HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name____________________
Date of Birth____________________
Business Address____________________
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Home Address____________________

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
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Collier's

May 15, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN Delburn, Two, started going around saying, "Minnie has a baby," Jeeber and Joe realized that something must be done. They were leaders of the student body at St. George's and keenly conscious of their responsibility.

The trouble is that men at St. George's do not go in for girls. That is why Jeeber and Joe made their big mistake. They had no experience in handling girls like Minnie Schaub, who was of the servant class and did not talk good English or act like girls in books. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan shows you these important men acquiring "Experience with Women."

THE CCC was born the smallest and lightest in a litter of amazing, earth-renewing projects. Its infant lisping about millions of dollars and thousands of young men was almost completely drowned out by the hearty roars of the AAA, the NRA and the WPA proudly raising the ante to billions of dollars and millions of men. Little CCC had to make its own way among its larger and more showy brothers and sisters. Perhaps this was its salvation. Left to stagger along as best it might, it has lived to become one of the outstanding successes of the Roosevelt Administration. Walter Davenport reports on its health.

"THE First Mrs. Baker" was beautiful, "the most beautiful girl in the world," Ritchie Mieth said when she saw her. She was so lovely it seemed she might melt into light. But she never did. There was something hard that held her together, an ambition which she fulfilled by progressing from husband to husband. The story is by Brooke Hanlon.

THE beauty and romance of far places concentrated in the unused corner of a lot—that's the secret charm of rock gardens. Betty Thornley Stuart tells you how to arrange and grow them.

LOUIE DOBIN was a comic genius. No one doubted it who had ever seen him perform. The trouble was, very few had seen him. Louie was scared of "Strange Faces." He turned down every offer to go on the stage and entertained only his friends. Louie was fated to be a small-timer. But that was before Irene came into the picture. Henry Anton Steig shows her effect.

WILLIAM MACHARG, Honus Wagner, Ernest Haycox, Henry Pringle, Max Brand, Frank J. Taylor, May Edginton and David Partridge contribute stories and articles.

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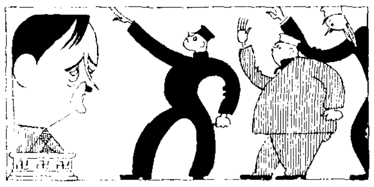
COVER D. B. HOLCOMB

Any Week

WITH what you may regard as almost unseemly haste we bring you the joyous tidings that the Deutsche Hochschule fuer Politik, in Berlin, is prepared to teach you how to be a Nazi. The course proposes to show you why there's a Mr. Hitler and how to appreciate Colonel-General Goering (in full uniform with lions) and Doctor Goebbels (balanced on a microphone). Lectures on important subjects will be thrown in to give the course substance. The sessions start July 10 and end on July 25 and include excursions and demonstrations which may possibly be enlivened by a few demonstrations of solid Nordic chastisement of stupid persons who flunk the course. We have the prospectus here, sent to us by Dr. Paul Meier-Benneckenstein, high-school principal. We know you can hardly wait.

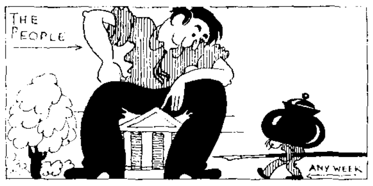


BUT we won't be there. We have to paint our house and weed a garden. Besides, June and July are not our indoor months. In our spare time we shall be on a sit-down strike, wherever we happen to be, provided there's a baseball game in the vicinity. We have a warning from Mr. Leo Terrence of St. Louis, Missouri, that he is organizing a movement which, if properly managed, will enable us to see many baseball games for the price of one admission. All we have to do is buy a ticket to a single game and then refuse to leave. Thus we see game after game, day after day, subsisting on beer and hot dogs. Lots of fun.

NEITHER will Miss Betty Hoskins attend those Berlin lectures. Anyway, she says nothing about it in a letter she has just sent us. She's the young lady who won the ten dollars we offered for the best solution to the nasty predicament the Montana rancher's horse created when it insisted upon eating with the children. "I want to thank you," says Miss Hoskins from her home at Wilton Junction, Iowa, "for selecting my solution and for the check. It was such a surprise and pleasure to get it I shed a few tears. I am saving to get a bicycle and that almost makes enough. I am sorry I did not write before, but I have been so busy, first the spelling contest, then the six weeks' exams. So if you will forgive me will thank you again. P. S.—Will be 12 years old Saturday."

AND yet we probably should take a course in something. That we need it is all too apparent to Mr. W. C. Parrish of San Martin, California. Mr. Parrish has arrived at the gloomy conclusion that we have no brains—a lack we have suspected for some time but which we naturally were anxious to conceal. "In emulation of the woodpecker," writes Mr. Parrish, "you are laudably striving to earn a living by working with your head. . . . Speaking with the authority of experience let us remind you that brainwork is the hardest in the world if you do not have the tools."

OF COURSE we've been expecting to be caught. Mr. B. Simonovitch of Altoona, Pennsylvania, too has our number. "Soon," says Mr. Simonovitch, "you will be working for a new boss. It is the people. Letters from the people and no nonsense like Wall Street and its Supreme Court. We are dissatisfied with Roosevelt, the traitor. We will sit in the White House and give the orders and you don't dare say no. You will write what we say. The army will come over to the people and elect its own officers, but not you."



WHEN Mr. Simonovitch arrives to reorder our life he may find us in the midst of an interesting experiment. And maybe Mr. Simonovitch and his friends might like to join us. Mr. Glendon A. Schubert of Syracuse, New York, started us. He read Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Second Mrs. Brown" but became a bit perplexed when Mr. Steele wrote: "By and by something started up in Abbie's throat. She put her hand over her mouth and bit the palm." And Mr. Schubert says: "Did you ever try to bite your palm? Well, just you try it once—first consulting your dictionary for the definition. Just try it once and see."

"I DON'T suppose the reading public gives a hoot," says Mr. Eddie Coope of San Antonio, Texas, correctly enough, "but we writers are about to be given a break. Senator Vandenberg has introduced a bill to permit authors' manuscripts to be carried as third-class mail."

BOTH ways?

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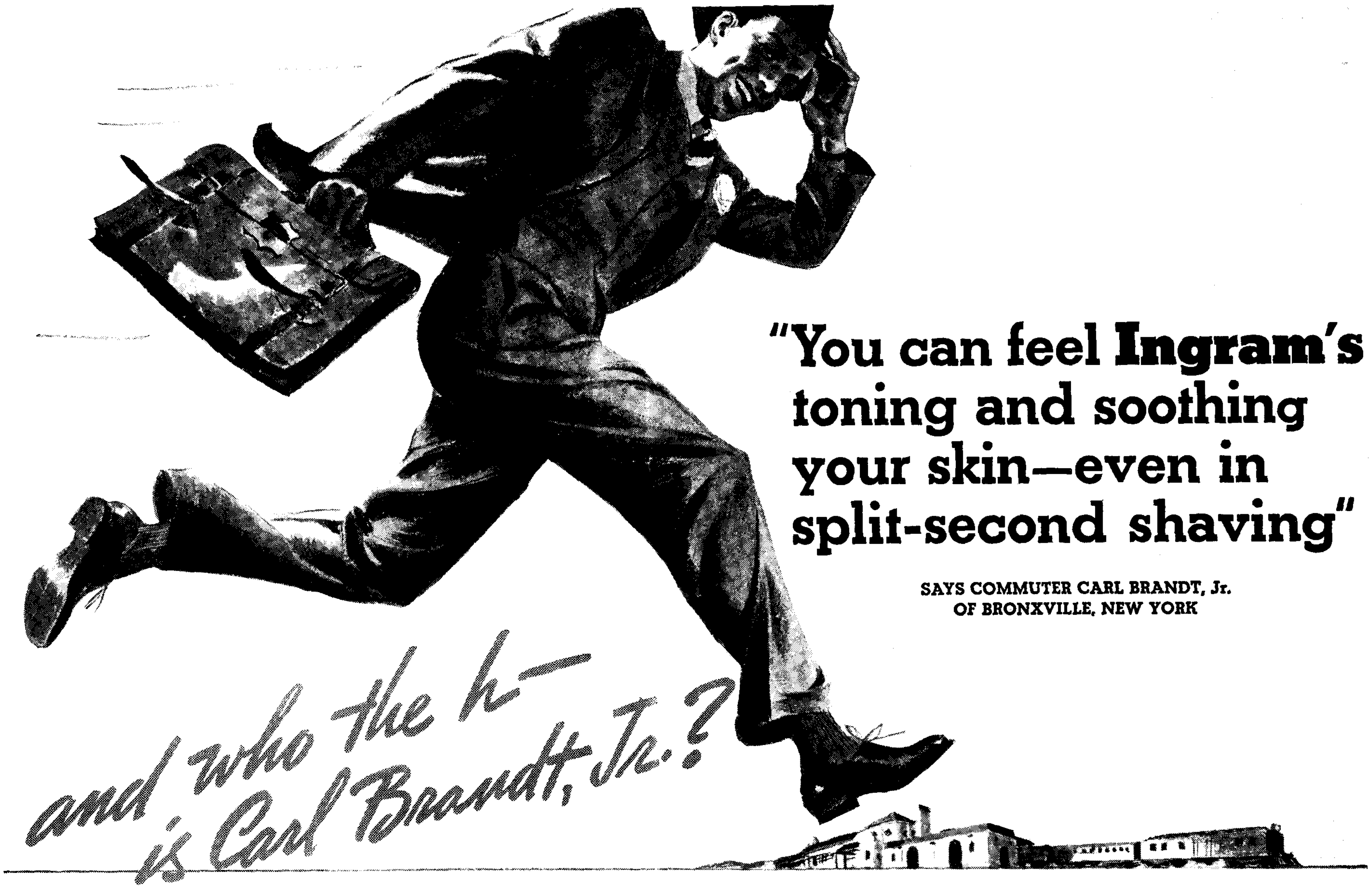
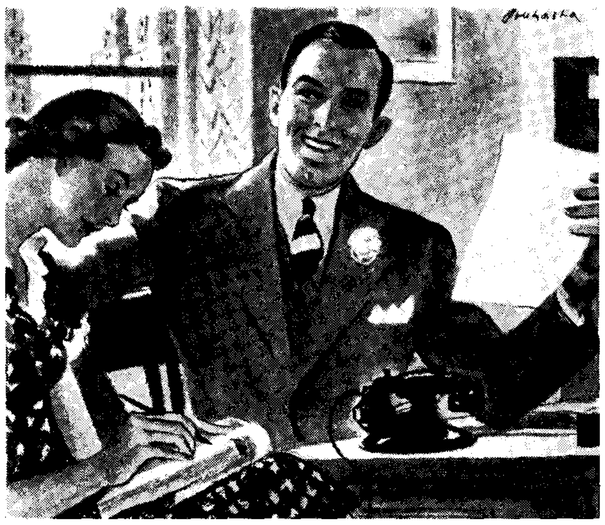

and who the h— is Carl Brandt, Jr.?

"You can feel **Ingram's** toning and soothing your skin—even in split-second shaving"

SAYS COMMUTER CARL BRANDT, Jr.
OF BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK

1. "Just put me down as a man who shaves in a hurry—*but still wants stingless, soothing shaves*. Life in the A.M. moves like a three-alarm fire. I shave with one eye on my razor and the other on my watch—that's why I'm for Ingram's."

2. "What a whisker-wilting performance Ingram's turns in! It not only wilts the stiffest whiskers—but it's the *soothing, toning* job that really makes this lather unique. Every brushful holds a bracing and tonic sensation."



3. "You can feel the Ingram *difference* as you shave. And that's the difference that speeds me to town with the smooth face I need in my business—clean as a mill pond and comfortable as a spring morning. My advice? Try Ingram's Shaving Cream!"

THOUSANDS of men are just as eloquent about Ingram's—thousands have found it the way to end shaving stings and terrors. You feel its *soothing, tonic* difference with the first brushful of lather that blesses your cheeks.

Ingram's is more than just a beard-subduing lather—a lather that whips the stiffness and fight out of the meanest whiskers. It's a triple treat formula—a three-time combine of shaving cream, face tonic and lotion in one. With every stroke of your blade, this luxurious "*wet-inside*" lather tones and freshens your skin—protects it against irritation—gives your face a smoothness, a *bracing coolness* that lingers for hours.

Remember, Ingram's Shaving Cream is "concentrated"—a little goes a long, long, economical way. Actually, the smallest pinch of Ingram's (*use plenty of water*) billows up into a cloudbank of foaming, close-lying, whisker-wilting lather.

You'll like Ingram's! Just two minutes of your time will bring you proof positive of its amazing difference. The coupon brings you seven glorious and *cool* shaves. Tear out and fill it in *now* —and your face will be grateful, all your life!

Ingram's
Shaving Cream

Ingram's Shaving Cream
Ingram's Concentrated Shaving Cream

COOL AND CONCENTRATED

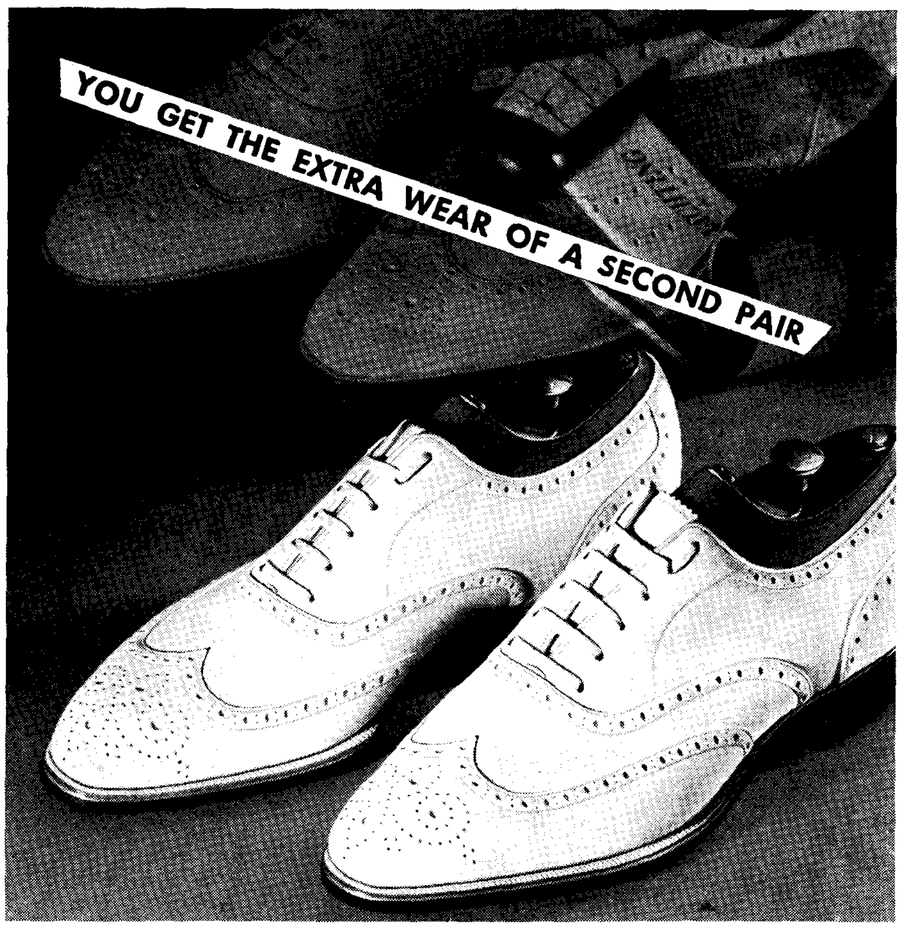
Free! **7,000,000 Ingram Shaves**

Ingram's plans to introduce itself to you and to 999,999 other men in 1937. Mail this special coupon for a 7-day tube of Ingram's to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. B-57, 636 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City or Town ____________ State ________



BREAKING *distance records . . .*

to give your budget a "break"

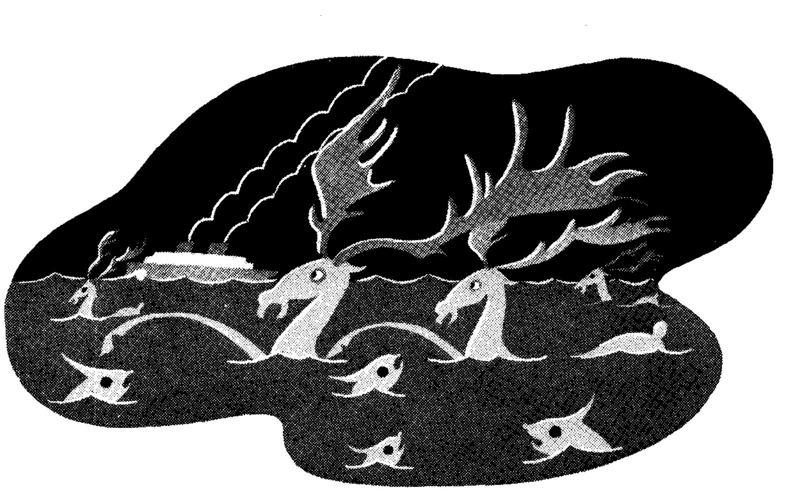
"The extra wear of a second pair" is not a play on words . . . it's a real break for your shoe budget. It's the plus value you get in Florsheim shoes. They're marathon performers . . . built with the reserves a marathon "champ" must have. Far past the finish line for ordinary shoes, Florsheims keep on stepping off the miles—exploring fields of extra wear unknown to most shoes—adding months of extra service—and subtracting dollars from your annual shoe budget. It's a well-invested dollar that goes for Florsheims. *Style illustrated,* The GARFIELD, S-701, *in genuine white buckskin. Retailing at $11.*

MOST STYLES

$9.50 AND $10

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The homing instinct is believed to be more strongly developed in the deer than in any other wild animal, and particularly in Scottish stags, many of which, when sent to New Zealand, have escaped from their new owners and have been found, far out at sea, faithfully swimming toward home, some 13,000 miles away.

During the 18th century in Scotland many businessmen, because of the smallness of their stores and offices, held their conferences in taverns over a tin of ale or a mutchkin of wine which they would never touch until one of them, or a minister, had said grace.

Among the worst enemies of snakes are snakes. Many species are not only occasional but constant "snake-eaters," among which are the hamadryad and the krait of India and China and the coral snake of tropical South America.—*By Henry W. Burns, Woodhaven, New York.*

The diamond is not the most valuable of precious stones. On an equal quality and carat basis, the diamond is worth no more than the sapphire, only forty to fifty per cent as much as the pigeon-blood ruby and only twenty-five to thirty per cent as much as the emerald.

The newest method of killing whales is with an electric harpoon. The current goes by wire to the head of the harpoon, spreads through the body of the animal and returns through the water to the negative pole on the side of the ship, thereby completing the circuit and causing instant electrocution.

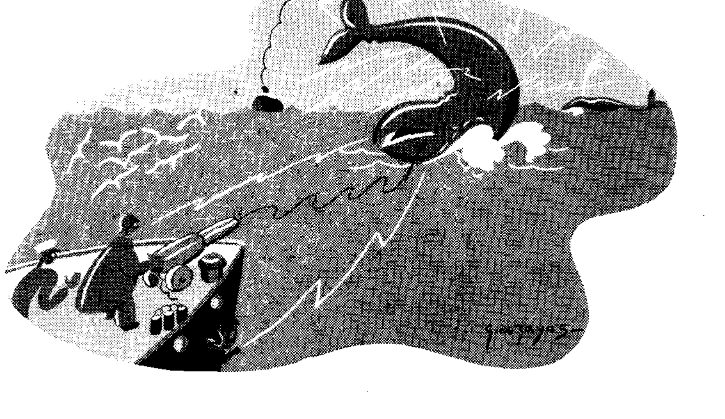
The funds which England supplies its Royal Family do not come from the pockets of the taxpayers, but from the hereditary revenues of the "Crown Lands," which have been collected and controlled by the government since 1760. Today less than half of this income is required for the King's Civil List. The remainder—more than $3,000,000—is added to the income of the country.

Some flowers do not have the same odor at all hours. The variation in their scent, caused by metabolic changes, is exemplified by the orchid, which may smell of heliotrope in the morning, carnation during the day and lilac at night.

Most cities in Europe still have a Bristol Hotel, through an idea which originated nearly two centuries ago when the 2d Earl of Bristol (1721-1775) toured the Continent. As he was a famous connoisseur of foods and wines, each hotel in which he stayed proudly called itself "Bristol's," to increase its prestige.—*By Mrs. John H. Croom, Jr., Fayetteville, North Carolina.*

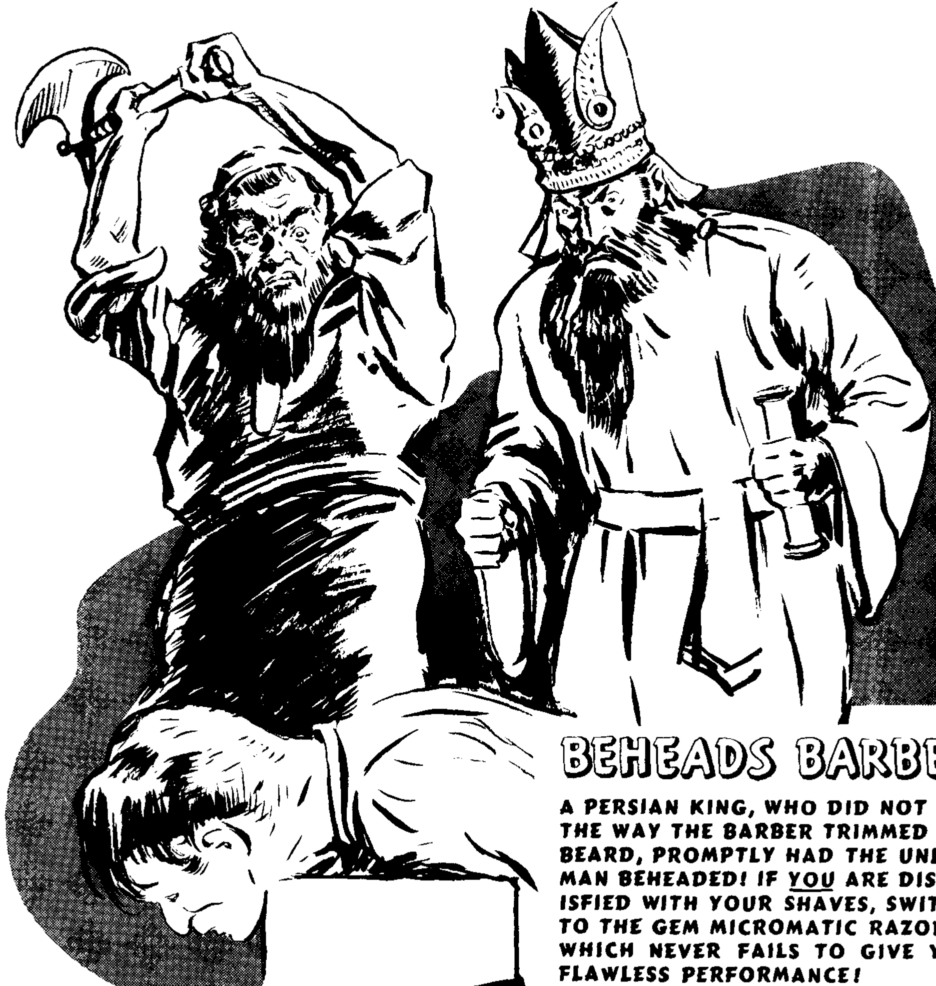
Rarely, if ever, has a record for raising funds for relief work eclipsed that of the American Red Cross after our entry into the World War. Between May, 1917, and November, 1918, the amount realized totaled $400,000,000, more than $270,000,000 of which was collected within twelve days.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers



Shaving Oddities

NO. 5



BEHEADS BARBER!

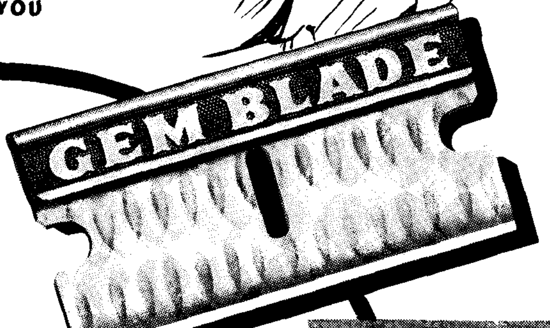
A PERSIAN KING, WHO DID NOT LIKE THE WAY THE BARBER TRIMMED HIS BEARD, PROMPTLY HAD THE UNLUCKY MAN BEHEADED! IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR SHAVES, SWITCH TO THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR WHICH NEVER FAILS TO GIVE YOU FLAWLESS PERFORMANCE!

PATRIOT'S JOKE!

IN 1776, BARBERS IN NEW YORK WHEN SERVING BRITISH OFFICERS, SHAVED ONLY HALF THEIR FACES AS A GESTURE OF RIDICULE. AVOID THAT HALF-SHAVED APPEARANCE BY USING THE GEM RAZOR WHICH GIVES YOU CLEAN, REFRESHING SHAVES!

SOCIAL ASSET!

GOOD GROOMING IS A VALUABLE SOCIAL AND BUSINESS ASSET. AND GOOD GROOMING BEGINS WITH A GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND A 50% THICKER, SUPER-KEEN GEM BLADE. TOGETHER THEY GIVE YOU THOSE SHADOWLESS SHAVES WHICH GUARANTEE ALL-DAY FACE NEATNESS. SEND COUPON BELOW FOR PROOF!

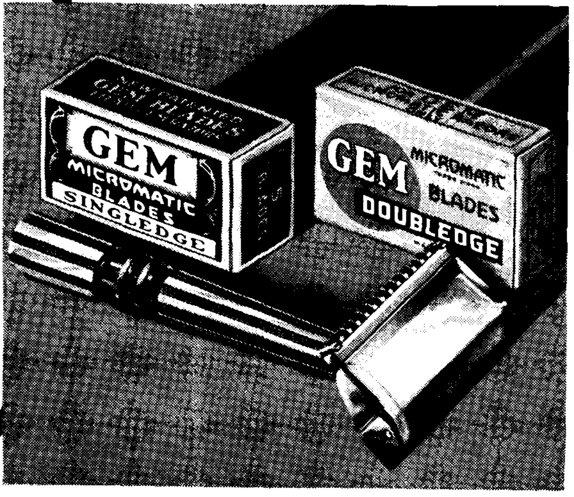


BET THEIR BEARDS!

SOME ORIENTAL RACES OF ANCIENT TIMES MADE A PRACTICE OF STAKING THEIR BEARDS ON WAGERS. WE'LL BET THAT YOUR FIRST SHAVE WITH A GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR WILL GIVE YOU A NEW IDEA OF SHAVING COMFORT!

CROONING SHAVE!

HERE'S A SHAVE YOU'LL GREET WITH A SONG—THE SMOOTH, BLYTHE SHAVE OF THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR! NO OTHER RAZOR IS LIKE GEM! EXCLUSIVE FEATURES COST US $660,000! ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION; FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH COMPELS YOU TO USE MASTER-BARBER'S LONG, GLIDING STROKE! GET A NEW GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES FROM YOUR DEALER. OR SEND COUPON BELOW FOR SPECIAL 25¢ "PROOF" OFFER!



GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

For perfect shaves—use a Gem in a Gem!

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C42, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

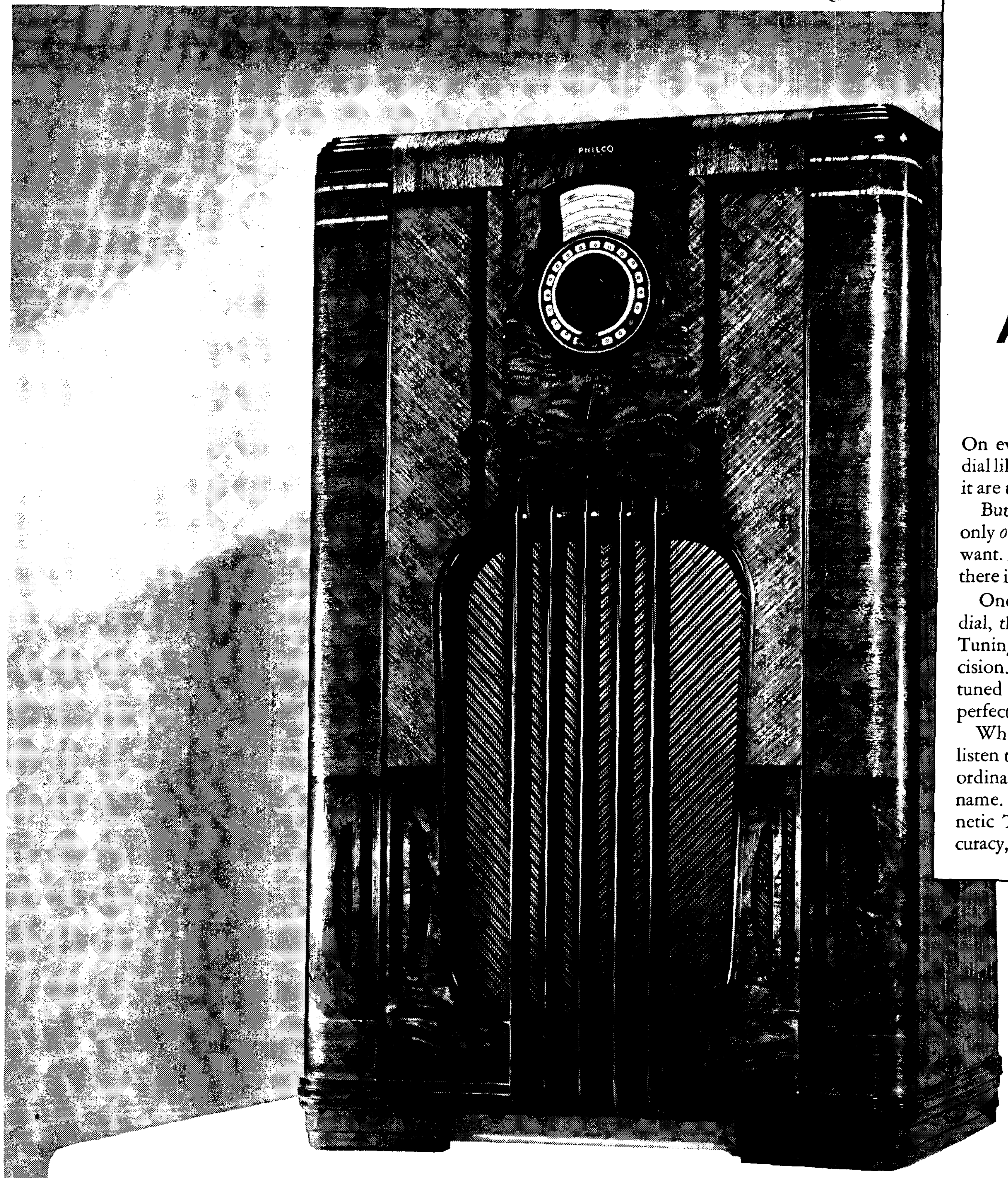
PRINT NAME..............................
STREET..............................
CITY..............................STATE..............................

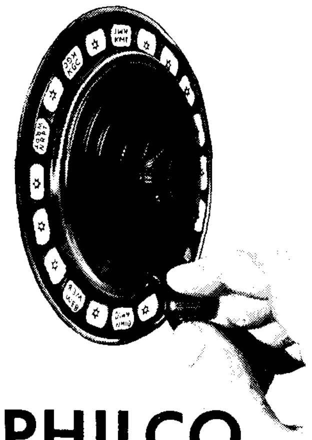
(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp.

Be sure it's a Gem; find the blade with the name; its keener demeanor makes shaving a game!

A Musical Instrument of Quality





PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING

On every Automatic Tuning Philco, there's a dial like that on an automatic telephone. Around it are the call letters of all your favorite stations.

But with Philco Automatic Tuning you dial only *once!* One glance shows the station you want. A flick of your fingers . . . and *CLICK* . . . there it is! Tuned *instantly, silently, perfectly!*

One motion is all you make. Back of the dial, the invisible fingers of Philco Magnetic Tuning complete the job with infallible precision. The program comes in more perfectly tuned than eye or ear could do it . . . and stays perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen!

When you want American stations that you listen to less frequently . . . you simply tune the ordinary way. Foreign stations are tuned by name. Once you have the station, Philco Magnetic Tuning assures the greatest possible accuracy, the finest possible tone!

PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING MODELS . . . $100 up
PHILCO TABLE MODELS . . . $20 up
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PHILCO AUTO RADIOS . . . $39.95 up
All prices less Aerial

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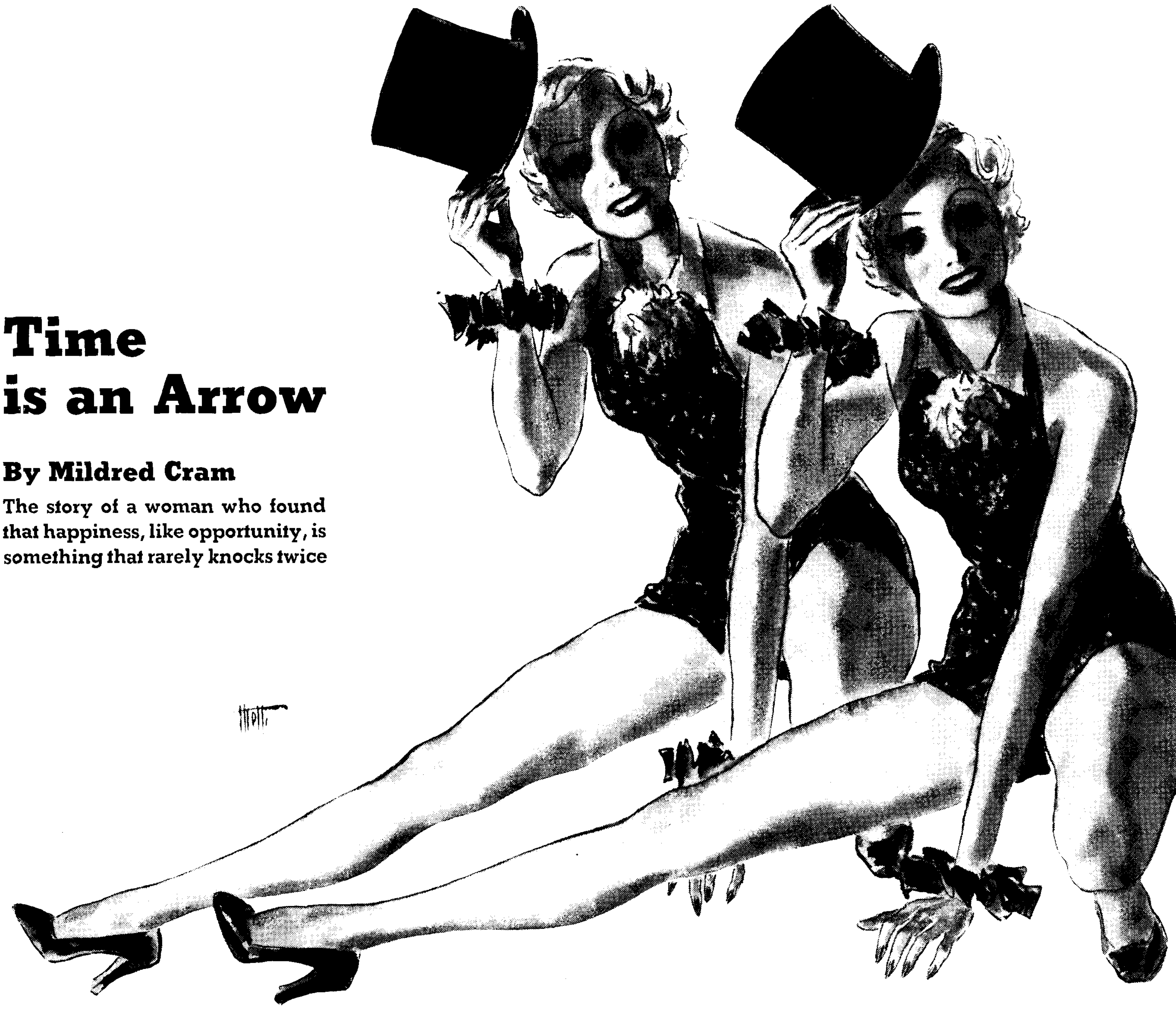
Time is an Arrow

By Mildred Cram

The story of a woman who found that happiness, like opportunity, is something that rarely knocks twice



They were the best in the business. Celestial blondes. A pair of gazelles who could do anything

SAL always looked ten years younger than she was. When she was thirty, she looked twenty. People couldn't believe she was Babe's mother. When Babe was twelve, she looked fifteen. Feature for feature, a carbon copy of Sal. The same gray eyes. The same pert nose. The same mouth. And both of them had crinkly blond curls, short, like boys' wigs. And marvelous legs.

Mother and daughter? When they danced together, wearing shorts and pull-on sweaters, they looked like twins.

Sal had been in vaudeville—in the big time, too—for years. She had had a week at the Palace and a fortnight in London at the old Coliseum. Those were the days of rompers and hair ribbons. Sal did a kindergarten dance, eating an apple. Remember? Pretty as a picture—and cute? *Say!*

At thirty, she was still cute. But vaudeville had piped its swan song and she was dancing in joints for a living. Wearing spangles and French heels. And singing little songs in a sweet, husky, off-key voice.

One night Ned Clancy saw her, and it was all over. He fell in love the way a man drowns. He went down and under.

Clancy was one of a dying race of men. He had the courage and the tenderness, the strength and the honesty that you seldom find any more. Women pray for his sort, and then fall for weaklings and sissies. Perhaps there'd be more real men in the world if women had better taste and more patience.

Clancy took one look at Sal and his heart accepted her. He called the proprietor and made certain that she wasn't married.

"She's a widow," the proprietor whispered. "Her husband was one of the Four Flying Bellardis. Broke his neck in the net when Sal was seventeen. She's got a kid twelve years old."

"Okay," Clancy said. "I want to meet her. Fix it."

CLANCY was on the force, then. Climbing. He never played politics to his own advantage, but he knew his power and used it. It's no secret where he is today. On top.

Sal liked him. He hadn't Bellardi's silky, co-ordinated physical menace. But he was the first man, since Bellardi, to stir the blood in her veins. She'd been cool and collected for twelve years, working to bring Babe up right, and to keep her own body and soul together. She'd had no time or desire for love.

But Clancy got her. He was tall and dark and had straight blue eyes and could carry her around in the palm of his hand. She warned him about Babe.

"I'm all wrapped up in the kid," she said. "Maybe I shouldn't get married."

"You love me, don't you?" Clancy said.

Sal nodded. She couldn't speak. She loved Clancy terribly. Too much. The thought of not having him, of not hearing his voice, turned her cold as ice. She'd sit for hours, feasting her eyes on him. But she loved Babe, too. A different love. Powerful. Absorbing. Dedicated.

"You deserve a little happiness of your own," Clancy said. "Babe'll get hers, later. This is your chance at life. Here and now. With me."

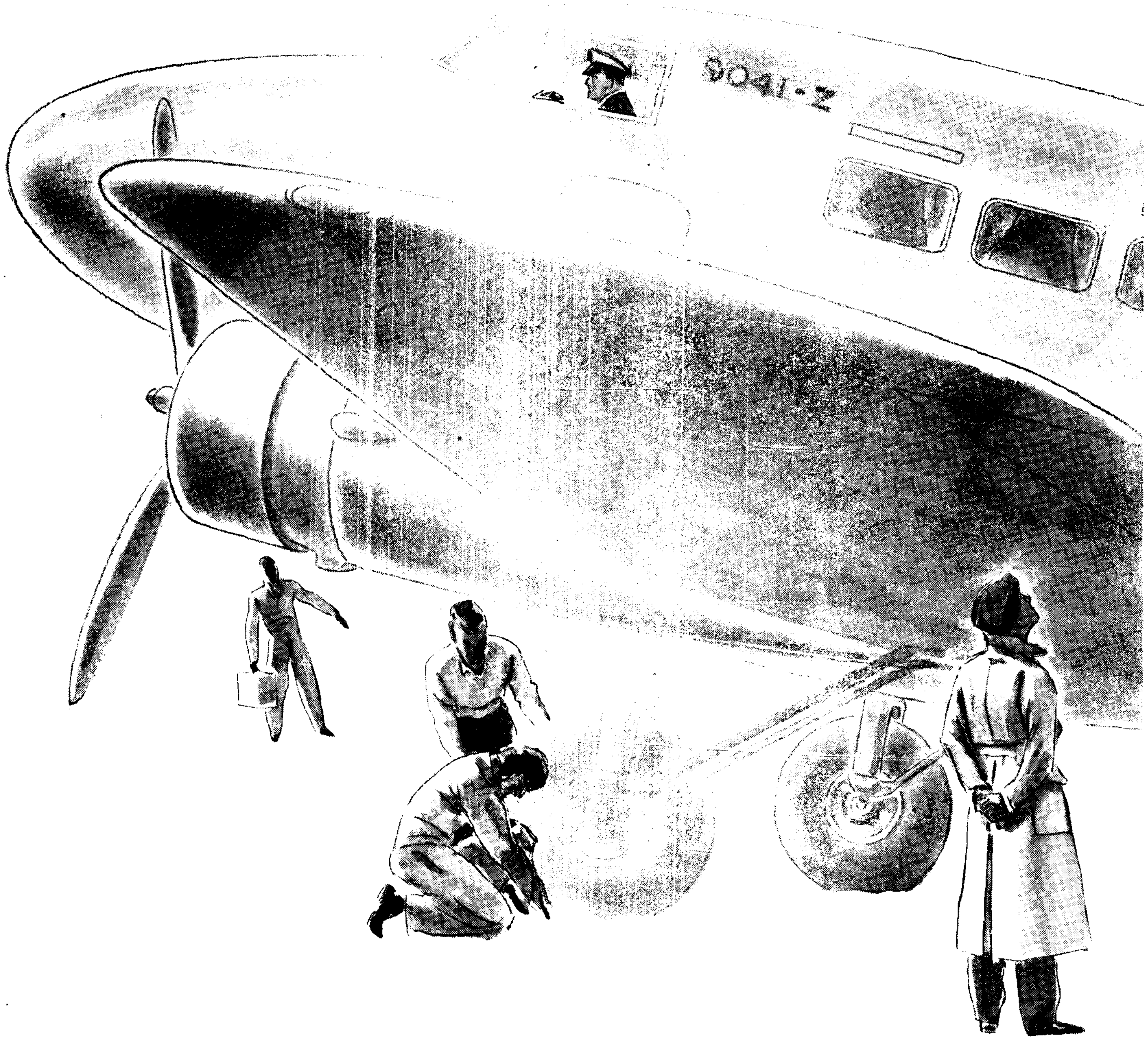
"I guess you're right," Sal said.

When he kissed her, she couldn't think. She could only feel. And *know*.

She married him one morning. And, that afternoon, Babe came home from school to find a strange man in the flat. A big, handsome, quiet Irishman, who called himself Sal's husband.

Then the trouble began.

It wasn't Babe's fault. It wasn't Clancy's—they both tried. But they just didn't click. Babe had inherited some of Bellardi's temper, his gusts of jeal-



ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER KLETT

ous rage and passionate atonement. A Neapolitan father is one thing. An Irish stepfather is another. All her life, Babe had slept in Sal's room. Now she slept alone, down the hall, and Clancy closed the door upon Sal and himself. Babe was out. And for six months, she cried herself to sleep every night. Sal's happiness only made it worse.

SAL was like spring sunlight; she was like flowers. All day she sang around the flat. Doing this and doing that. Being domestic and married. *Mrs. Clancy!* Sal—who'd been a star! She never danced any more. Clancy paid for everything. *Damn* Clancy! Babe hated his clothes, hanging in Sal's closet. His pipe. His newspapers. The masculine weight and size and smell of him in the little rooms that—ever since Babe was born—had always been neat and cool and feminine. The portable phonograph was mute these days—because Clancy didn't like music! Babe had to do her homework in the kitchen, while Sal read out loud to Clancy—history and criminology and detective stories. Babe stuffed her fingers in her ears, to drown out the sound of their laughter, their low, happy, intimate murmurs. She grew thin, and coughed a lot, and couldn't study. Her report cards were terrible.

"I can't understand," Sal said. "Nothing but E's! Don't you *want* to be educated?"

"No," Babe said. "*I want to be a dancer.*"

Sal shook her head.

"You're too young," she said, "to know! Take my word for it, Babe, dancing's no cinch. I didn't realize how tired I was—how fed up—until Clancy came along. I'm never going to dance again."

But she did.

Babe wasn't to blame. She wanted Sal to be happy. But she broke up Sal's marriage.

The day came when Sal realized that she had to make a choice between her man and her child. And Babe came first.

"I'm not the wife for you," she said. "I'm going to give you a divorce. You deserve a break, Clancy. You're a good man."

"Don't act like a fool," Clancy said. His eyes burned at her. "Send the kid to a nun's school. She's sick with jealousy, that's all. She'll get over it. Your life's your own. . . . But I can't make you happy unless you give all of yourself to me. I married *you*. Not Babe. She's another man's child. Don't you see, Sal, I can't bring myself to love her the way I'd love my own?"

"Yes, Clancy, I see."

When Sal got her divorce, she was thirty-three and Babe was fifteen. They might have been sisters—except for the look in Sal's eyes. A strange, desolate look. You've seen it in the eyes of birds—something lonely and stark and apart.

Clancy moved out of the flat and out of Sal's life. She wouldn't take a penny from him. With his going, something died in her. It was as if her heart died. And there it was, a dead thing, in her breast.

For Babe's sake, she pretended that it was all right. She sent for her old agent and told him she wanted a job. Quick.

"I'm as good as ever," she said.

The agent glanced at Babe.

Babe—all sparkling and pink-cheeked again, because she had Sal to herself.

"Why not a sister act?" the agent said. "Can the kid dance?"

Could the kid dance?

They were the best in the business. The Heavenly Twins. Celestial blondes. Identical. Dazzling. A pair of gazelles who could do anything—tap, classical, ballet, pony, ballroom . . . Anything! They moved as one being. Fluent, fluid and exact.

They danced, and they sang. Sal's husky contralto playing tricks behind Babe's cool, clear soprano. They were the first of those sweet sister singers of radio—close harmony—almost *too* close.

Babe was growing more beautiful with every dawn.

She could dance all night, only to meet the gray, flat light of morning, as fresh as the dew. But Sal's eyes would be blue-smudged with fatigue.

She looked into the mirror, and an arrow of doubt, tipped with poison, pierced her heart.

When she was all together, with a shampoo and an amber-glint rinse and eyedrops and a slow, careful make-up, she was still a match for Babe. But Babe had it without trying—the real thing—youth.

Sal did some quick thinking and decided to break into radio.

Babe protested.

"Let's stick to the floor shows," she begged. "Vaudeville's coming back, you'll see. All we need's a sophisticated act, and we'll land at El Morocco or the Ritz."

But something warned Sal that her cabaret days were over. The mike has no eyes.

IT WASN'T easy, at first. Radio wasn't interested in twin dancers. There were times when it was a toss-up between paying the rent and buying dinner. Sal always paid the rent first and ate later. She loved the stuffy, dark little walk-up flat in the Forties. She fought to keep it. Home! The only place in the world where she felt safe.

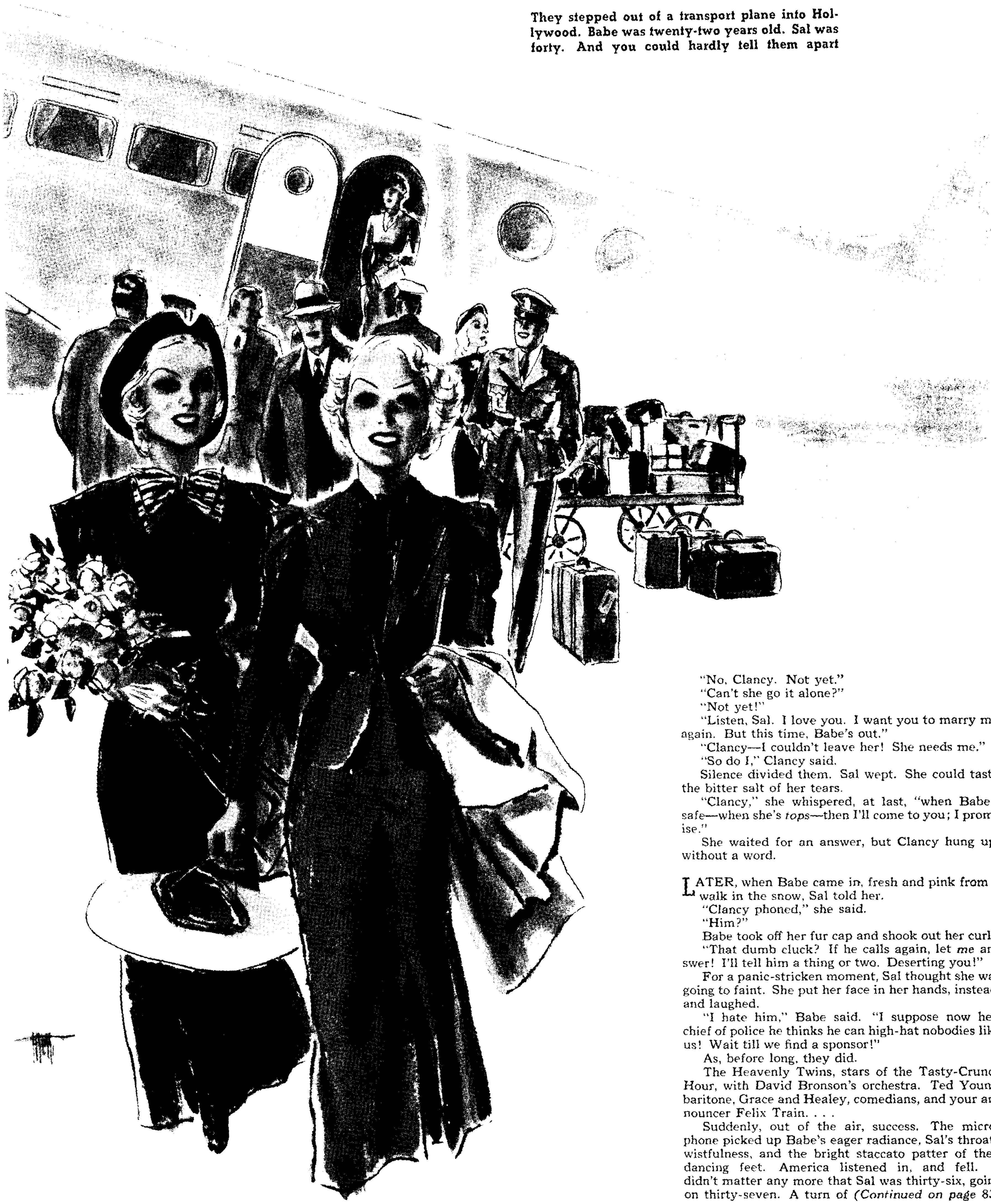
She liked to putter around the kitchen, not giving a damn how she looked. She liked to think about Clancy—Clancy who was somebody now, a power on the force.

Once, after a broadcast, he called Sal on the telephone: "I heard you sing last night. It sounded mighty sweet."

Sal's heart stopped.

"Clancy," she said. "*Clancy!*"

"How about it, Sal? Two years is a long time, at our age. Isn't Babe all set?"



They stepped out of a transport plane into Hollywood. Babe was twenty-two years old. Sal was forty. And you could hardly tell them apart

"No, Clancy. Not yet."

"Can't she go it alone?"

"Not yet!"

"Listen, Sal. I love you. I want you to marry me again. But this time, Babe's out."

"Clancy—I couldn't leave her! She needs me."

"So do I," Clancy said.

Silence divided them. Sal wept. She could taste the bitter salt of her tears.

"Clancy," she whispered, at last, "when Babe's safe—when she's *tops*—then I'll come to you; I promise."

She waited for an answer, but Clancy hung up, without a word.

LATER, when Babe came in, fresh and pink from a walk in the snow, Sal told her.

"Clancy phoned," she said.

"Him?"

Babe took off her fur cap and shook out her curls.

"That dumb cluck? If he calls again, let *me* answer! I'll tell him a thing or two. Deserting you!"

For a panic-stricken moment, Sal thought she was going to faint. She put her face in her hands, instead, and laughed.

"I hate him," Babe said. "I suppose now he's chief of police he thinks he can high-hat nobodies like us! Wait till we find a sponsor!"

As, before long, they did.

The Heavenly Twins, stars of the Tasty-Crunch Hour, with David Bronson's orchestra. Ted Young, baritone, Grace and Healey, comedians, and your announcer Felix Train. . . .

Suddenly, out of the air, success. The microphone picked up Babe's eager radiance, Sal's throaty wistfulness, and the bright staccato patter of their dancing feet. America listened in, and fell. It didn't matter any more that Sal was thirty-six, going on thirty-seven. A turn of *(Continued on page 83)*

In the hushed silence of Westminster, George VI receives the crown, and a ceremonial that began before history is carried out with impressive magnificence. But hushed silence has not always accompanied coronations of English kings. There have been lively scufflings for the crown; once a queen was barred from Westminster; the sword has been mislaid and jewels have fallen from the crown. In this article Mr. Churchill recalls these unseemly accidents to royalty

A King is Crowned

By Winston Churchill

THE Coronation of the Sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, and of their Possessions and Territories, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, is perhaps the most impressive and spectacular of all the ceremonials that the modern world has inherited from the centuries of the past. It is no idle pageantry or antiquarian survival. There is in it no threat to the rest of the world such as the marching multitudes and wheeling aircraft of a Fascist holiday or Communist anniversary may hold. But a King over free men pledges faith to them, and they pledge faith to him, according to ancient rites that have an abiding significance and validity.

There have been many changes in our conception of monarchy since the first hallowing at Westminster of a King of England. To our mail-clad ancestors the King was essentially the leader of his people in battle. His powers had no limit save that set by his own ability to enforce them. The idea of a constitutional King would have seemed as fantastic to our forefathers as absolutism appears to us today. But to them, also Kingship meant service, dedication to a task. And it is upon this that the emphasis is placed in the Coronation ritual.

The beginnings of that ritual go back to days before history began. Long before Caesar landed on the shores of Britain warriors met in a forest glade—perhaps on that very spot where Westminster Abbey now stands—to raise upon a shield, so that all might see and do homage to him—the man upon whom the uneasy lot of chieftainship had fallen. The Anglo-Saxons proclaimed their kings in very similar fashion. Christianity grafted onto the pagan tradition the symbol of the consecrated oil, by virtue of which the prophet Samuel made David the shepherd the Lord's anointed. All the essentials, to a considerable degree even the actual words of the ceremony, were already fixed and established before William of Normandy came to his stormy crowning.

Of the Kings under whom this ritual grew and took shape few ruled over more than a part of England. The earliest of them all were tribal chiefs, holding dominion only over London and the district immediately around it. They knew nothing of the rest of the world beyond, perhaps, what some Phoenician trader had told them. In any case, the world that even the Phoenicians knew was small. Today men come to the crowning of King George VI from lands whose very existence was unguessed 500 years ago. They pledge to him the allegiance of over a fourth of the human race, hail him as King and Emperor of more than a quarter of the surface of the globe.

So the sap of this living present rises from roots deep-buried in the past. The supreme link between today and that long line of yesterdays is the Monarchy. It is also the supreme link between this little island of Britain and the wide lands of the Empire.

In the case of the great self-governing Dominions almost every other link has been severed. The Imperial Government no longer meddles with their affairs or seeks to hold their Parliaments in tutelage. Gradually, little by little, over a period of years, it has relinquished every right over them that it once claimed, abandoned every check upon their independence. They control, in the fullest possible sense, their own destinies. In the words of Mr. Lloyd George in 1921, "they have achieved full national status, and they now stand beside the United Kingdom as equal partners in the dignities and the responsibilities of the British Commonwealth."

New Meaning in an Old Ritual

The change in the relationship between the Dominions and Great Britain was again recognized in the Balfour Declaration of 1926, which thus defined the position of the Mother Country and her daughter nations: "They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any respect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." And the last vestiges of the old suzerainty were swept away by the Statute of Westminster, 1931.

This more direct relationship between the Sovereign and the new nations of the British Commonwealth finds appropriate expression at the Coronation. For the first time in history, the representatives of the Dominions will attend, by right and not by grace, at the crowning of the King, and will play their part in the ancient ceremonial, which will assume new significance from their presence.

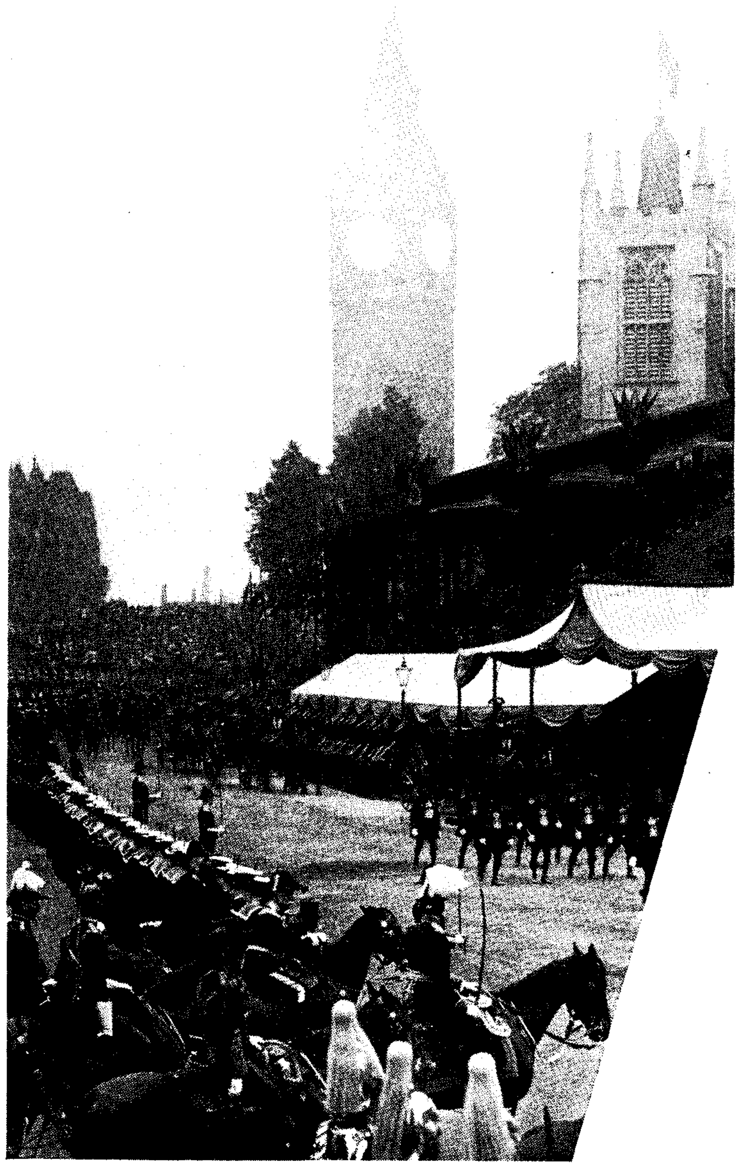
That fact will make the Coronation historic. It will mark yet another milestone in the development of the Monarchy and of the Empire.

Yet, though here and there an alteration has been made in the ritual to emphasize the new position, the changes have been in no way considerable. The essentials of the ceremony remain unchanged. The Sovereign is set apart from the moment of his accession; but the Coronation emphasizes his unique position, his dedication to the responsibilities and the loneliness of the Throne.

King George VI is the product of one of the finest schools of manhood in the world—the British Navy. He has been nurtured in a high tradition. As Duke of York he won the respect of the nation and Empire by a quiet devotion to duty. He possesses a knowledge of social and industrial problems wider and deeper than that of many of his Ministers; and he has given abundant proof that knowledge has not dried up the springs of sympathy.

His personality is, indeed, less colorful than that of his older brother. And he has ascended the Throne in unhappy circumstances which no one, perhaps, regrets more keenly than himself. It is certain that, could any sacrifice of his have prevented King Edward's abdication, he would gladly have made it. In relation to his brother he was always self-effacing.

Such is the central figure of the Coronation. All the eyes of the world are now turned on one who has always shunned, rather than sought, the limelight. He takes up, from a supreme sense of duty, a burden far greater than falls to a King who has succeeded to the Throne in the ordinary course of nature. The dedication, which is the keynote of the Abbey service, is perhaps in his case



The Coronation Procession after the enthroning of Edward VII, in May, 1902

peculiarly appropriate. He is already self-dedicated to duty.

It is notable, also, that for the first time for many long years, the scepter, which symbolizes the club or mace of the ancient war leader—a weapon older than the sword, which also figures in the ritual—will be placed in the hand of a King who has seen active service in the largest of naval battles.

The Coronation is more splendid and impressive for the presence of a Queen Consort.

Like the King, Queen Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, can claim to be a descendant of the Royal House of Stuart. In her veins also flows the blood of the ancient Kings of Scotland. Her childhood home, Glamis Castle, was part of the dowry the Princess Jean, daughter of Robert II and great-granddaughter of The Bruce, brought to Sir John Lyon.

Glamis was an ideal setting for the childhood of the future Queen. Innumerable are the tales of old romance associated with this, perhaps the oldest inhabited house in all Britain. There is a legendary connection with Macbeth. There are links with Bonnie Prince Charlie and Claverhouse. The fifth Earl of Strathmore was killed in battle in the rising of the "Fifteen." One wonders what the ghost of this stanch old Jacobite makes of the marriage of a daughter of his house to the descendant of George I, or of the fact that, by the operation of the Act of Settlement, which he attempted to repeal by force of arms, she is now Queen of England. There are a few somber threads in the tapestry.

It may also be recalled that in the 16th century one of the ancestresses of the new Queen Elizabeth was accused of attempting to murder the Scottish King by witchcraft, and burned on the Castle Hill at Edinburgh. At the same time the family estates were declared forfeit to the Crown. The unhappy lady was proved innocent, even to the satisfaction of those dark times. She was not even, like so many "witches," the dupe of her own imaginings. She had been falsely accused. The informer on whose evidence she was condemned confessed his perjury before he died.

The Coronation is an ordeal to its central figures. At the crowning which I witnessed of King Edward VII the aged Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Frederick Temple—whose son, now Archbishop of York, will crown the new Queen Consort on May 12th—was a sick man. His hands trembled as he performed the prescribed rites. When the supreme moment came and St. Edward's Crown was placed in his hands by that other ancient, the then Dean of Westminster, its weight seemed too much for him. With the greatest difficulty he raised it. But there was one ghastly moment when it looked as if it were going to slip from his fingers and crash on the floor of the Abbey. It shook as he held it over the King's head. But at last he got it on. True, it was back to front, but everyone was too much relieved to worry about that.

Four months afterward the Archbishop died.

It is inevitable, of course, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, like the Justices of the Supreme Court in the United States, should be advanced in years. The highest office in the Church can never fall to the lot of a young man. But the right of crowning the Sovereign is one which no Primate will willingly consent to delegate. Ralph d'Escures rose from a sickbed and was carried in a litter to Westminster Abbey on the Coronation Day of King Henry II. Because of Ralph's age and infirmity it had been arranged that the Bishop of Salisbury should crown the King. But when he lifted the Crown from the High Altar, the Archbishop snatched it from him. The effort was too great. The most precious of the Jewels of England slipped from his grasp. It seemed that nothing could save it, but the Bishop of Salisbury, hampered as he was by his robes, dived and caught the Crown before it shivered to fragments on the Abbey pavement.

Peers and Peeresses outside Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of George V, in 1911

England's new King, George VI, with the Queen Consort and their children, the Princesses Margaret Rose and Elizabeth. The latter (standing) is next in the line of succession to the throne

A Fatiguing Business

We have grown more decorous. But if there was more likelihood of an unseemly squabble marring the solemnity of a medieval coronation, the men of those days had at least one great advantage over those of the 20th century. Accustomed to wearing not only robes but armor, they found the coronation trappings lighter than their descendants. A peer's robes and uniform may weigh from fourteen to twenty pounds. By the end of the ceremony they seem many times heavier than that.

The King must endure not only the weight of his sumptuous robes, but also, for a period, that of the Crown and the Insignia. At one point in the ceremony, so great is the strain upon him that his arm has to be supported in order to ease the burden. And there is always the haunting fear of some unhappy accident which superstition may twist into an omen of evil to come.

At the Coronation of George III, for instance, a large diamond fell from the Crown while the King was wearing it. The incident was regarded as ominous, and the forebodings seemed justified when, a score of years later, the American Colonies seceded from the Empire, and the United States claimed its place among the nations.

No one, perhaps, could be blamed for the loss of the diamond, but from start to finish the arrangements for George's Coronation were bungled. Even the Sword of State was mislaid and could not be found when it was required. There is little wonder that at last the Royal patience gave way and the King expressed his strong dissatisfaction to the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham.

"It is true, sir," said Effingham to the young King, "that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next Coronation shall be regulated in the best manner possible."

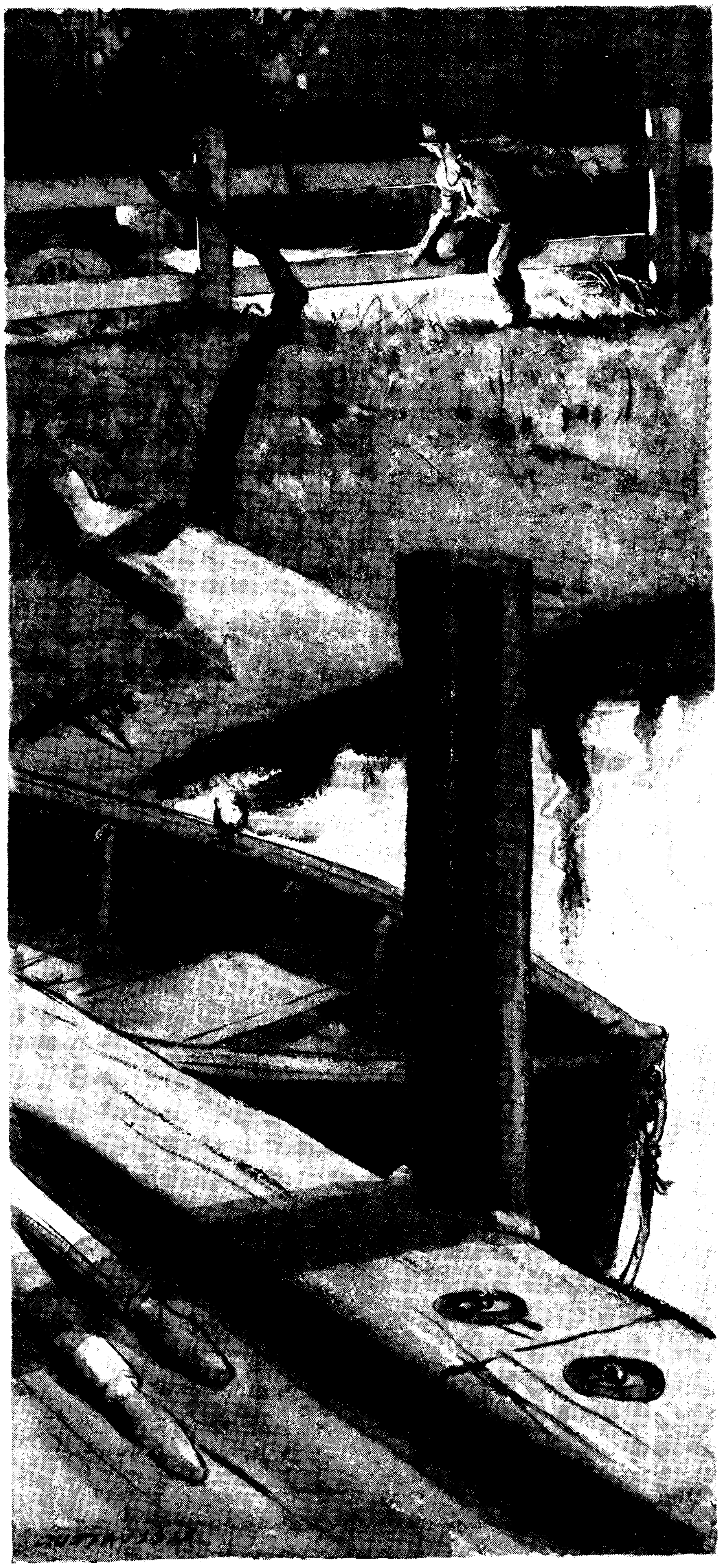
(Continued on page 57)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Publicity Hound

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON



He stooped through the fence rails, and dashed along the river bank

DRIVING homeward from the meeting, Horace Odley congratulated himself. His speech had been a ripper. The meeting was held too late to make the evening editions, but he had noticed a couple of reporters in back, and the morning papers would carry a report. The public would know where he stood on the question of capital punishment.

Many of the causes which Horace Odley had supported died quietly in their infancy, but most of them had directed a brief flash of the spotlight upon him, and he did not regret what they had cost him either in time or in money. He reveled in publicity. And, having a well-filled purse and an open hand, he was permitted to finance his fleeting presence in the public eye.

Now, however, he had taken up the nurture of a hardy perennial. On every occasion he spouted his abhorrence of the taking of human life whether in war or by process of law. According to his oft-repeated outbursts it was a vicious system which required men to take human life because they were officers of the law; that was, he contended, a responsibility which must be shared by everybody concerned, from the officer who arrested a murderer all along the line, the attorney who prosecuted, the jury who convicted, the judge who pronounced sentence, right down to the executioner himself. Only this afternoon Horace Odley had gone so far as to say that he would prefer a murderer to escape altogether rather than involve so many men in legalized murder. In this, besides having exaggerated his own view, he had displeased some of his associates—but publicity was not gained by halfway methods; you had to have a punch to attract attention.

Within two miles of home Odley saw the car ahead of him stop on the bridge. Impatient with people who stopped where a road narrowed suddenly, he slowed down, but when he saw a man emerge from the car, climb the bridge rail and jump into the river he pressed hard on his accelerator.

He was horrified. Nevertheless he slid from his seat, stooped through the fence rails, and dashed along the river bank to a boathouse, where he snatched up a boat hook and embarked in a skiff which had been moored to the float.

Only after he had deftly hooked the drowning man and, with no little difficulty, draped him across the bow of the boat did the publicity aspect of his action dawn upon him. From then on, however, every move he made was calculated upon personal advertisement.

WHAT he might have done when he returned to the float with his dripping burden he was prevented from guessing by the timely arrival of his physician and friend, who came running down from the road.

"Good work, Horace!" the doctor cried, laying hold of the unconscious man.

While Horace Odley stood by helplessly the doctor worked over the man until he showed signs of life. "He'll do," he announced. "Now we'd better get him to the hospital quickly."

"Too far, Doctor," Odley objected. "Put him in my car, and I'll take him to my house."

"Rest and care are what he needs now," said the doctor a little later, when the man had been stripped and put warmly to bed. "I'll look in tomorrow. Neat job you did, Horace," he added as he turned to leave.

Horace Odley glowed under the praise. He swelled with anticipation of the comment with which the doctor's recital of the rescue would be received—for, of course, he would tell the story—of the accounts that would appear in the newspapers. Why, he might even make the front page! And what material for his scrapbook!

The rescued man was already becoming Horace Odley's pet philanthropy. Having returned him to this world, he felt responsible for him; he would take over his problems, try to start him again on a smoother path. He sat patiently waiting while he speculated; he, instead of a servant, would be the first to greet the man's waking moment.

When, at last, the man opened his eyes Horace Odley got up and went to the bedside.

The man's frowning gaze roamed gropingly around the attractive room. "What is this place?" he asked wonderingly. "A hospital?" Odley assured him that it was not. "Well—how—?"

"You—er—fell in the river."

Realization sparked in the man's eyes. "You mean I jumped in."

"And I, fortunately," Horace Odley smiled, "happened to be passing and pulled you out."

"Why?"

THE question disconcerted Odley. "Why? Well, I couldn't stand by and see a man take his life."

"*His* life, you say. Why not, if it's *his* life?"

"His in a manner of speaking, I mean. It really isn't his, you know; it's loaned to him by the higher power—that giveth and that taketh away, you remember?"

"So you think you're the higher power, do you?"

"Tut! Tut!" Odley protested. "I don't think anything of the kind."

"But you interfered in a matter that didn't concern you. Why?"

"Well—" Horace Odley was a little flustered. "Naturally, I acted instinctively—as, I suppose, anybody would. Tell me, now, why did you do it?"

"Because I couldn't bring myself to end my life in other ways."

"That isn't what I mean, my dear man. I mean what could have been so serious as to cause you to take your own life? Of course, you needn't tell me if you'd rather not."

"Oh, I'll tell you, all right. This afternoon I killed a woman."

Horace Odley started. "You—you what?" The man was certainly delirious. *It had been a mistake to talk to him, to* let him talk so soon. "There, now!" he said, as he would speak to a child. "I guess you're not quite yourself yet."

"Oh, yes I am. I mean exactly what I say. I killed a woman. It'll be in the papers tomorrow. I'm Cornby. The police are probably looking for me right now."

"But—" Horace Odley was staring. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I? Nothing. I tried to do something—tried to pay the price my way and save a lot of bother—but *you* interfered with that. So now I'm through. I won't lift a finger. It's up to you."

Aghast, filled with misgiving, Horace Odley sank into a chair. He was out on a limb. He, the outspoken opponent of capital punishment, to turn over a life for the state to take! He had a sickening vision of headlines: SAVES SLAYER FOR CHAIR. Publicity! The killing publicity of irony! He couldn't face that. What mischance had brought him first to the scene? If the fellow would only run away—escape—

But presently light came in his gloomy thought, an increasing brightness from letters of fire—headlines: BOWS TO LAW HE SCORNS; VIGOROUS CASTIGATOR OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT . . .

Horace Odley bobbed up like a cork which, having been submerged, is suddenly released. His eyes had regained their customary sparkle.

"I am going to telephone," he announced to the man in bed. "If the newspapers confirm your statement, it will be my plain duty to call the police."

Up from the Ashes

By Jim Marshall

Time: 1923. Scene: Smoldering ashes and earthquake ruins of Tokyo. Characters: Mayor Nagata and Tokyo citizens assisted by American benefactors. And now you are just in time to catch the last act of the greatest rebuilding show in current history

LONDON isn't admitting it yet, but Tokyo last summer stepped out to announce itself as the world's Number Two City, with a population of six million. If you count in Yokohama, which Toyko looks upon as its port district, and the industrial suburb cities of Kanagawa and Kawasaki, you get a total population of around eight million, which may or may not top London's millions, but is a lot of humanity to be concentrated within a few square miles.

But Tokyo's claim to the title of the world's newest city is airtight. Thirteen years ago last September most of it was a smoking shambles, with 120,000 of its citizens killed, 2,500,000 of them homeless, more than half of it shaken down or burned up, its water and power supplies gone and its transportation system a twisted mass of metal.

Reconstruction of the city isn't finished yet, because many of the government offices still are housed in frame and tin-roof buildings that were run up after the earthquake—the Japanese, curiously enough, believing it was more important first to get people rehoused and business blocks erected. The politicians had to wait for their palaces, and many of them are still waiting.

The quake that wrecked Tokyo two minutes before noon on September 1, 1923, probably was the biggest single catastrophe in world history. Certainly, no few seconds of time have witnessed such terrific destruction and death. If you could have looked down on the city that noon, you would have seen fourteen square miles of crowded buildings shaken down in less than a minute.

You would have seen Yokohama collapse into a dust heap and, as the dust settled, the red tongues of flame from a thousand fires leap up. Down in that hell thousands had died horribly, thousands were dying in agony—other thousands were to die in the grim days to come.

And, had you had a telescope and could have looked down through the dust and smoke into the mayor's garden, you would have seen Mayor Nagata calmly sitting there, watching the city's few remaining buildings sway and crash in the recurring shocks, getting reports and directing the first emergency measures. He was a brave little man, this Nagata, and the first thing he did was patch up the wrecked water-supply system, and then get the power generators spinning and the transmission lines restrung. With water and power available, the city could stave off an epidemic, quench its fires and get started on the job of—not rebuilding—but of shooting up one of the world's most modern cities in record time.

Before the catastrophe, Tokyo was a city of narrow, twisting lanes and wooden buildings. There weren't many automobiles because there simply wasn't room for them to get through hundreds of miles of streets. Only about twelve per cent of the city's area was used for streets, while many American towns use nearly one third of their square mileage for this purpose and even congested Paris uses one quarter. Most of the city was constructed of wood and great fires swept it at intervals, wiping out hundreds of homes in a few hours. So Tokyo figured the best thing to do was just rub out the whole thing and start over.

First thing it got was an entirely new layout. The city, in effect, took over every foot of land inside its limits and abolished private ownership for the time being. Then it laid out fifty-two trunk roads from 70 to 140 feet wide and hundreds of minor roads, all wider than the old lanes. These things, of course, reduced the area of land available for building.

A Start from Scratch

To make things fair all round, the city divided itself into sixty-five districts. In each district, voters selected a committee composed of owners and tenants. This committee, with a new plan of its district, allotted land to owners in proportion *(Continued on page 85)*

Tokyo has no towering skyscrapers, for no building dare be taller than the palace of the emperor, who is God to his subjects

Three Miles Up

By D. D. Beauchamp

The story of Smith, barnstormer, who feared all women and learned all about fear from a girl

THEY put him in an orphanage when he was four years old and by the time he got out they had taught him three things. They had taught him to be tough. They had taught him not to care about anybody or anything, and that life wasn't worth a damn any way you looked at it. And they had taught him a hatred of routine and monotony.

He took those three things out of the home when he left it. He left on a night that was blacker than the inside of a cow and in the middle of a rainstorm. He went out an open window and slid down a drainpipe. He walked many miles through the streaming darkness between midnight and dawn, and after that he hid out in the brush for two days so they couldn't catch him and take him back.

He was twelve years old at the time. He was a big-boned, towheaded kid with freckles, and there was nothing distinctive about him. The only things he owned were the clothes he had on and a name. The name was Smith and there was nothing distinctive about that either.

Smith learned to fly when he was sixteen years old. He learned it the hard way. He learned it in an old remodeled Curtiss "JN4-b" that was hung together with baling wire and was so loose in the joints that the wings flapped. He learned it as a member of a barnstorming troupe that played county fairs in tank towns in every state in the Union. He also learned that the only important thing in life was to have enough gas to get you to the next town; that a two-notch reef in your belt was equivalent to a meal; and that if you slept under the wing of an airplane it would keep the rain off, more or less.

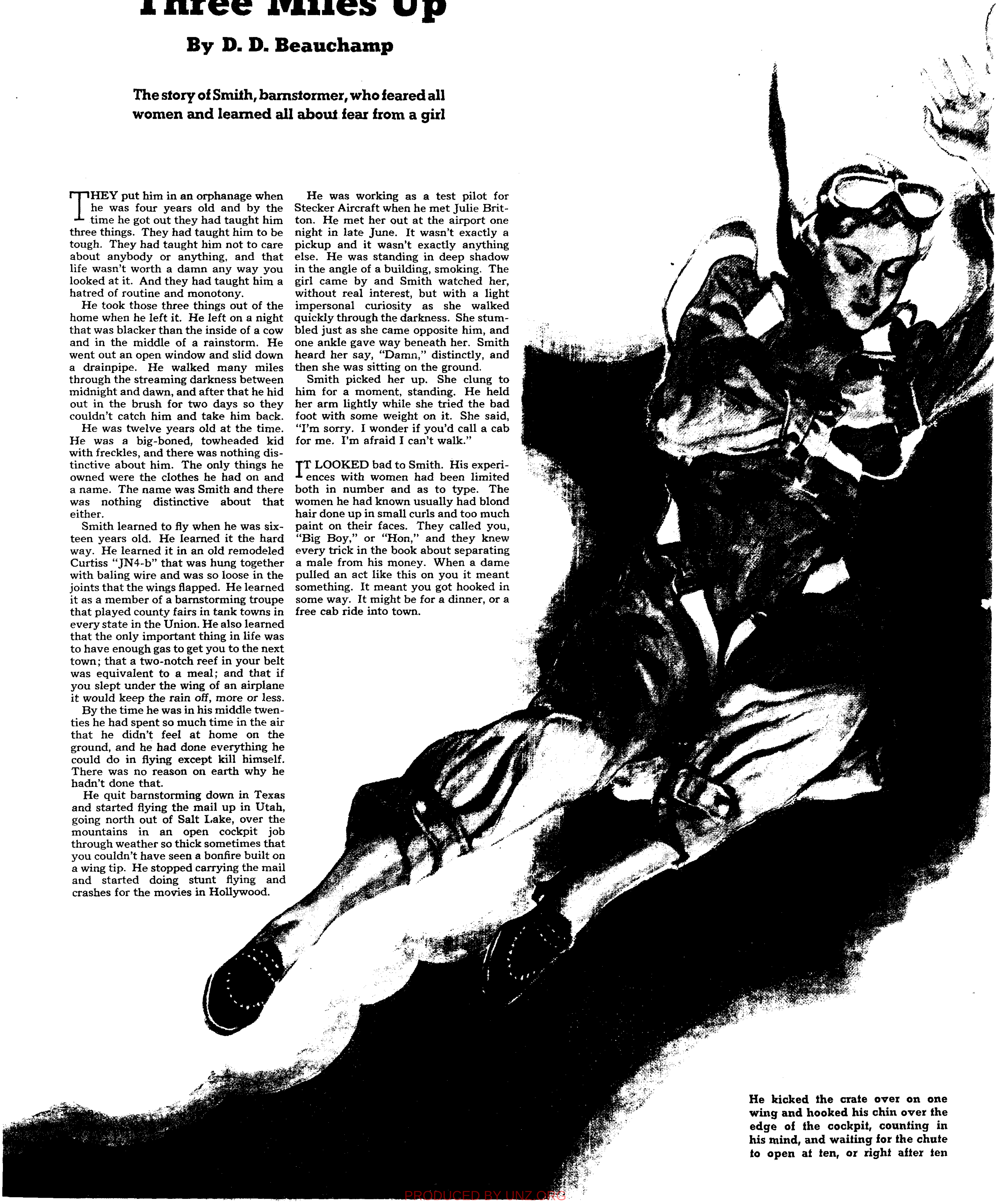
By the time he was in his middle twenties he had spent so much time in the air that he didn't feel at home on the ground, and he had done everything he could do in flying except kill himself. There was no reason on earth why he hadn't done that.

He quit barnstorming down in Texas and started flying the mail up in Utah, going north out of Salt Lake, over the mountains in an open cockpit job through weather so thick sometimes that you couldn't have seen a bonfire built on a wing tip. He stopped carrying the mail and started doing stunt flying and crashes for the movies in Hollywood.

He was working as a test pilot for Stecker Aircraft when he met Julie Britton. He met her out at the airport one night in late June. It wasn't exactly a pickup and it wasn't exactly anything else. He was standing in deep shadow in the angle of a building, smoking. The girl came by and Smith watched her, without real interest, but with a light impersonal curiosity as she walked quickly through the darkness. She stumbled just as she came opposite him, and one ankle gave way beneath her. Smith heard her say, "Damn," distinctly, and then she was sitting on the ground.

Smith picked her up. She clung to him for a moment, standing. He held her arm lightly while she tried the bad foot with some weight on it. She said, "I'm sorry. I wonder if you'd call a cab for me. I'm afraid I can't walk."

IT LOOKED bad to Smith. His experiences with women had been limited both in number and as to type. The women he had known usually had blond hair done up in small curls and too much paint on their faces. They called you, "Big Boy," or "Hon," and they knew every trick in the book about separating a male from his money. When a dame pulled an act like this on you it meant something. It meant you got hooked in some way. It might be for a dinner, or a free cab ride into town.



He kicked the crate over on one wing and hooked his chin over the edge of the cockpit, counting in his mind, and waiting for the chute to open at ten, or right after ten

ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY ALLEN

Smith said, "That's a lousy act, kid. It's been done too often."

He let go of her arm and stepped back and watched her sit on the ground again. She started talking and he could hear the quiet anger in her voice coming through the warm dark.

"Listen, hot shot," she said, "when I get to the point where I have to sprain an ankle to get a man to make passes at me I'll go in an old ladies' home."

When Smith got her out in the light he could see what she meant. She was the best-looking girl he had ever seen. She had what it takes. She had a good figure and she could wear clothes. She had on the dark, tailored uniform and pert cap of an airline hostess. She had red hair and dark eyes. She looked pretty damned mad also, but it didn't spoil the effect any.

"Kid," Smith said, "busted leg or no busted leg, you get the cab."

He picked her up in his arms, over her protests, and carried her across the field through the glare of the floodlights toward a line of cabs ranked along the fence. When he put her down she said, "Don't think it hasn't been charming, Mister—"

"Smith."

"Mr. Smith," she said. She got in the cab. "Mr. Smith," she said again. "Now there's originality for you. You must have known some nice people in your life if you're afraid to give your right name."

She started to close the door of the cab but Smith held it open. "Kid," he said, "that ankle might be sprained after all. I know a doctor."

They didn't say a word all the way into town. They sat in far corners of the seat and looked out the windows at the dark fields first, and then the scattered lights and the low dark shacks at the edge of town, and then at the rows of trees above the street lamps and the lighted houses.

They had the ankle taped up and after that Smith took her home. She lived in an apartment in a red brick house on Georgia Street. Smith helped her up the walk and opened the door for her.

He said, "Listen, I'm sorry about what I said, and about droppin' you out at the airport. Never met a lady before who wasn't on the make."

She was standing in front of him, supporting herself on the door. "You mean you never met a lady before." She closed the door and then she opened it again. "Thanks anyway."

"Yeah," Smith said. "Skip it."

HE WALKED out on the porch and held a match above his head so he could read the street number. He got back in the cab and they rattled and bounced over the uneven pavement, down Georgia Street for four blocks and into Main. The meter had three-seventy on it when they reached the hotel. Smith gave the driver five dollars and said, "Buy yourself a new hack."

He felt fine. He felt the way you feel after a cold shower on a hot day, or the first drink in the afternoon when you're tired. He walked through the hotel lobby and down three steps into the bar. He sat on a high stool and drank three beers and thought about Julie Britton.

He called on her the next night. He came up Georgia Street on foot with a delicatessen dinner under one arm and a half case of beer under the other as a form of peace offering. She'd be laid up with the ankle, he guessed, and she might like some company. She also might like something to eat.

He was afraid she might still be mad at him but it turned out to be a fine evening. She took the whole thing as a joke. Smith got plates out of the pantry and laid out the Dutch lunch and they ate and drank the beer and talked. They talked about everything they could think of. About the places they had lived in and the things they had done. Smith found out that she was twenty-four years old, that she had had two years in college but had been forced to quit when both her parents were killed in an automobile accident. That happened when she was nineteen. Since then she had been knocking around on her own at any job she could get until she got the hostess job with the air line. She had been with them two years.

She was the first girl Smith had ever known that you could talk to the way you talked to a man. She couldn't fly a plane herself, but she knew enough about flying to speak his language. He told her all about barnstorming and the funny towns you hit. He told her about flying the mail, and the time his motor conked on him outside of Butte, Montana, and he had to set the ship down in a clump of Douglas spruce, and after that he froze both feet walking eleven miles through the snow into the nearest town. He told her about doing crack-ups in front of the camera, and about testing new ships.

WHEN he got all through she said, "You like it, don't you? Flying, I mean. The excitement of it."

Yes, Smith said, he guessed he liked it. He guessed he didn't know anything else so it was natural enough.

It was midnight when he started home. He stopped as he was going out the door to say, "How's chances of seeing you tomorrow?"

Julie Britton looked at him for a moment. At first she wasn't quite sure. She wasn't sure of what he wanted, or what it might mean. Finally she said, "Yes. Yes, if you want to."

She said, "What's your real name anyway?"

Smith grinned at her. "Smith."

She said, "Good night, Smith," smiling at him.

She was laid up with the ankle for three weeks and Smith saw her every night. It got to be a regular routine. He would come in from the plant and go up to the hotel and change clothes. After that he would walk down Main, and turn up Georgia Street carrying whatever plunder he had managed to pick up on the way.

When the ankle healed he didn't see her as often. She was on a day flight that put her in town one night, and out the next. On the nights when she was out of town Smith would wander around the streets not knowing what to do with himself, but even then he never thought of the fact that he was falling in love with her. He never stopped to analyze his feelings about her at all. The only things he knew were that he enjoyed being with her, and that she was the finest person he had ever known.

He had his first accident on the job the latter part of July. He pulled the wings off a new-type Navy fighter the third day he ran tests on it. When he took it up it was pretty much of an airplane and it was all in one piece. When it came down the wings were in two separate counties and the motor was thirteen feet underground in a swamp. Smith had managed to bail out of it in some manner.

HE TOLD Julie about it that night. They were sitting in the back end of an Italian restaurant over cigarettes and a bottle of red wine. He told her about it the way you might tell about missing a train, or falling over a dining-room chair in the dark. He didn't notice the look of concern on her face, and he wouldn't have understood it if he had, because he didn't think of it as anything out of the ordinary. It was something that might happen every time you took a new ship up.

When he stopped talking she managed to smile at him. "Such nice work," she said. "Fifty cents a foot for a power dive if you don't pull the wings off and a free funeral if you do. Never a dull moment."

Smith grinned at her.

She was suddenly serious. "Why do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Try to break your neck," she said. "You know it's dangerous. You know you might kill yourself every time you go up. Why do you do it?"

"I don't know," Smith said. He had never thought of it in that way before. He knew it was dangerous but that was the thing he liked about it. Maybe it was like taking dope. Maybe if you spent enough years trying to kill yourself you got your nervous system tuned so high that you couldn't live without that element of uncertainty and risk. Or maybe it was just the way you were built, a thing without explanation, like people being missionaries, or fine musicians, or members of the W. C. T. U. "Maybe I just don't give a damn," Smith said.

Studying him, she reflected that that was probably true. If there had been no kindness or affection in your life, or nothing that you cared about, then living itself wouldn't be too precious. "Yes," she thought, nodding at him, "that must be the explanation. Perhaps that's the better way to be. Not caring at all for anything."

She said, "You've never been scared, have you, Smith?"

"No." He said that with no air of bravado. It was simply a statement of fact. If you had nothing to lose then you couldn't possibly be afraid of losing it.

She said, "Yes," reflectively. "That's the trouble. If you got scared once you'd last longer."

(Continued on page 62)

Don't Call Me a Stooge

By Kyle Crichton

The hard life of Margaret Dumont, the lady who assists in the homicidal comedy of the Marx Brothers

SOME people achieve fame by accident; others by merit; others by long struggle; and others by being sat on by Groucho Marx. The odds are 37 to 1 that the first nine people met on the public highway wouldn't know the name of Margaret Dumont. But if the interviewer referred to her as the stately dame who is the foil for the Marx Brothers in their pictures, the response would be immediate.

"Oh, her," they would say and begin to break out slightly around the corners of the mouth with laughter.

Miss Dumont is neither one way nor the other on the subject. She would like to be a personage in her own right and has hopes along that line; but working with the Marx maniacs is a career in itself and she has given years to it.

"It's something like a battle," she says. "Every man for himself."

"It is all the more surprising to find Miss Dumont in this company because she is in *reality* a stately lady with no marks of the stage about her. She looks and speaks like someone who should be going out to afternoon bridge with the Emerson Literary and Whist Club and instead she is taking part in an operating-room sketch in which she is the unfortunate patient who is being worked on by Harpo and Chico in a mood approaching homicide.

When they were trying out their sketches in various theaters prior to screening A Day at the Races, Harpo and Chico would start the operating table on a wild career around the stage, with Miss Dumont on top hanging on for her life. Invariably they would race the table smack up to the footlights as though to propel the Dumont lady into the bass drum.

"I screamed," says Miss Dumont. "I always promised myself they wouldn't scare me this time but I screamed. That's the wrong thing to do with those boys. It just encourages them."

From Brooklyn to Bright Lights

Her preparation for a career envisioned nothing like this. She was born Marguerite Baker in Brooklyn, N. Y., with an Irish father and a French mother (later taking her mother's name for stage purposes) and was reared mostly in Europe. Being a delicate child, she had a private tutor and her mother's ambition was to make her an opera singer. She made her debut at the Casino de Paree in Paris and it was there that J. J. Shubert saw her and signed her for The Girl Behind the Counter with Lew Fields. Louise Dresser had originated the part but had dropped out of the company and Miss Dumont took it over.

She later played with Fields in Summer Widowers and Bells of Brittany and then met John Moller, Jr., and was married. Until his death eight years later she was off the stage, living a very comfortable life in such places as Palm Beach, Paris and New York. She returned to the stage with George M. Cohan in Mary and the Rise of Rosy O'Riley. It was when she was playing in The Fourflusher that George Kaufman saw her and hired her for The Coconuts, which was the second stage

(Continued on page 87)

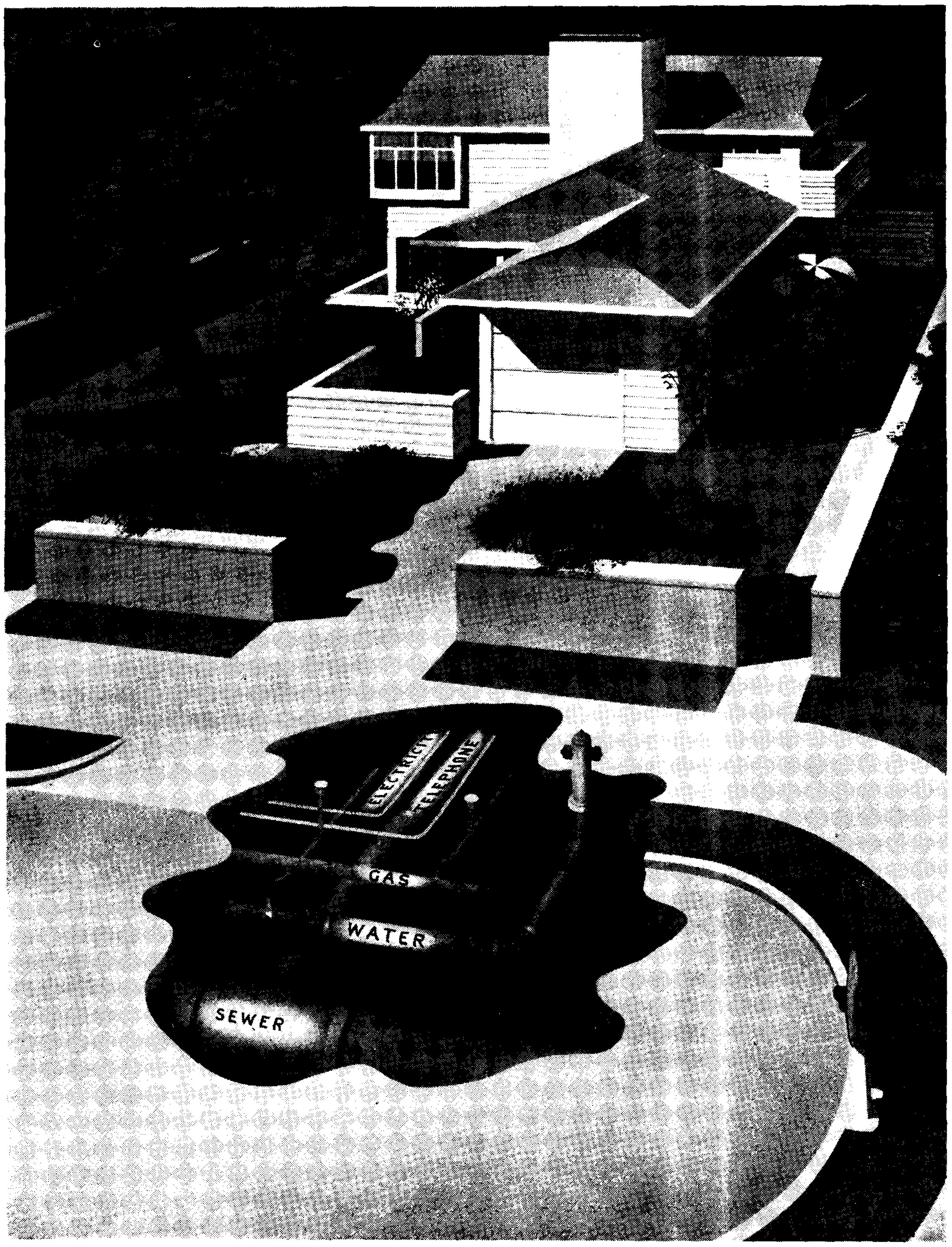
Margaret Dumont, with Groucho Marx, enjoys one of the few peaceful moments that come her way when she's on the set

Land for Your House

By Catherine Bauer and Ruth Carson

Locate the house you are planning to build today in a spot that won't be classified as an undesirable neighborhood tomorrow. Whether it is Collier's house or another you expect to call home, here are some tips to save you and your children future headaches

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP



COLLIER'S $7500 HOUSE: FORDYCE AND HAMBY, ARCHITECTS

A good building site is not just a piece of land. It's the right combination of land with street, neighborhood, schools, shops, utilities and services

WHEN you decide to build a house, you do a great deal of planning. You think of the needs, present and future, of your family, you seek expert advice and you plan a house that you expect to enjoy for a long, long time. No trouble is too great to achieve the house you actually want. Perhaps you decide to build Collier's house, described in recent issues, on which have been spent the skill and time of experienced architects, even psychologists and social experts, to make it supply the comfort, privacy, beauty and infinite variety of use that modern people need and demand in a house. But what about the land on which you intend to build this house?

No matter how perfect your house, it is ultimately no better than the land on which you put it. Nor is it enough for the lot to have a sunny slope, beautiful trees, and to be near people you like. The things that will make your house a continued joy and a good investment are much more far-reaching than that. They include the grocery store and the school, the bus, the main highway, parks, shopping centers, the firehouse, what your neighbors are going to build next year or ten years from now, electric wiring, sewers, sidewalks, all the conveniences, services and so-called improvements that make modern life a miracle of ease for us. You want them, but you don't want the nuisance they too frequently bring with them.

Properly placed in relation to your house, stores and highways can greatly enhance its value and livability; but in the wrong place they can spread a blight. Badly built and badly kept houses can detract from the best surroundings. You know these blighted areas in your own town, those neighborhoods that have "run down" and have been left behind by people who can afford to move elsewhere. You have taken them pretty much for granted. But as a matter of fact they are not necessary.

Foresight That Will Pay Dividends

The haphazard growth of our cities is responsible for this waste, which forethought and planning could avoid. Because such conditions creep up gradually on a neighborhood, your problem in finding a lot for your house is not only that of discovering it in a neighborhood that is attractive today, but in one that will remain so. A big job, but not impossible.

For the need of planning and restricting large areas, and eventually whole cities, is rapidly dawning upon us, and if you insist on it you will be able to find a lot that has a pretty good surety of being and remaining a place where you will like to live. There are in your town restricted areas, new subdivisions as well as carefully zoned older sections of the city, that will give you a choice of possibilities.

If by chance you think this is being just too fussy; if you are an individualist who knows what he likes in the way of house and lot and never mind about the neighborhood, be warned that you must foot the bills and hold the bag, for standards are changing, future buyers may not agree with you in all ways, and the sounder, more enlightened lending companies will probably have none of you. *(Continued on page 26)*

A set of complete working drawings and specifications for Collier's house, together with an estimator sheet on which all materials and labor are itemized, for your contractor's estimate of the cost in your locality, will be sent to you for $3. Write:

COLLIER'S HOUSE

**Collier's, The National Weekly,
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please do not send currency**

Sound Enterprise

By Richard Howells Watkins

The reasonable approach to life, labor and love of Mr. Perry West, a salt-water philosopher with a message for every young man wanting to get ahead without work

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

ALL the brisk young men had caught the 7:48 to town when Perry West, who was merely young, came strolling up the slope from the station to the post office.

Jean Grayle, pausing beside her old car with a purpose in mind, watched him unobtrusively. Perry West had become a difficulty. Jean knew that the Grayle family had had two weak, well-meaning, idle men in it—her father and her grandfather. It simply couldn't stand a third, particularly one who admitted his laziness and seemed to regard it as an amiable quality.

He's a drag on his partners and they work so hard, too, Jean accused him. She tried to console herself by thinking that Perry West's failings would not concern her personally.

Perry West's legs, long if too leisurely, brought him up to her. He planted one foot on the running board and laid a supporting hand against the edge of the top as he smiled at her.

If only he had a little of Bill Ingle's snap and alertness, Jean told herself, but did not attach this condition to any conclusion. She smiled back at him—a severe, reproving and ironical smile.

"I'm so glad my car happened to be here so that you could rest," she said sweetly.

He grinned again unhurriedly, yet not derisively.

"You think, being a young female creature, that I went to the station to see if you were going to New York," he accused her. "Wrong—quite wrong! It was my streak of cruelty. I went to see the Christian martyrs being flung to the trains on a tempting spring day. They wriggled but they went. Martyrs are still martyrs. All's right with the—"

"I've no time on a Monday morning to be chattered to," Jean said coldly. "I came to—to propose something to you."

Unless he were a very good actor this aroused Perry West's suspicions rather than his hopes.

"A proposition having to do with work," he charged. "Something good for me, no doubt?"

"Why I waste my—"

A car—a suave, cream-colored roadster, so huge that it made its solitary occupant not only petite but definitely overborne, glided to a halt close beside them. Eleanor Madison, leaning helplessly toward the reposeful young man, contrived thereby to make him seem a virile and energetic personality.

There is something about him, Jean Grayle conceded before Eleanor spoke:

"Perry! Just the man! Do hop in and see if you can tell me what's wrong with this thing. Listen!"

Under the urge of her foot on the accelerator the motor sheathed within the creamy hood emitted an uncertain popping and spluttering. Contrasted with the usual politely repressed roar of power of that motor the sound plainly demanded instant attention.

"The choke's pulled out," Jean said, peering in at the instrument board.

"Oh—oh, yes. Of course!" Eleanor's voice was flutelike. "Thanks, Jean darling. What a mechanic—I mean engineer—you'd make. Thanks so much."

The roadster, obedient once more, swept away, bearing homeward a highly colored girl smiling prettily but still alone. Perry put his foot back on Jean's running board.

ELEANOR does plant a very delicate barb, Jean admitted to herself. *Perhaps I would be a good mechanic. Why don't I let her have him, if she wants him so much? Am I a dog in the manger as well as a mechanic?* She drew a deep breath. *Whatever I am, I'll be—I'll be darned*—her fingers tightened against her palms—*if I ever try to snare a man with that fair-lady-in-distress line. It isn't decent—and it's out of date.*

"Poor kid," Perry said, staring after the roadster. "Must be quite a tussle for Eleanor, running a big car like that."

"Ninny!" Jean called him furiously, but in her mind only.

Unaware of all this chaotic thought, Perry made a hopeful effort to deflect her from the impending proposition.

"How are the cakes going?"

"Fast." Jean's voice was brusque. "I'm selling 'em in three good restaurants in town—and the Dollar Dinners on the Post Road are disappearing down lots of throats, too, thank you. How is the yacht brokerage business of Henderson, Ingle and West?"

"All right—I guess," he ventured. "Haven't been in much lately. Bill Ingle's selling lots of boats and piling up commissions."

"Here's my proposition," she said. "Bronson's sail loft on the river just behind the Dollar Dinner is empty now. How would your firm like to lease it from me—it's part of the fading Grayle estate—and build your H. I. W. sailing dinghies right there? Your boat-carpentering friends around here would be glad of a job; you could have a big sign on the Post Road; all the yacht-club people around here know you and I'd let you have it on a percentage-of-earnings basis that—"

"I thought King's yacht yard was trying to rent that loft from you?" he interrupted as her breath gave signs of vanishing.

"I'm a businesswoman," Jean said curtly. "I want to make the most advantageous use of what's left of our property—just as I did in starting the Dollar Dinner in that run-down store. Your dinghies would be a better gamble than King's yacht storage. Jack Henderson and Bill Ingle are the most energetic men around here."

"Thanks," Perry acknowledged. "I'm smart about partners. I'd like to talk this over with you, Jean. I've been waiting a week to try out my newest dink in a stiffish breeze. I need you for a crew. Come with me and we'll discuss it while we sail."

Jean Grayle examined him as suspiciously as, a few moments before, he had examined her.

"Is this just another excuse to go sailing?" she demanded.

"So help me, the dink's never been in the water. Hot off the drawing board and form."

"Well—"

At once he climbed into the front seat and sat down. He stretched his legs out luxuriously as far as the car's dimensions would permit.

"We'll get wet," he predicted, glancing up at the puffy cumulus clouds hurrying across a deep blue sky. "But no wetness is too wet to prevent a thorough test of an H. I. W. dink. You and I are martyrs, too, but not nine-to-five martyrs."

"Sailing on Monday morning—it's just sinful!" she insisted, still unconvinced, as she headed toward his place on the little tidal river that opened into the Sound. "Haven't you anything more important to do?"

He settled himself even more comfortably and laughed. "What you don't know won't trouble you."

Perhaps it was because he was so lazy—so weak—that he made such a good companion. But there could be no happiness in a permanent companionship on such an unsatisfactory basis as play. Though the tactics of helplessness so unswervingly followed by Eleanor Madison aroused Jean's contempt, the thought of being the stronger member in a household made her shudder. Wearing the trousers—hateful phrase! There would be no likelihood of her doing that in Bill Ingle's household. And Perry West—in public, at least—could count on wearing the trousers only in such a house as the father of Eleanor Madison or some other rich and helpless creature would buy.

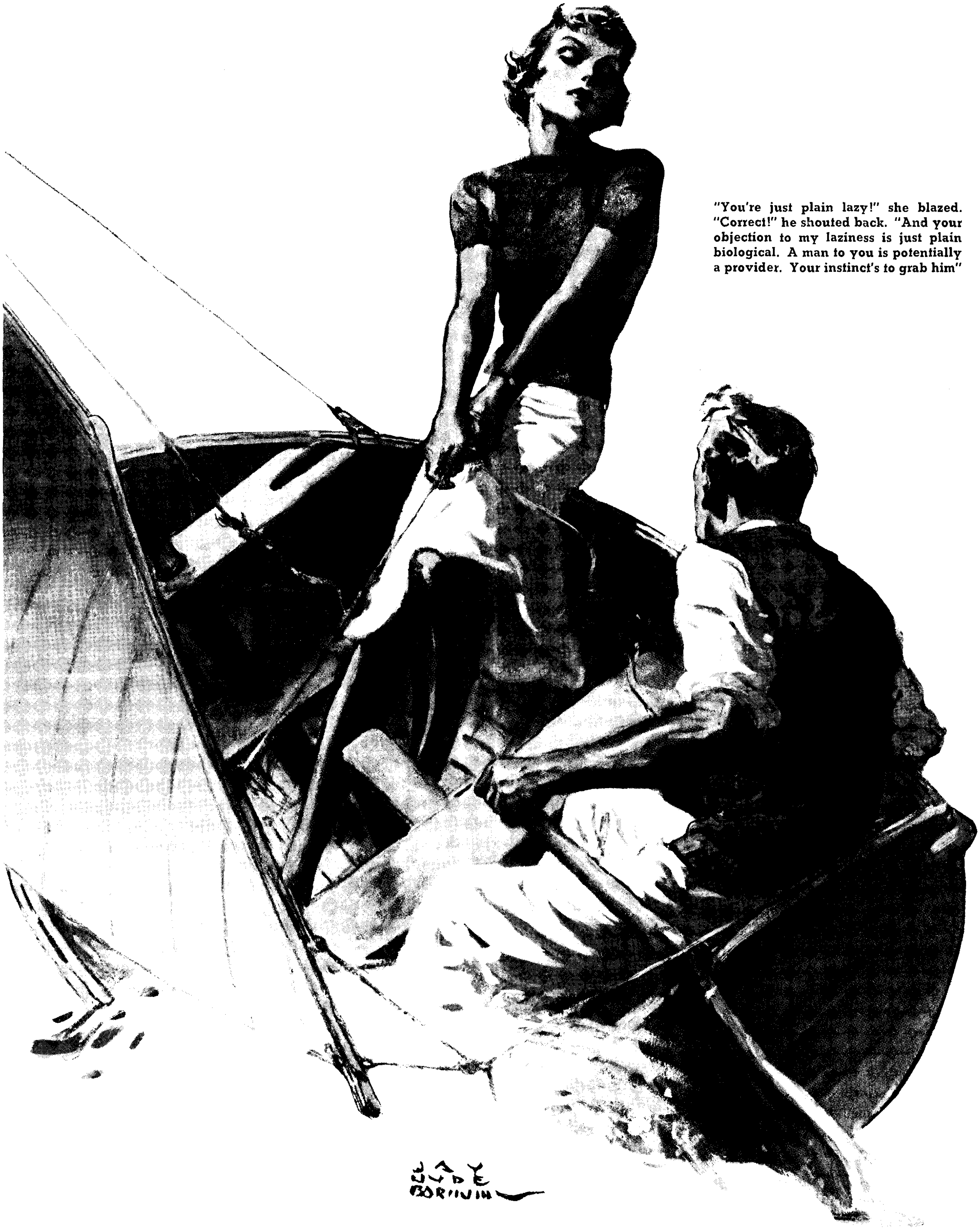
You can't be in love with a man you don't respect. But perhaps he would agree—turn the river site into a whirlwind of boat building. She looked at him without turning her head an inch. Perhaps!

JEAN stopped the car with a vicious thrust of her foot at the bottom of the lane. Perry West's bachelor abode, an old boathouse with a sort of workroom on the lower floor and skimpy quarters above it, was simply ridiculous.

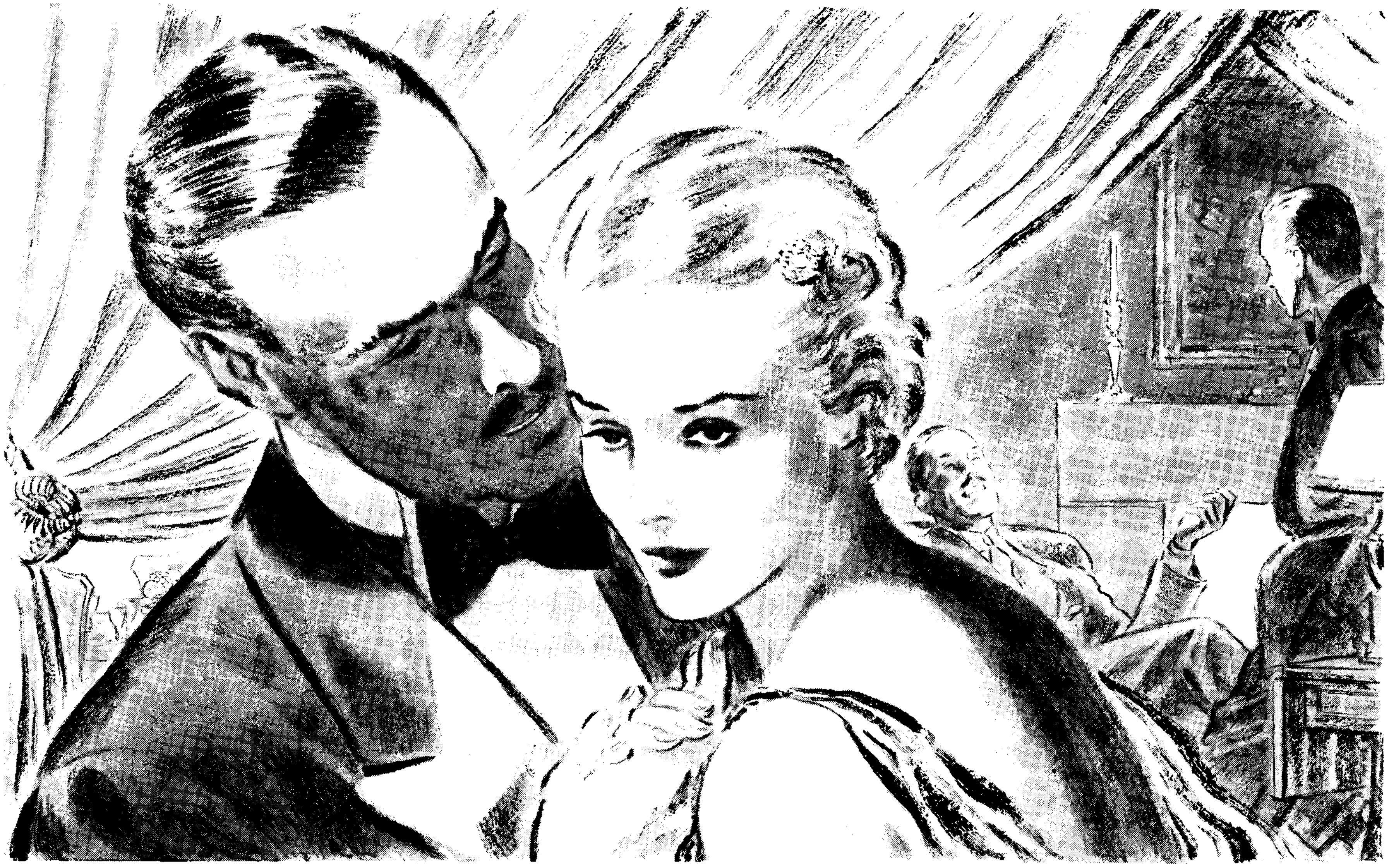
The dinghy, a plump, highly varnished little craft, was already in the water and the tide was high enough to get her out over the mud flats into the channel.

"I'll take the tiller and you handle the sail," he said, hauling up the canvas. "If I yell, let go the sheet in a hurry."

(Continued on page 32)



"You're just plain lazy!" she blazed. "Correct!" he shouted back. "And your objection to my laziness is just plain biological. A man to you is potentially a provider. Your instinct's to grab him"



"I fear you really are a lady who works too strenuously," he said

Emergency Wife

By May Edgington

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

The Story Thus Far:

TWO men are in love with Linnet March: *Kenneth Basil, whose job in London brings* him a meager income; and Hero Winter, a well-to-do, aggressive man who takes it for granted that Linnet will become his wife.

Linnet adores Basil. When, however, he proposes to her, she is well aware that she (with a good job and a fairly large salary, but several relatives dependent upon her) cannot marry him. She gives him an emphatic "No," and to end the matter once and for all, informs him that she does not love him.

An hour or so later, in her Chelsea flat, she listens to another proposal (this time from Hero Winter) which she instantly rejects. On the following day, Clare Lent, Linnet's secretary who is secretly in love with Basil, inveigles Basil into lunching with her. Drawing him out cleverly, she presently learns that Linnet has refused to marry him; *and* that a Mr. Faverel, a prominent member of a firm headed by Sir Andrew Porter, is thinking of sending him to Roumania, at a splendid salary, *if he is married!*

Clare listens patiently, then calmly suggests that he marry *someone* (meaning herself) and thus secure the job! After which, returning to the office, she tells Linnet the whole story, subtly suggesting that soon she, plump little Clare Lent, may be Mrs. Kenneth Basil.

Her day's work done, Linnet goes to Basil's rooms for one last talk. While awaiting his arrival, she hears the telephone ring. She answers it. A man—Mr. Faverel!—asks for Mr. Basil. Linnet says that he is not in. "To whom am I speaking, please?" Faverel asks.

Linnet hesitates; then: "*To Mrs. Basil.*" Faverel says that he is delighted to learn that Mr. Basil is married. "May I have your address?" he adds. Linnet gives him an address—her own! And before Faverel hangs up, he accepts Linnet's invitation to dine with "the Basils" that evening.

Turning from the telephone, Linnet sees Basil standing in the doorway, listening.

II

LINNET knew she had done either an audacious, high-handed, perhaps unforgivable thing, or, dramatically, a very beautiful thing, suggesting complete surrender; and that the man for whom and to whom she had done this thing was in no mood for either translation. He had come desperately weary, and doggedly, out of his battle with her and himself, and Fate; and he fully intended to abide by the issue of that battle.

"But only as far as *I'm* concerned," she said to herself, giving Kenneth back look for look as he stood, tall, lean, shabby, dominating, with blazing eyes, against the door. He might abjure her and her share in matters, but he should not abjure his own future.

"I heard you," he repeated.

"Then if you heard, you heard," she said, not realizing the broken breathlessness of her own voice. "It's done now. Past retrieving."

"What have you done?"

"That was Mr. Max Faverel speaking."

"Faverel! My God! And *you* meddle! You said. . . . I heard what you said. *That you were my wife.*"

"Listen to me, Kenneth."

"Go on, then," he said, his eyes blazing at her.

She began to talk to him very quietly and coaxingly.

"Mr. Faverel rang up asking for you, and I was here."

"So I see, Linnet. But why are you here?"

"Because my secretary, Clare Lent, told me what you told her over lunch. I *had* to come and beg you—"

"Beg me—what?"

"To do the same as she seems to have advised you. You've a lot to think of, Kenneth. You can't just fling a chance like this away because—"

"Because? Go on, Linnet."

"Oh . . . because you're angry—hurt—with me."

"The whole thing is a washout. Finished," he said curtly, and flung his old hat on top of the boxing gloves.

"Listen, please."

"Listening to you is too tough a job for me, Linnet."

SHE went on reasonably and firmly, hoping he would not know how she trembled before him.

"The whole thing is *not* finished. It's hardly begun. I know all about it and it's so *simple*. Your firm wants a married man for this post they're offering. I answered on the spur of the moment just now, that I'm your wife." She moved nearer, and looking at her, he came close and caught her outstretched hands. She seized his coat lapels. Their faces were very close.

"It is sheer insolence, my dear," he said, restraining his voice with palpable effort. "You're jockeying me into this because you can't forgive yourself for—"

"Yes, for what?"

"Oh," he said, almost roughly, "for not loving me. You *feel* somehow that you want to give me something to make up for it. So you're butting in here to help me—"

"Listen!" she demanded again, "I don't think *I* could ever forgive *you* if you didn't take your chance."

"I can't take it," he said stubbornly, "and let us forget it—I wasn't fair just now; but being fair is too hard. You can't help it that you don't care, though you let me think you did. Don't protest. *I'm* talking for a moment. . . . I'm a fool, a blind ass. I don't know anything about women, and I own it. All the times we had together seemed so happy that I believed you must *love* me."

"I daren't have loved you, dear. . . ."

"I know. Oh, I understand now. I understood when we talked last night. You made it plain! Why must we begin all over again?"

He released her and walked away. Her voice followed him:

"Clare Lent said she suggested to you that you should make a marriage of convenience."

"And I answered her. Did she tell you that?"

(Continued on page 25)

OFF TO A HAPPY START [illegible] and quite appropriately in a 1937 Chevrolet, "the complete car — completely new" . . . with its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

She shall have SAFETY *wherever she goes!*

Blissfully unaware of anything but the comfort and security of her mother's arms, this young lady is enjoying a luxury which no one who drives a car need do without today. For you will travel with this same serene unconcern for hazard and discomfort in any car with the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher • The graceful lines that please you cloak a veritable fortress of steel, with steel part fused to steel part to make a single shock-proof, weave-proof unit • These roomy interiors, so quietly comfortable—are insulated against noise, heat and cold, shut off from bad weather and drafts by Fisher No Draft Ventilation • Yet there is no price premium to pay. The Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher is found on General Motors cars *only*.

BODY by FISHER

GM GENERAL MOTORS

THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

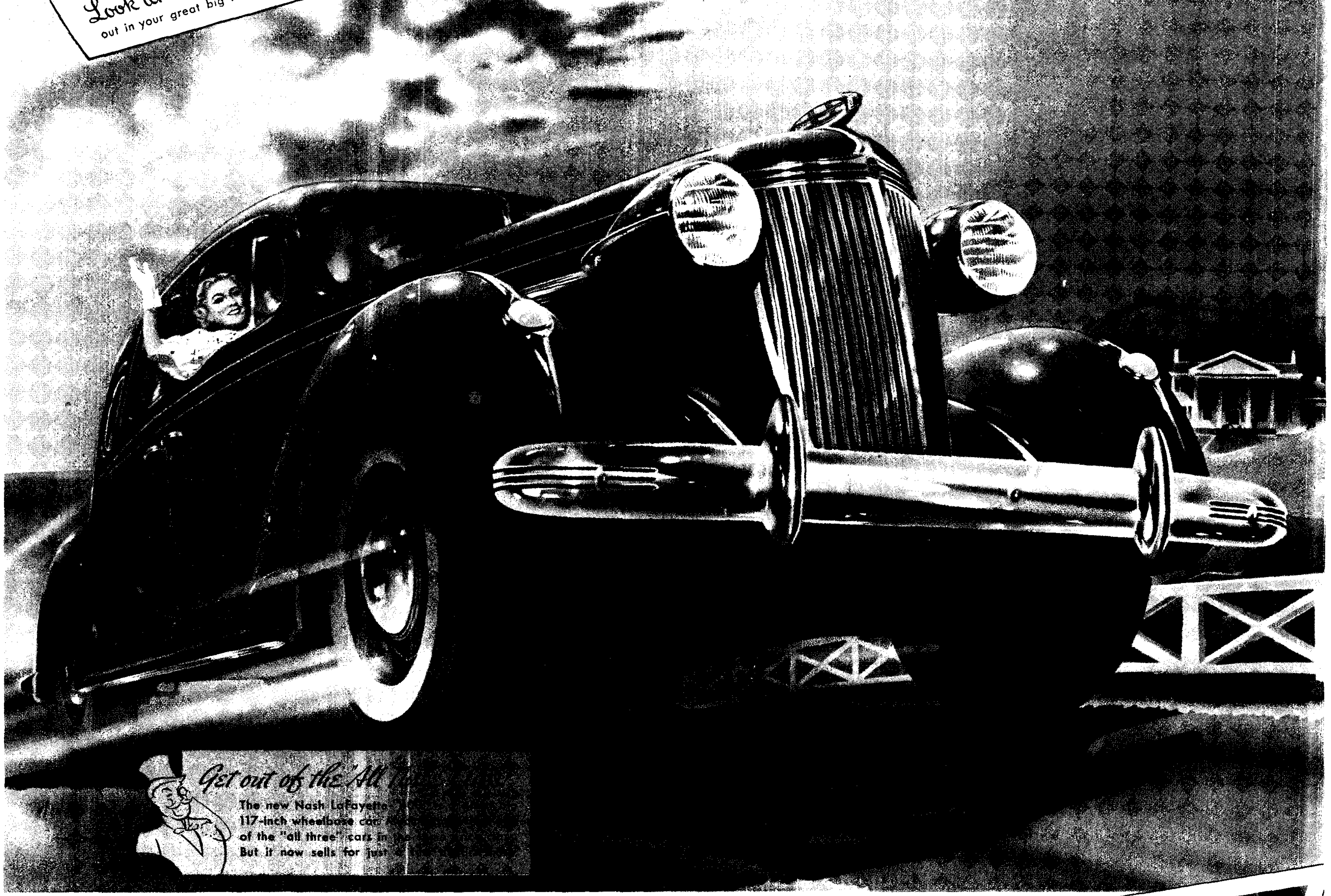
ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK* LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

Look at that lady smile! So will you when you step out in your great big Nash. Thousands changing to this bigger car.

GOING PLACES IN A BIG WAY!

From actual photograph of Nash Ambassador Eight 4-Door Sedan with trunk



Read how you can get a much bigger car for your money!

There's a *new movement* sweeping America! Thousands are getting out of the "small car" class . . . stepping out in a great big Nash!

Why buy a small car when you can get a great big six cylinder 117-inch wheelbase Nash LaFayette-"400" for just a few dollars more than those smaller cars cost. It will astonish you to learn how little more Nash costs.

Thousands are buying the Nash Ambassador Six this year. Here's the reason. This great big 121-inch wheelbase car is even bigger than others priced as much as $200 more at the factory. The 125-inch wheelbase Nash Ambassador Eight is as big as cars priced *$100 and $200* higher. Never before has America seen automobile value like this.

Nash is out to win a larger share of the volume markets. In order to do this—Nash is giving the public—not just as much—but more for the money than you get in other cars. Check up on wheelbase, horsepower, prices. See how much more Nash gives for your dollar. You're missing a bet if you don't see Nash this year.

NASH MOTORS
Div., Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Kenosha, Wis.

NASH

FOR AS LITTLE AS $1 OR $2 A MONTH EXTRA YOU CAN GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS—A check-up in ten representative cities shows the Nash LaFayette-"400" 4-Door Sedan with trunk DELIVERS for just a FEW dollars more than similarly equipped 4-Door sedans of the "All Three" cars in the same price class. Often, the SLIGHT price difference is just $1 or $2 a month extra on your payments.

• • •

HEAR GRACE MOORE! New radio program starring lovely Grace Moore, Vincent Lopez Orchestra, Chorus. Soloists. C.B.S. stations coast to coast every Saturday, 9 P. M. EDST. Tune in.

"She told me a great deal more than I liked her telling me."

"Did you think you should have known it first?"

"I felt like that," she said.

"Why should you care since you don't love me?"

She wanted to cry out: "I do love you!" But while their eyes searched each other, he said: "If you didn't love me without the job, you don't love me with it. That's all there is to it."

She said quietly and desperately:

"You can't let this chance go by!"

"Why should you care, Linnet?"

"I'm your friend."

"IT'S not such a grand chance, perhaps," he said, trying to be careless. "I might make a mess of things out there, after all. They might recall me. They're only offering a trial trip so far—to a married, or prospectively married, man."

"It *is* a grand chance. And you wouldn't make a mess of it."

"All right, then; what you say is more or less true. It's the finest thing ever likely to come my way, and I *should* pull it off. I'd be in poor Somers' shoes all right. Only I'm not eligible, nor," he said with a wistfully bitter smile at her, "likely to be."

"You—you heard what I said to Mr. Faverel?"

"Yes. Why did you say it? What's your game—you friend? I didn't say much when the chief talked to me this morning—I was thinking too much. His time was short too. And I hadn't been able to get the appointment with Faverel all day—"

"I gathered all that, my dear. He's coming to see you at eight."

"What! *Here?*" He cast a look round.

"Not here."

"Where then? What's all this? I couldn't catch everything you were saying over the phone, but I know one thing; and that is, you're making things impossible for me."

"Let's talk *quickly*. Does he know you well?"

"Faverel? That big guy? Certainly not. A 'good-morning' sometimes, and I'm thrilled to get it!"

"He's been told now that you're married. Nothing prospective about it. *Married*. I said just what came into my head."

"How dared you do it?"

"It's for you," she said, "the dearest and best friend, if only that. I asked Mr. Faverel to dinner with us at eight o'clock at my flat. With you and me . . . *at our home*."

"*At our home!*" He walked up and down. "Don't you see you've taken the most awful liberty? Can't you see that in fooling Faverel you make a fool of me? Can't you understand I'm trying to put you away? Out of my thoughts! I'm trying to forget you. You, a girl who can't love a man more than yourself and your career!" Then he stood still, his eyes still blazing. "Oh, my dear, if this only meant you'd been mistaken in yourself. . . . If, when I came back. . . . If I'd pulled it off. . . ."

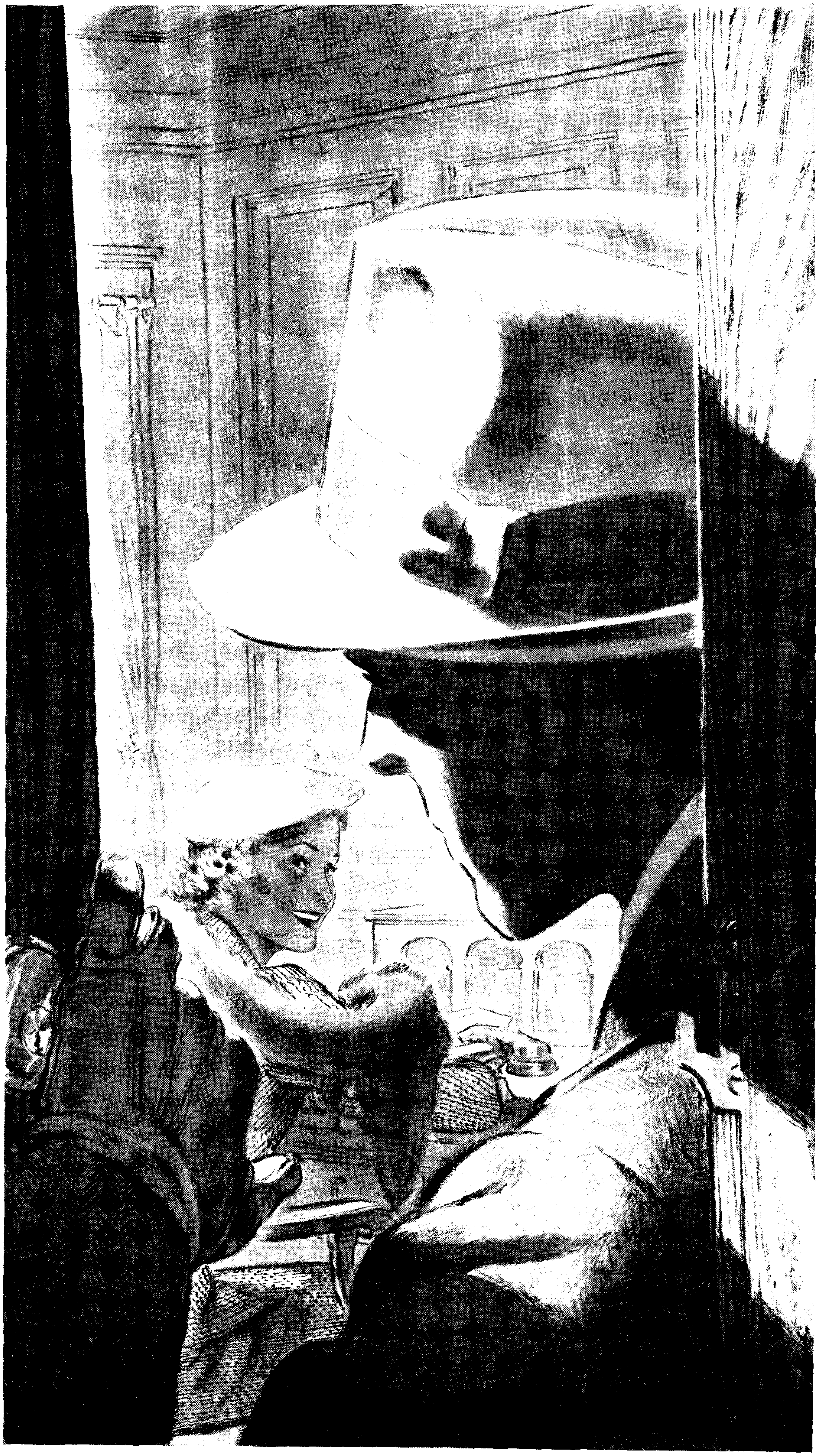
CLEAR before her was that new contract at Pelham and Penley's. But I can't tell him now, she thought. That would somehow be too awful. A crowning insult. It isn't the time.

It wasn't the time to say: "I've got a marvelous contract for five years. Big salary. Marriage barred." The mere tale of her added success, at this moment, would belittle the success that dangled before himself. "You haven't decided you could love me, have you?" she heard him asking.

As she had said last night, so she repeated now. "No. Love isn't for me. I daren't."

She hoped her voice rang true.

(Continued on page 45)



"Then if you heard, you heard," she said. "It's done now. Past retrieving"

HOW CAN I HIT A GOLF BALL STRAIGHT WHEN MY FACE SMARTS LIKE BLAZES FROM SHAVING —
TRY MY SYSTEM —STICK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR. THEY'LL KEEP YOU IN GOOD HUMOR

FOLLOWING SATURDAY

BOY! I'LL BET THAT DRIVE WENT 300 YARDS
NO MORE SHAVING COMPLAINTS FROM HIM SINCE WE'VE BEEN GIVING HIM SWELL SHAVES! WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE PLADE
GIL TTE RAZOR

No Shave Like An All-Gillette Shave

—say millions who use only Gillette Blades in Gillette Razor

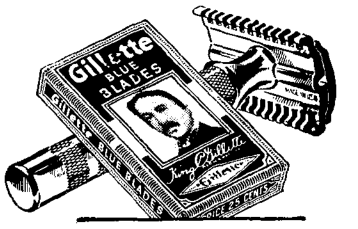
Is your beard tough and wiry? Is your skin tender, especially in the hard-to-shave spots? Then a real thrill awaits you when you shave the "All-Gillette" way – with a Gillette Blade in the Gillette Razor.

Here is a shaving combination that is unexcelled because both razor and blade are products of the same engineering skill and equipment. Designed to function *as a unit*, they offer you an ease and comfort in shaving which millions of men agree cannot be had by any other method.

If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, make this convincing test. Use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning and compare the results with any other shaving method you have ever used!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program— Every Sunday night over CBS Network—Coast to Coast.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Land for Your House

Continued from page 19

And that is a cue for you. The most progressive standards recommended by experts or admitted by lending institutions today are likely to be the accepted standards of tomorrow . . . which will determine the value of your house fifteen years from now. The standards of home-lending companies with respect to lot selection are often today not as high as they should be. But money is hard-boiled in its demand for security, and it is now apparent to almost everyone that real-estate investment in recent years has not had the security it should have.

The Federal Housing Administration, which does not lend money but which does guarantee private mortgages on small and middle-sized houses, gives you to understand that they consider neighborhood all-important, and failings in that even more destructive to property value than defects in the house itself.

How to judge a good neighborhood? It should be homogeneous in character. That doesn't mean all the houses need to be the same price, though often a minimum price is set to insure a certain standard, but they should present the same well-kept look, and make an attractive neighborhood ensemble. And *the area should be strictly zoned for the* same residential use, so that you can be sure it won't run down, or be subjected to smoky and noisy nuisances.

The Home Loan Bank Board gives you another valuable tip when they say that a neighborhood which is fairly self-sufficient is safest from deterioration. By that they mean it is equipped with the stores, churches, schools, movies, etc., necessary to the daily lives of its people, conveniently placed for their use but planned so that they do not encroach on residential property.

No More Gridirons

The **FHA** goes in for accessibility by highway and by some means of public transportation that will be low enough in cost and in time spent getting back and forth to work, shops, etc.

And they promise to smile with particular favor on land that is developed with proper respect for topography. None of your leveling-off of rolling countryside into dreary gridirons of uniformity. Streets, parkways and parks should be dictated by the natural lay of the land, with resulting economy of development and beauty of individual site and entire neighborhood.

So now with all these sound tips to guide you, you will be wise to search for your lot in a good neighborhood which shows no signs of running down, realizing that one dilapidated house or one misplaced factory can spread blight and decay just as rapidly as one decayed tooth in your head. You will check up on the *zoning* regulations and make sure that they are really good, for many of our zoning laws are more archaic and troublesome than they are useful. The good ones restrict building lines and the percentage of a site that may be covered with buildings, so that there will never be any danger of your neighbors *coming uncomfortably near to you*, or blocking your light and air.

Avoid a neighborhood that is over-zoned for shops. This has in the past resulted in miles of unsightly "tax-payers," usually half-empty and neglected, that end by raising *your* taxes. You will favor any spot which has natural protection, like a park or water front, against possible unpleasant changes of neighborhood in the future.

You will make sure that all the neighborhood conveniences which your family will want to use regularly, like schools, playgrounds, shops, bus and railroad stations, are within comfortable distance. If you can find a site where most of these are *between* your lot and a main express highway, you will be safer from future changes that might make your neighborhood "undesirable."

For the sake not only of convenience but of your own financial reckoning, you will check up on all necessary utilities, sidewalks, curbs, etc., to make sure they are in, and if not you will find out just what their coming is apt to mean to you in the way of special assessments. If your independent soul is making you strike for the open country, where none of the zoning and utilities we have been talking about have penetrated, you will do well to take inventory first of preliminary expenses like septic tank and well, and consider the lack of fire protection (which will boost your insurance rate), the lack of police protection, snow removal, delivery services, etc., before you take the final step. Take heed also of the time *and cost* of getting back and forth from work, school, shops, etc. Coddled in the city, you may have forgotten the favors it bestows.

With neighborhood happily in hand, you still have a few points to consider about your particular site. Don't buy it on a main traffic street, for the obvious reasons of noise, dirt and danger. The *tendency* now in modern community planning is to put all residences on quiet side streets and preferably on dead-end streets or cul-de-sacs, where there can be no through traffic, and in fact very little traffic of any kind. The **FHA** nods approvingly.

Be sure your site is wide enough. A hundred feet is enough depth, now that we have taken the garage out of the back yard and combined it attractively with the house so that it takes up less room and is infinitely more convenient, but width to give us privacy, sun and garden all around is highly desirable. In housing developments you have noticed the trend away from the long, narrow 25- to 40-foot lot, and eyed with relief the pleasing result. The **FHA** recommends fifty feet for a minimum if at all possible.

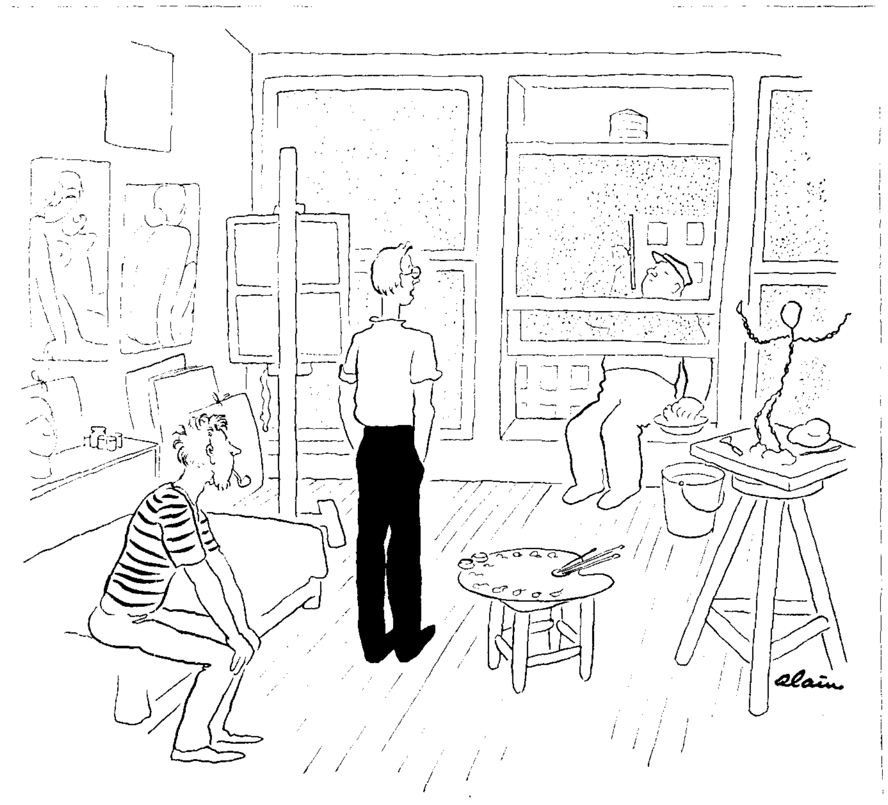
With neighborhood and building site thus expertly singled out, you will not be content with just plunking a house down in routine fashion. The sun, pre*vailing winds, the lay of the land, the* view will decide where you want to set your house and face your rooms, so that you won't do too much deciding about your house until you have discovered your building site.

You will place your house to cut up your land as little as possible, so that you may have spacious areas for lawn, play space, garden, making all possible allowance for the outdoor activities of your family. You won't forget an inconspicuous but convenient drying yard for the clothes, and convenient placing of the garage. All these things are in the new line of planning space for its best use, and doing away forever with the wasteful and unimaginative clutter of the old back yard.

Site for Collier's House

Collier's house has taken the modern way of putting the garage on the street, *for greatest ease in entering and least* expense in building the drive, not to mention the saving of space for better purposes. Terraces blend into the garden on either side, thus extending the livableness of the living room, and a sunken terrace connects the playroom directly with the large expanse of garden in the rear. The house has been planned for a site that would front slightly east of north, so that the garden would get plenty of sun and the living quarters the southwest breeze which prevails over a large part of this country. Further, the plan has been so arranged that it can be reversed for another orientation under other conditions, so important is this phase of house planning.

Having put such thought and care into the choosing of your own building site, and appreciating its value to you in enjoyment and money, you will be incensed by the great scarcity of such



"I don't like it. We won't have any more privacy" ALAIN

Dad's a crab! He's grouchy as can be this morning. Complaining about an old headachy, sickish feeling . . . Bet Mom gives him Sal Hepatica—two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water... Yep, here she comes.

Dad's swell again! Full of pep... Grin a mile wide... Ready to play... Guess Mom's right... she says Sal Hepatica is the thing, 'cause you gotta help Nature lick acidity, too.

Be modern!... take the laxative that helps Nature COUNTERACT ACIDITY, too!

Not every one knows this:

When you are constipated—in need of a laxative—you usually have another trouble, too . . .

Acidity. This acidity may linger after you've cleansed the intestines, causing your half-sick feeling to continue.

How much better to help Nature go after both troubles at once! You do that when you take Sal Hepatica.

This unique mineral salt laxative does, not one, but two things for you.

1. **Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestinal tract.**
2. **Sal Hepatica brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction to help Nature counteract acidity and restore the alkaline reserve so necessary to top-notch health.**

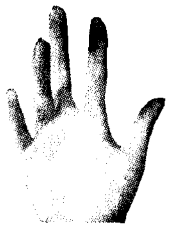
Soon you feel more energetic, higher in spirits, more like your old self. Keep Sal Hepatica in your medicine chest. It acts in natural ways—is not irritating, nor is it habit-forming. Get a bottle today.

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Wednesday nights—full hour—N.B.C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
Laxative & Cathartic
Bristol-Myers Co. New York
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

THE EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK..



NO MORE INK-STAINED FINGERS!

● *Cap an Eversharp pen and it* can't leak—*no ink can leak from the barrel to settle on the finger-rest. So the Eversharp is* always clean—*it won't brand your fingers with ink. You could safely lay it down on a white satin ribbon.*

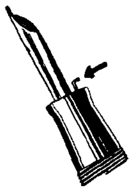
IT STAYS AS CLEAN AS THE PENCIL THAT MATCHES IT!

No DOUBT your own fingers have borne proof that the ordinary fountain pen can leak—even though you've capped it quite securely.

For ink can leak from the pen barrel into the cap, smearing the finger-rest with ink—and also your fingers.

No stains with an Eversharp!

Eversharp stops that trouble before it starts—by means of its Safety Ink Shut-Off*. When you screw the cap into place, the ink is sealed in the pen-barrel—until you're ready to write.



Screw the cap firmly into place, and it closes this little valve, sealing the ink in the pen-barrel as tightly as a cork seals a bottle.

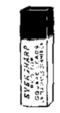
So trust your Eversharp as you wouldn't dare trust any other pen. Put it in your traveling bag or purse, leave it around on your desk, carry it in your pocket upside down—it can't leak, so it always stays *clean.*

Only Eversharp offers you this stain-preventing feature. And only Eversharp offers you your choice: a regular point or the Adjustable Point—*the point that any one can change, adjust, actually "tailor" to fit his own way of writing. It makes Eversharp the* one *pen you can give—without misgivings!*

And whether you choose an Eversharp of pyralin in the classic Doric design shown above, or the sensational new gold-filled Eversharp—you will have a pen of outstanding beauty.

See these new Eversharps today—at your stationer's, jeweler's, department or drug store. Note Eversharp's greater ink capacity, one-stroke filler, and visible ink supply.

Guaranteed-for-life Eversharp Gold Seal pens, $7.50 to $10.50—unconditionally guaranteed during the life of the owner, except against loss or wilful damage, and subject only to a 50c servicing charge to cover handling costs, postage and insurance. Other models, $2.75 and up. Pencils to match, $1.25 to $5. Slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.



Eversharp *Square Lead* fits any mechanical pencil tighter than ordinary lead. That's why it can't slip or twist in the barrel. Stronger, too! Square Lead writes smoother, blacker—and holds a sharper, keener point. Ask for it—the genuine comes only in the "Red Top" package.

*U. S. PATENT APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF sites; by the great number of lots, and expensive ones, too, that meet almost none of the requirements you have set; by the tremendous waste and dilapidation of great parts of our cities. You have seen how we allow our motorcars, our stores and other necessities of modern life to be a blight instead of an unmixed blessing, how leaving things to chance has resulted in neither beauty, economy, efficiency nor a very great enjoyment of a large part of our surroundings. You will be convinced that we ought to do a better job of laying out our streets and blocks and cities. And you will be right.

City of the Future

We ought to do it, and we can do it once enough people are convinced of the need and infinite possibilities, and demand it. The architects, the engineers and the city planners know what to do and are all set, ready for the backing and the word "Go." Changes are going to take place, and rapidly once they start. They have already occurred in many places. In thousands of neighborhoods in European countries, in England's Garden Cities, in the Green Belt suburbs and other housing projects organized by the government in this country, in Mariemont, Ohio; Chatham Village, Pittsburgh; at Radburn, New Jersey, there have been built exciting new kinds of communities that would make you race to your city fathers and demand action at once. They are the beginnings of the city of the future.

Here, taking the cue from these happy beginnings, districts will be laid out in advance to suit particular needs permanently—shops, industries, transportation, houses, parks, etc., so arranged that shopping districts will be convenient to every neighborhood, without encroaching, that trucks will not rumble past your door, that playgrounds will be safely available to all children. Residential sections will be great parks, with our gridiron system of many streets and little quiet and privacy abandoned, and great super-blocks built instead. Each super-block, five or six times the size of a present city block, will be fringed with houses that turn their service quarters and garages to the street and face the permanently quiet and beautiful inner park. Footpaths through these parks will be a much pleasanter way to arrive at work and shops than walks beside noisy and smelly streets.

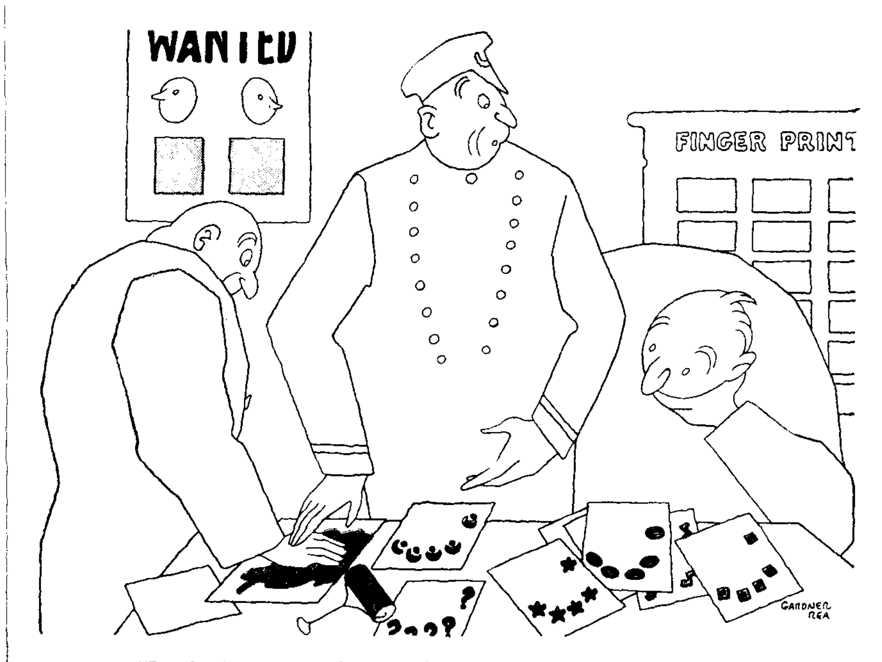
Playgrounds on the interior of each block will save many a mother worry—a sharp contrast with the narrow back yards and dangerous streets too many children must resort to today! Nor will children have to cross a single street on their way to school, for underpasses will take them there safely.

Traffic arteries will be so arranged that the main highway is outside the town, heavy traffic will never pass through residential districts, and the favored residential street will be the cul-de-sac, where only traffic that has to do with the houses on that street will ever come. It will be possible to handle traffic more efficiently, yet with fewer streets, than under the present system, resulting in a great saving in the original cost and the upkeep of roadways—with joyous effect on your tax returns.

These cities of the future will be influenced by the green belt idea, fetched from the two English Garden Cities of Letchworth and Welwyn, and used by the government to protect its communities for low-income families developed at Greenbelt, near Washington, D. C., Greenhills near Cincinnati, and Greendale near Milwaukee. The green belt is permanent farmland and parks, encircling the community and protecting it from any possible future blight, the while offering the pleasure of country life and the occupation of farming to town dwellers. Financing will be cheaper, because it will be safer, since the gamble of blight is not lurking on the scene.

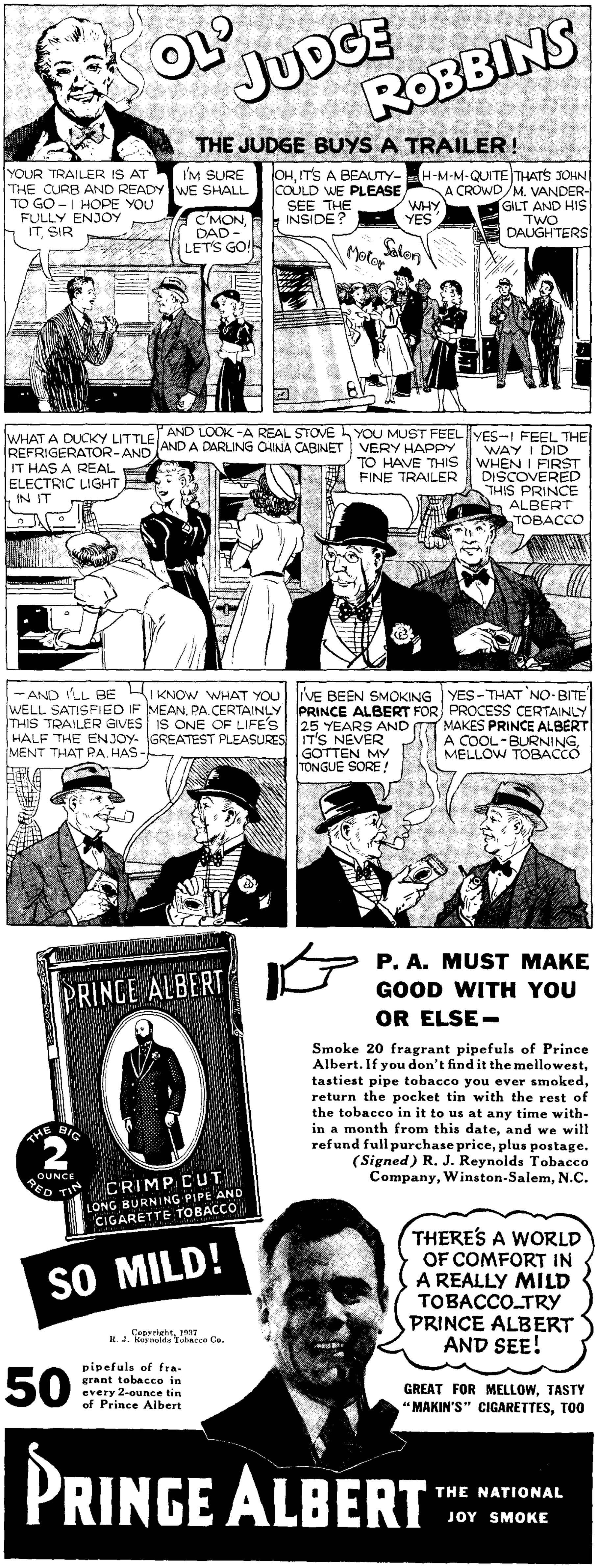
With all the economies that intelligent planning can bring about, taxes should be lower. Perhaps there will be central heating and other services, for still greater saving of time and money. If land is too expensive for individual houses, or if the utmost economy is the main point, some houses may be built in groups of five or six, with well-insulated party walls, that miraculously combine privacy, light and air with low cost. It is being done. And the resulting architectural effect of such large-scale planning is something new and fresh.

With all the economy or as lavish a hand as their dwellers like, these cities will come into being, but always there will be light and air, quiet, beauty and security for everyone. These will be new communities and old ones rebuilt. Laws will have to be changed to bring them about, building and zoning codes will be different. Eyes will have to be opened. Inertia will have to be overcome. So keep an eye on the building stir in your city, and do all you can to push it the right way! Then your children, at least, won't have the trouble you have had, ferreting out a sound building site.


WANTED
FINGER PRINT
GARDNER REA

"Look, Sergeant! Every time they come out different!"

GARDNER REA



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE BUYS A TRAILER!
YOUR TRAILER IS AT THE CURB AND READY TO GO – I HOPE YOU FULLY ENJOY IT, SIR
I'M SURE WE SHALL
C'MON, DAD – LET'S GO!
OH, IT'S A BEAUTY– COULD WE PLEASE SEE THE INSIDE?
WHY, YES
H-M-M-QUITE A CROWD
THAT'S JOHN M. VANDERGILT AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS
Motor Salon
WHAT A DUCKY LITTLE REFRIGERATOR – AND IT HAS A REAL ELECTRIC LIGHT IN IT
AND LOOK – A REAL STOVE AND A DARLING CHINA CABINET
YOU MUST FEEL VERY HAPPY TO HAVE THIS FINE TRAILER
YES – I FEEL THE WAY I DID WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED THIS PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO
– AND I'LL BE WELL SATISFIED IF THIS TRAILER GIVES HALF THE ENJOYMENT THAT P.A. HAS –
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. P.A. CERTAINLY IS ONE OF LIFE'S GREATEST PLEASURES
I'VE BEEN SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT FOR 25 YEARS AND IT'S NEVER GOTTEN MY TONGUE SORE!
YES – THAT 'NO-BITE' PROCESS CERTAINLY MAKES PRINCE ALBERT A COOL-BURNING, MELLOW TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD!
THERE'S A WORLD OF COMFORT IN A REALLY MILD TOBACCO – TRY PRINCE ALBERT AND SEE!

P. A. MUST MAKE GOOD WITH YOU OR ELSE –

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Copyright, 1937
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

GREAT FOR MELLOW, TASTY "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Party Purge

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THE exact feelings of the 27,751,612 men and women who voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt last November may not be known with any degree of accuracy until another election, polls notwithstanding, but as far as the leadership of the Democratic party is concerned, already a chasm yawns that makes the Grand Canyon look like a crack in the floor. On the moment that the President put forward his plan for the reorganization of the federal judiciary, harmony gave one horrified squawk and went sailing out of the window of the council chamber. Today thirty or more Democratic senators are off the reservation, slopping on war paint with both hands and searching their souls for louder battle cries.

Optimists regard it as the usual party squabble that can be left safely to the healing processes of time, but political wheelhorses make no such mistake. As they view it, the quarrel is as deep and lasting as that which tore the Democratic party wide open in 1896. Bitter things have been said that can never be swallowed even by candidates with the gullets of ostriches, and nothing is more certain than that the campaign of 1938 will witness a battle to the death between what, purely for the purpose of distinction, may be termed the Right and Left wings of the Democratic party.

Men such as Glass, Byrd, George, Tydings, Burke and others of the conservative school have never really liked the New Deal, are distrustful both of its objectives and the "starry-eyed idealists" behind those objectives. "Regular" in the sense of refusing to bolt the ticket in 1936, although Carter Glass retched openly, now that the party is squared away for 1940 these Right Wingers have thrown pretense to the winds, and are boldly committed to a fight for party control. Aligned with them, out of dislike for the President's proposed judiciary organization, is a strong group of Liberals led by Senator Wheeler, along with a not inconsiderable number who either nurse personal grievances or have not fared well at the hands of the organization's present masters.

The President himself is under no illusion as to the nature of the struggle, and there are those who think that he himself precipitated it deliberately. Always aware of the existence of a strong Right wing in his party and too shrewd not to be cognizant of its smoldering hostility, he put forward his Supreme Court proposal, they believe, and stood by it unchangingly, both as a test of faith and a challenge. With November's overwhelming victory still fresh in mind, what better time to have the question of party control decided once and for all?

There is a creeping whisper, born of hope, that in event of victory the President will make some handsome gesture that will permit the "rebels" to return to the fold without loss of face, or that in case of his defeat the victors will act magnanimously and not press home their advantage. As far as the Roosevelt intent is concerned, it is only necessary to recall a speech made by Postmaster General Farley at the University of North Carolina on March 9, the afternoon of the day that the President gave his first "fireside chat."

Welfare of Nation Pre-eminent

This was the pith of the address:

"Party politics in this great country of ours is a fairly complex matter. The question is constantly arising as to where politics ends and patriotism begins. The answer is, of course, that while loyalty to the party is essential, the welfare of the Nation is pre-eminent. However, that situation arises only when the two cannot be reconciled. It will be observed that whenever a prominent party man, for any reason, wishes to abandon one or more of the policies of his party, he immediately proclaims that while he is still true to the party, his higher duty impels him to vote the other way. . . . There is another element in the question that deserves some attention. How far is a citizen justified in striking out on a path of his own, diverging from the course determined by those who are directing the party policies? I think that the Democrats of this country pretty well answered that question also in the election. Though two eminent men to whom the party had given the highest honor in its gift came out against the President, the latter was given the largest majority in the party's history when the votes were cast. . . . It seems to me that the incident of the reorganization plan comes directly into the class of those matters in which party loyalty should be the guiding principle."

Certain circumstances connected with the Farley speech make his remarks still more significant. On March 4, Senator Tydings of Maryland was the guest speaker at a Victory dinner in Raleigh, the invitation having been requested by Josiah W. Bailey, North Carolina's senior senator. Instead of growing lyric in praise of the President and the New Deal, Senator Tydings chose to dwell on the evils of dictatorship, and stressed the importance of standing watchful guard over America's free institutions. Within the hour his address was branded as "disloyal," and the Rooseveltians of Raleigh announced that a second Victory dinner would be held at which Secretary Ickes would preach Democratic doctrine pure and undefiled.

How can the words of the Postmaster General—the treatment of Senator Tydings—be regarded as other than grim warning of a party purge? Of a fight between the two wings in which quarter will neither be asked nor given? The burning arrows sent from the White House to every corner of the land not only call all true Democrats to the Roosevelt colors, but carry the message that those who are not *with* the President are *against* him.

Study his speeches and it will be seen that all make clear his conviction that November's tremendous majority *was* an indorsement of his policies—that it *did* constitute a mandate—and that he means to stand like iron behind those policies in the discharge of that mandate. Has he not said that the essential purpose of his Supreme Court reorganization is the appointment of new justices who will obey the will of the people instead of "thwarting" it? And in the fight to fulfill what he conceives to have been a popular mandate, does it not follow with equal force that he wants legislators at his side who believe implicitly in the things that he himself believes in?

With respect to Glass, Tydings, Burke, Byrd and others frankly conservative, the struggle is as much of a jihad for them as it is for the President. The party, as they see it, has been wandering in the wilderness, worshiping strange gods, and it is with almost religious fervor that they are fighting to force a return to the True Faith. Is it reasonable to expect that they will daub themselves with ashes if defeat is their portion, and beat their breasts in token of contrition? Or that Wheeler, Clark and the Liberals who have broken so definitely with the President over his Supreme Court proposal will fail to press a victory?

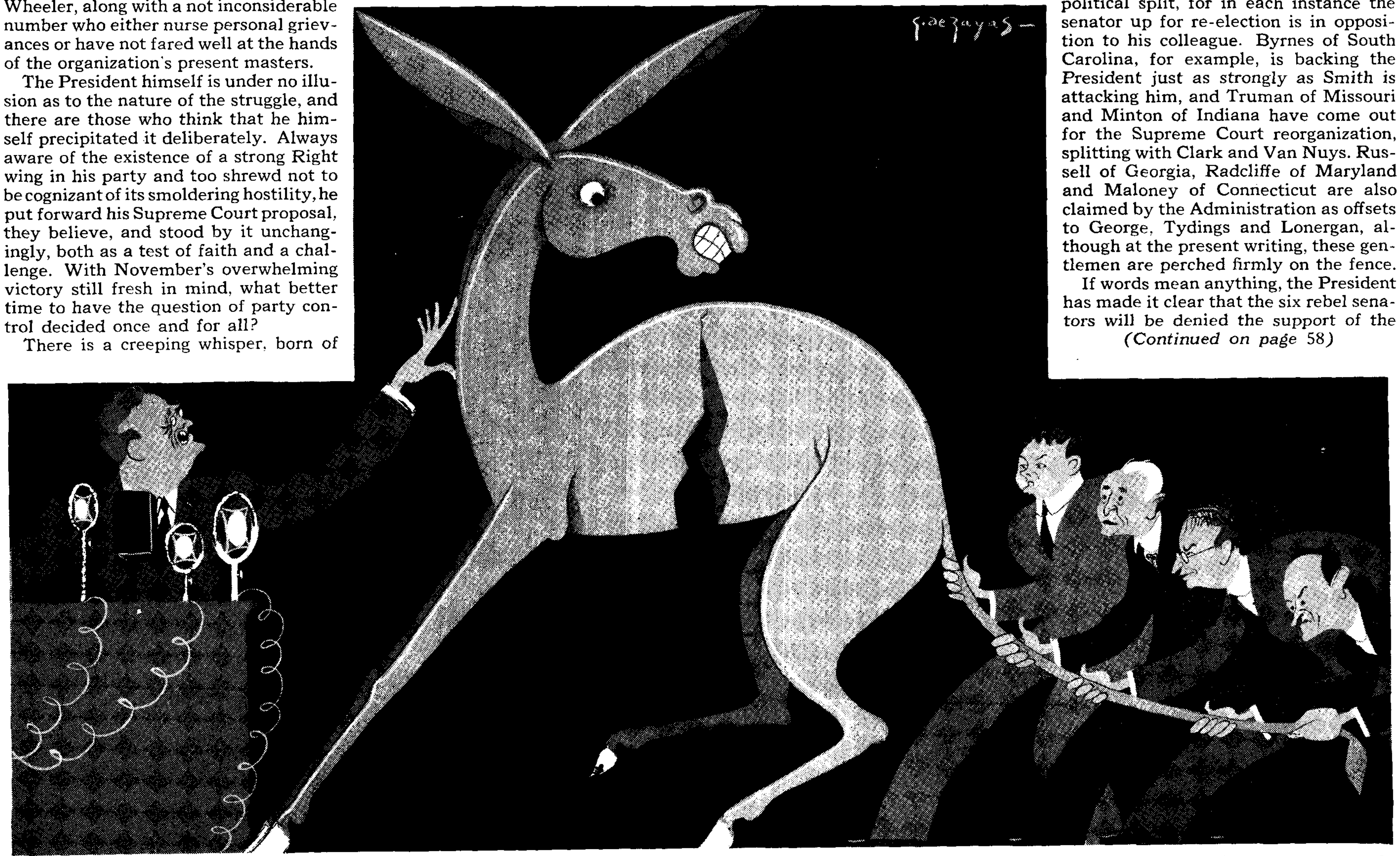
Way Out on the Limb

Additional proof that the anti-Roosevelt forces are not merely shadow boxing is furnished by the fact that these six "rebel" senators come up for re-election in 1938; Bennett Clark of Missouri, Tydings of Maryland, George of Georgia, Lonergan of Connecticut, Ellison Smith of South Carolina and Van Nuys of Indiana. In the Supreme Court battle all of them have gone out on the limb so far that there is no hope of crawling back even if they had the desire.

Strangely enough, three of these six cases represent a personal as well as political split, for in each instance the senator up for re-election is in opposition to his colleague. Byrnes of South Carolina, for example, is backing the President just as strongly as Smith is attacking him, and Truman of Missouri and Minton of Indiana have come out for the Supreme Court reorganization, splitting with Clark and Van Nuys. Russell of Georgia, Radcliffe of Maryland and Maloney of Connecticut are also claimed by the Administration as offsets to George, Tydings and Lonergan, although at the present writing, these gentlemen are perched firmly on the fence.

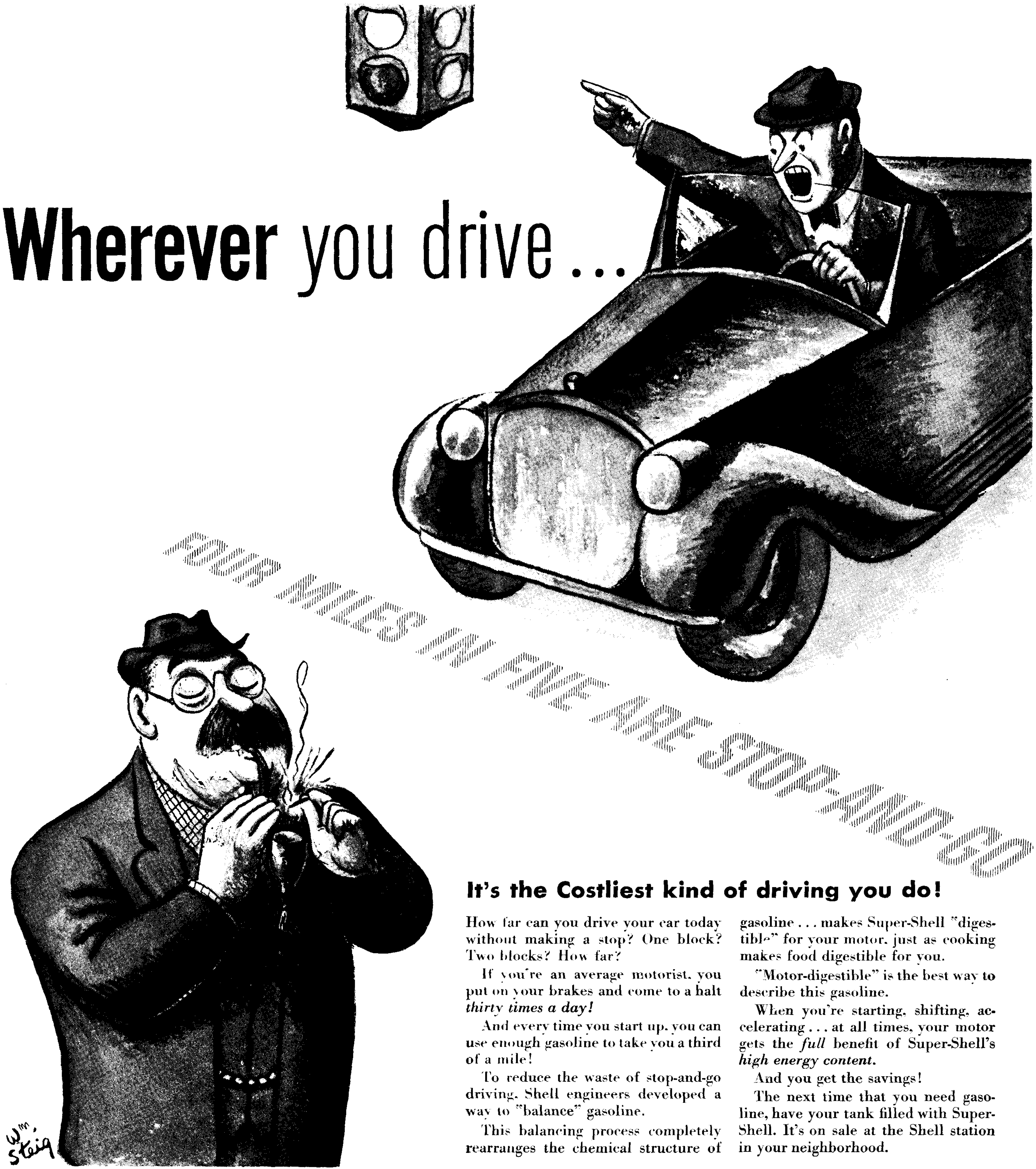
If words mean anything, the President has made it clear that the six rebel senators will be denied the support of the

(*Continued on page* 58)



Between the efforts of President Roosevelt to change the Supreme Court and the opposition of some Democratic senators, the party faces a serious split

Wherever you drive...


FOUR MILES IN FIVE ARE STOP-AND-GO
Wm. Steig

It's the Costliest kind of driving you do!

How far can you drive your car today without making a stop? One block? Two blocks? How far?

If you're an average motorist, you put on your brakes and come to a halt *thirty times a day!*

And every time you start up, you can use enough gasoline to take you a third of a mile!

To reduce the waste of stop-and-go driving, Shell engineers developed a way to "balance" gasoline.

This balancing process completely rearranges the chemical structure of gasoline . . . makes Super-Shell "digestible" for your motor, just as cooking makes food digestible for you.

"Motor-digestible" is the best way to describe this gasoline.

When you're starting, shifting, accelerating . . . at all times, your motor gets the *full* benefit of Super-Shell's *high energy content.*

And you get the savings!

The next time that you need gasoline, have your tank filled with Super-Shell. It's on sale at the Shell station in your neighborhood.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

WISE MR. MOTORIST
THIS IS JUST AS GOOD AS SIMONIZ. AND IT GOES ON SO EASY!
AUTO SUPPLIES
XYZ
IT'S SIMONIZ I WANT!
AUTO SUPPLIES
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THEM FOR KEEPING CARS SHINY!
SIMONIZ
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Nothing else compares with Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener! They are different . . . superior to the waxes and polishes that give but a here-*today-and-gone-tomorrow shine.* Besides being easier to use, inexpensive, and always dependable, Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener give permanent beauty. They also preserve the finish, make the lacquer or enamel last longer, and keep the colors from fading. In fact, Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are unquestionably the greatest products ever developed for keeping cars beautiful. Demand them for your car!

Sound Enterprise

Continued from page 20

"Are you trying to teach me to sail a boat?" Jean demanded. She was being very huffy, she knew, but perhaps it was just as well. Since he made such a bad impression on her she might as well make a bad impression on him. That was only fair, though he hadn't ever given any signs of being taken by her. But perhaps it wasn't true that a girl could always tell about that. At least he had asked her to go sailing with him.

"You'd have more water than this at any tide, up at the sail loft," she pointed out, as they drifted precariously out toward the channel with the centerboard raised. "You could make, advertise, demonstrate and sell boats all in one spot."

"Has it occurred to you that those four operations entail work?" he inquired, cuddling the tiller with his knees while he filled his pipe. "And since Jack and Bill are tearing around in town I'd be stuck with it. Work in its narrowest sense—perspiration-inducing, backbreaking work! And even walking around a shop watching other people labor has an injurious effect on me. I'm too sympathetic to stand it."

"Do be sensible!" she said. A puff of wind struck the sail. She let it out as the little boat heeled sharply. "I know you're lazy, Perry, but surely you can't be that lazy."

"I am," he asserted, horribly cheerful. He put a hand on the tiller and headed the dinghy down channel. It was like flying.

It was hard not to glory with Perry in these ecstatic moments of truancy. Sternly she suppressed the thought.

"Don't you want to pull your weight in the firm—like Bill Ingle?" she cried, against the wind.

"What—and deprive Bill of all that exercise?" he remonstrated. "Bill likes it. Much as I hate to malign a partner, he glories in it, the poor lug."

"Really, I think—"

Perry lifted a hand from the tiller to indicate a puff of wind that, darkening the water, was ruffling toward them. Jean eased the sheet in a hurry. The dinghy lay over suddenly. The top of a small wave leaped over the leeward gunwale as it sank toward the surface. Triumphantly, the dollop of water swashed about in the bottom.

"Sorry," said Jean.

"We'll get more than that before we're through," he predicted darkly, as the puff passed and the boat straightened up. "It's hard work—handling the tiller."

Jean, taking in sheet again with all the strength of her lithe little body, breathed indignantly. "Life is very, very hard to you," she gasped.

"Isn't it—what with people wanting you to start boat factories and—look? More trouble!"

THEY had come to the broadening mouth of the river, where big stone houses were set among green lawns running down to the rocky and irregular shore. It was toward the stone landing pier of one of these that Perry was pointing. The Madison estate. Three people on the end of the pier were waving at them imperatively. One was undoubtedly the ubiquitous Eleanor Madison, the second was her father, the big-boned, deep-chested colonel, and the third—yes, it was Bill Ingle.

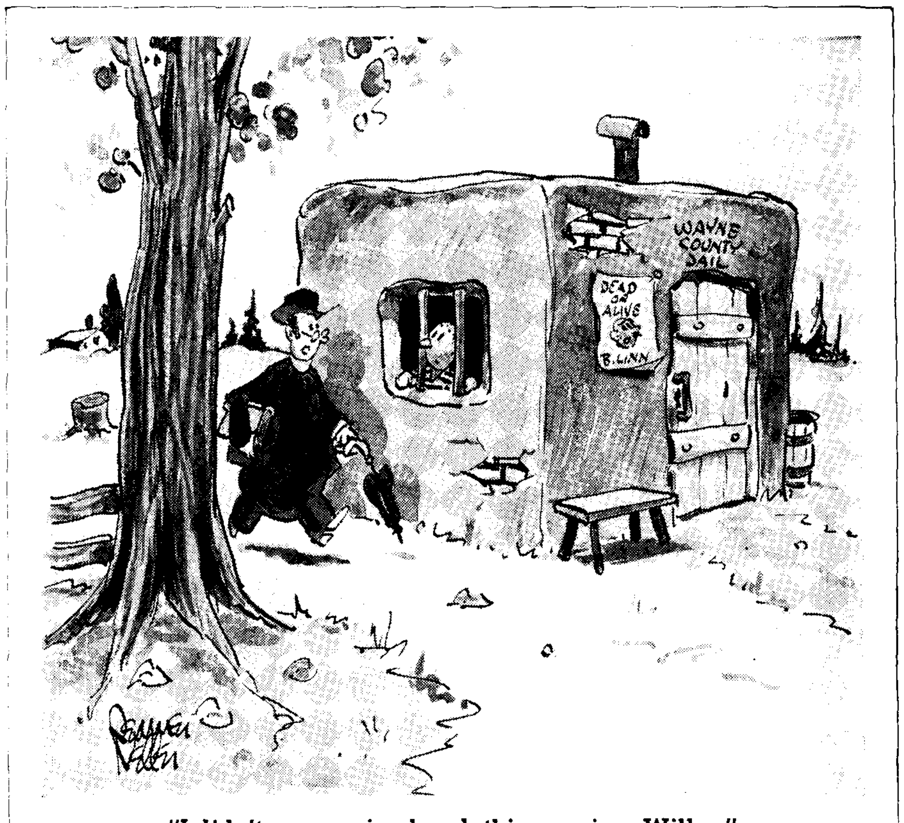
"Can't they see I'm busy?" Perry was indignant. "Suppose I'll have to go over and find out what they want. We're designing a schooner for the seagoing colonel. It'll be about that. Ease off that sheet."

He put the tiller over and they ran down the blustering wind. The trio were on the landing stage as they rounded up to it. Bill Ingle, immaculate in town clothes, smiled eagerly at Jean and surged forward, ready to fend off the boat. The Madisons, father and daughter, were looking at Perry but Eleanor's eyes, describing a swift orbit, did not wholly neglect Jean.

"What's up?" Perry inquired.

"About Colonel Madison's schooner, Perry," Bill Ingle said. "Won't you both come ashore?"

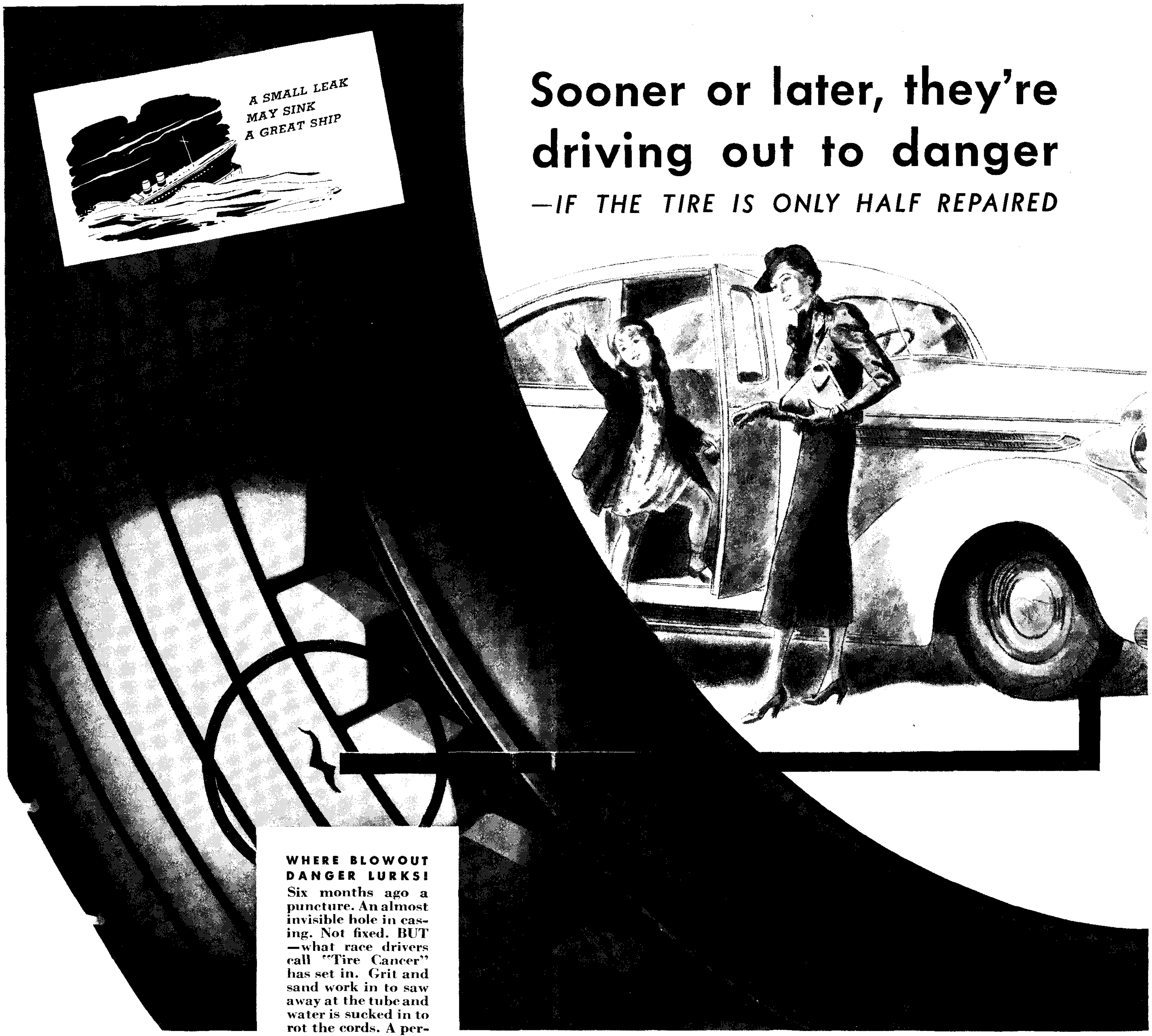
"Yes—yes—come ashore, Jean," rumbled the stalwart colonel. He had a roll of blueprints in one hand but gallantly



"I didn't see you in church this morning, Wilbur" REAMER KELLER

Sooner or later, they're driving out to danger

—IF THE TIRE IS ONLY HALF REPAIRED



WHERE BLOWOUT DANGER LURKS! Six months ago a puncture. An almost invisible hole in casing. Not fixed. BUT—what race drivers call "Tire Cancer" has set in. Grit and sand work in to saw away at the tube and water is sucked in to rot the cords. A perfect set-up for a future blowout.

Blowouts, even while traveling at fairly moderate speeds, represent one of the major causes of automobile accidents each year. You wouldn't knowingly send out your loved ones on tires you couldn't trust. Yet too many unthinking people do.

Too many motorists—too many repair men—say, "Well, the puncture in the tube's fixed, so she's O K again!"

A BOWES MAN WON'T SAY THAT—You won't find the Bowes Service Man telling you the job is done when the tube is fixed. He knows it takes two holes to make a puncture—one in the tube and one in the casing. He knows any casing-leak, no matter how tiny, represents a source of driving danger on swiftly spinning wheels.

STANDS FOR COMPLETE, SAFE SERVICE—For just a few cents more the Bowes man will fix that casing through a modern, up-to-date process (not vulcanizing) while you wait. Fix it stronger than it was before. With a patented live rubber-to-rubber weld that makes the repaired point a living, sturdy, integral part of the tire itself.

That's not all—your Bowes man will tell you when it's no longer safe to repair tires; when they're too old, too worn. He'll tell you when you need new ones, instead of taking your money to repair a tire that's too far gone.

The Bowes man stands for the world's first complete Safety Tirepair System. He has every kind of a weld for tube or casing. He has everything else from spark plugs to finish wax.

You'll find him in your neighborhood, representing safe, dependable, trustworthy, independent repair service.

BOWES SEAL-FAST CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Indiana—London, England—Hamilton, Ontario

BOWES
SEAL FAST

AFTER EACH PUNCTURE PLAY SAFE BY SAYING . . . "*Fix the casing too*"

© B S-F Corp., 1937

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN—Behind it stands the authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" Dealer offering the Bowes Safety TIREPAIR Sytem.

"I SAW TOM USE THESE ON THE CAR

. . . and they work wonders around the house"

These famous Mobil Specialties do a wonderful job around the car. They do just as fine a job for the busy housewife. Try them. See how convenient they are—and how efficient. They cost little and make a big difference in keeping things shipshape.

MOBILWAX PAD

(Filled with Mobilwax)

Use it for polishing and waxing dining-room tables and other furniture. Clean first with a good polish, preferably Mobilgloss.

MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

This product is well known to car owners—use it in the home. Removes spots from clothes and fabrics. It leaves no ring when used according to directions.

MOBIL HANDY OIL

Lubricates all electric appliances, sewing and washing machines, bicycles, toys—keeps them running smoothly. Fine for automobile uses. Prevents rust. Free wall clip with every can.

BUY WHERE YOU BUY MOBILOIL OR MOBILGAS

Mobil Specialties

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MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER
BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

extended the other to Jean Grayle. "Sorry—won't take a moment—got to be settled. You girls go off."

The girls didn't.

Reluctantly Perry climbed after Jean onto the float. "What's the matter with the schooner?" he inquired, nodding toward the blueprints. Bill Ingle made fast the boat.

Demurely Eleanor retreated behind her father's bony shoulder.

"I stayed here today to get Colonel Madison's order to go ahead on building," Bill Ingle explained crisply. "The colonel, I think I may say, is very much pleased with—"

"Certainly—fine boat!" broke in their client. "Got everything. But—urugh!—*my daughter thinks these bunks in the* main cabin should be a bit wider."

Perry emitted an impolite noise closely resembling a weary groan.

"Can't do it," he declared. "It would cramp the table, passage, everything."

Bill Ingle was pressing cigarettes on them, matches ready in his other hand.

The colonel frowned at Perry.

"I agree with Eleanor that it would give the whole cabin a much more comfortable, roomy appearance. Perhaps if you made her a bit wider—"

"If I made her beamier I'd have to make her longer," Perry said. "That means she wouldn't be this schooner—she'd be some other schooner and one that would take a lot of effort to put on a board."

"Perhaps, Perry," Bill Ingle soothed with deft ease, "you could—"

"A trifling increase in her beam would—" the colonel broke in with deepening and sonorous voice, but he was clipped off by Perry.

"This is a boat, not a bungalow," Perry stated.

Is he getting out of some work or does he mean it? Jean asked herself. A weak man can be stubborn.

"Perry, you'd better take these plans and look them over when you've got a little time," Bill Ingle said rapidly. "Right, Colonel Madison, we've got your idea."

"If I want a bungalow, young man, that's my affair," Colonel Madison thundered at Perry.

"You'll only own her—I've got to stand by her," Perry West said. "It's my name that'll be making leeway down the Sound with my schooner. And the change is too unimportant to redesign a whole yacht. It's too much work."

He shook his head severely at Eleanor Madison, hovering behind her father's shoulder. "You ought to have more sense, Eleanor," he said.

She pouted at him and, as her father looked at her, her lower lip quivered.

"Take your plans!" rasped Colonel Madison suddenly.

PERRY took them. Jean gasped. She knew how much business and publicity a schooner for Colonel Madison would bring the firm.

"Wait!" Bill Ingle implored both sides. "This can all be settled—Perry, you idiot, if Colonel Madison wants to buy a boat with his own money—"

"He might pick up something even beamier than this on the barge canal," Perry said flatly, "but I won't design anything like that and call it a modern cruising schooner."

"Come on, Eleanor," commanded her father indignantly.

He stalked away.

"Well, that's that," Bill Ingle muttered, hurling a cigarette into the Sound. "Maybe it can be patched up later when you—" He chopped himself off and jerked a hand toward the dinghy. "Can you at least give me an okay on that dinghy?" It was a command rather than a question. "The Radway outfit wants to go into produc—"

"I cannot give you an okay on her," Perry West said flatly. "She's too tender. The boat's got to have at least an inch more beam."

A sardonic rasp from the colonel and a ripple of laughter from Eleanor, now almost overhead on the pier, descended on them.

"Inches seem to down you regularly," Madison roared down at Perry. "Artistic folderol!"

Bill Ingle blew up. "That dinghy's right!" he declared. "I've seen that with my own eyes as you came highballing down the river. I'll phone in the okay—"

"Not while I'm in the firm." Perry put a hand on the gangway rail and crossed a leg behind him.

"All right—Jack Henderson and I can *worry along without you!" Bill Ingle* flared. "And perhaps you can live on air without us. Try it!"

"It sounds easy enough," Perry replied. "Let's go, Jean."

I ought to be able to stop this somehow—but I just can't, Jean thought. Is he lazy—or is he right? She lifted her eyelashes for a look at Eleanor. That fragile young thing caught the glance—she was waiting for it—and responded with a shrug of her shoulders. It was quite effective; Jean conceded that grudgingly enough as she clutched the sheet again and pushed off. They gathered way and swept clear of the pier.

Perry, frowning and muttering, drove the dinghy hard to windward. Jean had little breath for anything but tending the sheet and keeping the little boat from swamping. Her fingers ached and stiffened as she kept her clutch on the rope and stared vigilantly to windward. The spray came over in violent bursts.

"Now you'll have to build dinghies yourself—up at the sail loft!" she gasped during a lull in the northwester. Her eyes turned backward, to the three on the pier who still stood there watching them. The colonel was waving.

"Not me," Perry replied. "Too much human anguish in that. The trick is to design 'em so well somebody else will make 'em and pay you a royalty. No, the sail loft is out."

"You're just plain lazy!" Jean blazed.

"Correct!" he shouted back against the wind. "And your objection to my laziness is just plain biological. A man to you is potentially a provider of food, clothing and shelter. Your instinct's to grab him. When he doesn't act like a good meal ticket you resent it instinctively."

"You're an unspeakable beast!"

"And you're a pretty good provider, yourself!" he bawled. "Your damnable Dollar Dinner and your cursed cakes! How d'you suppose a man feels—when you're so confounded competent! A regular she-Samson, aren't you? And I suppose you think I ought to let that colonel of horse marines ruin my schooner because there's money in it! I won't!"

"I didn't say—" Her heart was leaping. This was man's talk! Her fingers tightened suddenly on the sheet.

Perry's head was swiveling to windward. "Let go the sheet!" he cried. "Puff coming! Ease—"

IT WAS a puff—a stiff one—but Jean's fingers clung stubbornly, with all her strength, to the taut line. The scurrying *blast struck the rigidly held sail. The* boat heeled sharply. The lee gunwale plunged under the surface. They went over. They floundered in cold water on top of the submerged sail. Cushions and gear floated about them and the bottom of the dinghy showed above water like a shark's fin. The water had a bite to it.

"Too tender," Perry said, floundering toward the halyard. "Get clear of the lines."

Jean Grayle freed her legs of the clinging sheet, lifted her dripping head and scanned the harbor. She paid particular attention to Colonel Madison's stone pier. The figures on it were running.

Perry unstepped the mast and righted the dinghy. It floated with the water playing in and out over the gunwales.

"Stow the sail and gear in her—shove her to Sand Island," Perry sputtered. "The tide'll help some—if we don't let her drift past."

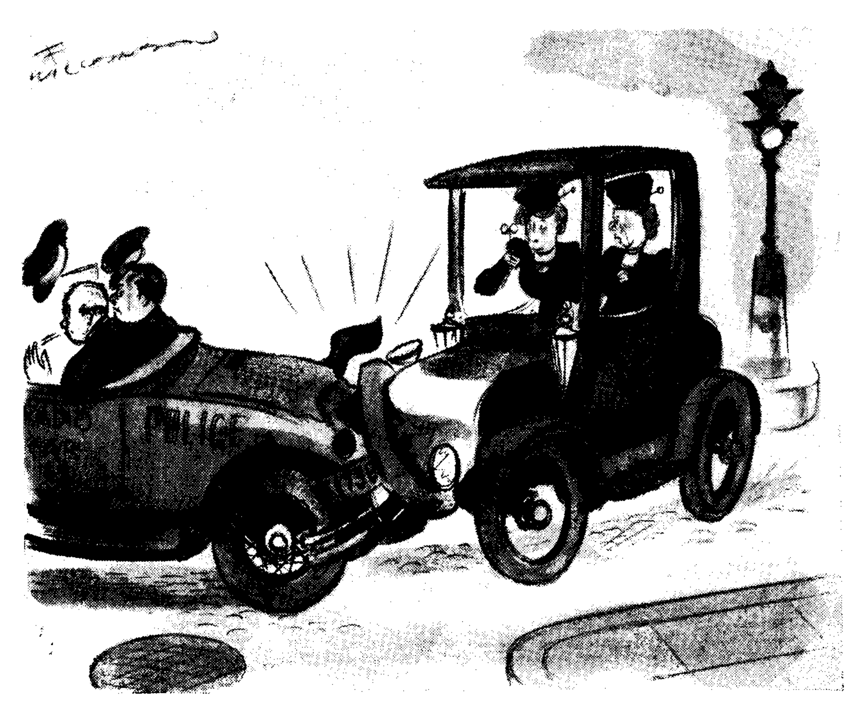
"Perhaps the Madisons—"

"Bunch of lubbers!" Perry was still frothing. "Shove! Keep her moving!"

Jean pushed fiercely. The northwester had raised small, frothing waves, just high enough to slap against her mouth and nose every time she breathed. The water was cold, too. The sandy island toward which they were creeping was beginning to slide past; the tide had helped them toward it but now was dragging them past.

Over on the Madison pier Bill Ingle was running frantically shoreward with a gasoline can. Time stood still; the boat stood still. Nothing went on but the persistent assault of the small breaking seas.

Jean coughed and gasped and coughed again. Another wave splashed over her head just as she drew breath. It filled her throat and lungs with strangling.



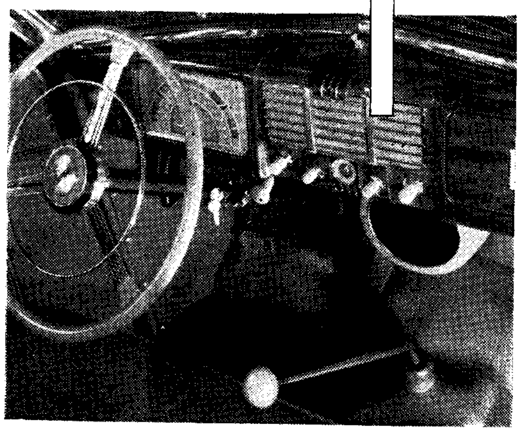
"Shall we take it on the lam?"

FRITZ WILKINSON

There's music in the air

DELCO-REMY
Delco
MADE IN U.S.A.
ANDERSON IND.

. . . and a DELCO battery makes sure you'll get it



The increasing popularity of radio offers Delco batteries another opportunity to demonstrate how thoroughly and dependably they serve the modern motor car. The ample flow of power delivered by Delco more than meets the demands of radio, starter, lights, and every other electrical unit in the car. Designed by engineers with a background of more than a quarter of a century of automotive electrical experience; built throughout at the Delco-Remy plants by skilled workmen; carefully inspected at every stage of manufacture—it is only logical that Delco batteries should be standard equipment in many leading motor cars—including all General Motors cars. It is only natural that their effective and dependable performance should serve 5,000,000 motorists the world over.

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

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Words

ABOUT PROUD MEN

THE MAN who takes pride in his car—he will not cheat it with cheap lubricants to save theoretical pennies. The man who takes pride in the product he makes—he will not cheapen it for a theoretically greater profit.

The users of Veedol and the makers of Veedol are of one mind. They do not desire Veedol to be anything except what it is—a superb achievement in quality. It is created exclusively from the costliest crude money can buy, that rare Bradford-Pennsylvania crude, so regal in character that it is unmatched by any other crude oil in the world.

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VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

Made 100% from Pennsylvania's Costliest Crude—Yet No Extra Cost to You

A PRODUCT OF THE TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

paralyzing fire. She had no strength even to keep herself afloat and that waterlogged boat was waiting to be pushed.

"Perry!" she gasped, as he raised his head for a gulp of air.

He turned toward her, with quick, searching eyes on her face. At once he plunged to her side, seized her arm and drew her toward his shoulder. The shoulder was solid and comforting. He pulled one of her limp arms around his neck, raising her head above the reach of those hateful waves.

"Strangle me and I'll sock you, girl," he warned and plowed toward the island. Holding tightly to his shoulder, she was grateful for that bit of foolery that took the sting out of the rescue. In a minute or two he was wading. He stopped to tuck one arm under her knees and the other around her body. He lifted her. Firmly pressed against his chest, she was carried through the shallows.

HE LOOKED down at her and laughed exultantly. His arms hurt her. "You're no she-Samson," he said. "You're a fake. You're a poor little softie!"

"I'm not a poor—"

He bent and kissed her with tempestuous enthusiasm. "I guess it's biological with me, too," he muttered. "I don't care how much you make on cakes!" Most unfairly he laid her down on the warmish sand above the high-tide mark and dashed back into the water.

Breathless, with her head in a whirl and her heart drumming, she lay there while he, swimming with tremendously increased power, towed the dinghy in till he could stand up on the gravel bottom.

The Madison speedboat came dashing up as Perry grounded his submerged craft on the sand. Jean, still a little wabbly, was on her feet by then.

Colonel Madison, much perturbed, though they were obviously in no need of rescue, leaped out into a foot of water. Bill Ingle followed with the anchor line. Eleanor was not on board.

"She certainly is tender," Colonel Madison conceded, staring at the dinghy. "It might have been unpleasant. Hmm! Rolled over like a barrel."

"An inch more beam will stiffen her—and she'll still sail," Perry West declared with conviction. "Inches count—in boat design."

"You sure were right about that, Perry," his partner conceded. "Sorry I tried to rush you."

"No damage." Perry, sitting on a projecting gunwale, was his amiable self.

Colonel Madison looked almost furtively toward the pier. His daughter was there. He cleared his throat.

"I see your point, sir," he said stiffly to Perry. "Yes, of course. Four inches. Ahrugh! You have me in a difficult position. I like the schooner—it's just what I want and of course I want her to sail. Well—"

He looked at the pier again and then straightened his shoulders resolutely.

"I think the matter can be arranged," he said. "Yes, Bill—" he stared piercingly at Bill Ingle—"Bill, you can explain things, no doubt."

"Me?" said Bill, not at all briskly, also looking toward the pier.

"That will be your job," the colonel said sternly. "I'll take the schooner."

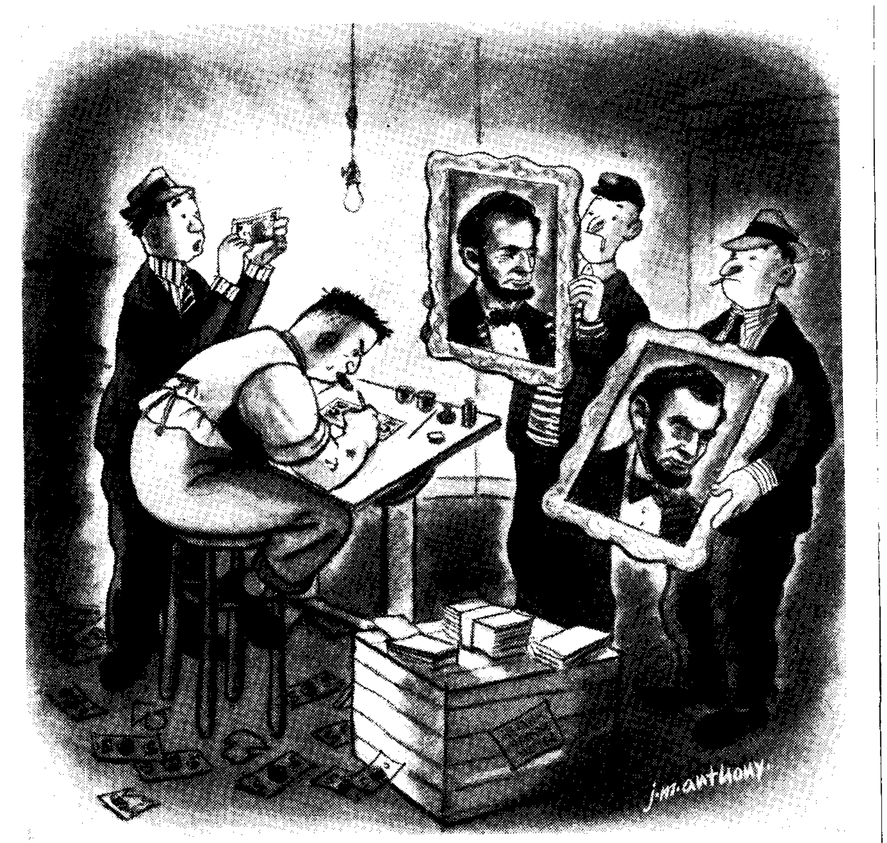
They sailed home. As Perry explained, it was necessary in that uncertain craft to keep the weight—both their weights—on the windward side of the boat and well aft—in fact, in practically the same spot.

"I'm one of these lucky people who can lie under a tree and nobody else can know whether I'm working or sleeping," Perry told his damp companion. "For all you could tell I might be trying to get two bathrooms and a wood-burning fireplace into a sixty-two-foot yawl—unless inadvertently I snored."

"You're a fraud," Jean charged happily. "I know you now! They say a pessimist is a man who has to live with an optimist—and you're the partner of the two most bustling men I ever met. No wonder you act tired."

"They have to rush around," Perry defended hastily. "And another thing!" he said with stern emphasis. "When I tell you to let go the sheet with a stiff puff coming you let it go instantly."

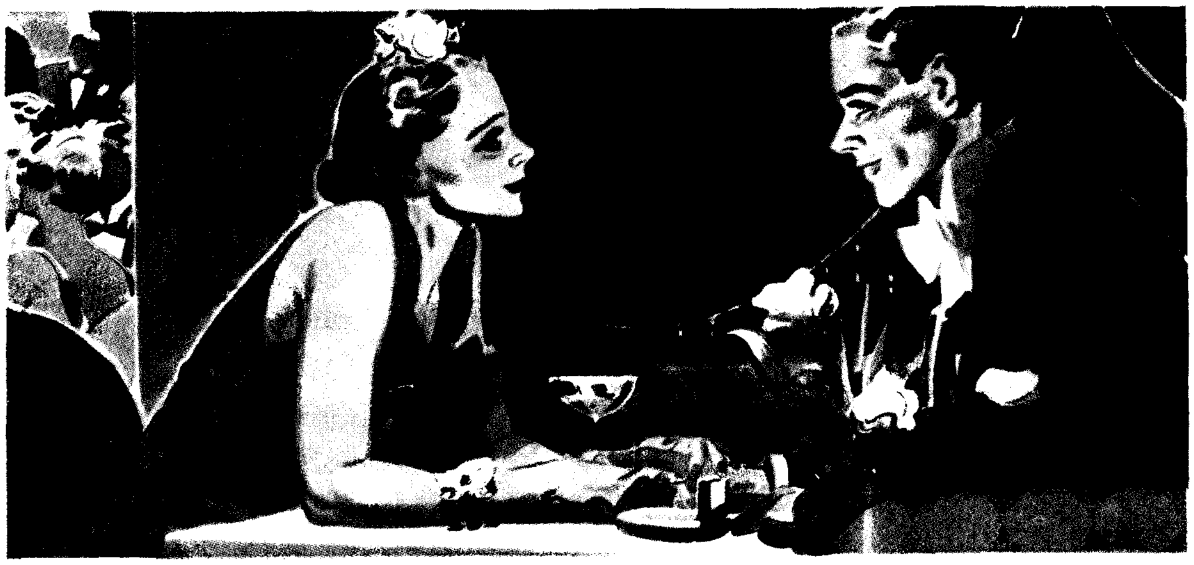
His arm curled around her more tightly as he studied her guilty face. "Unless," he added, "you have some good sound reason for holding on, like saving me from redesigning a schooner."



"It's no use, boys, we'll have to stick to 'ones.' Charlie can't draw Lincoln!"

J. M. ANTHONY

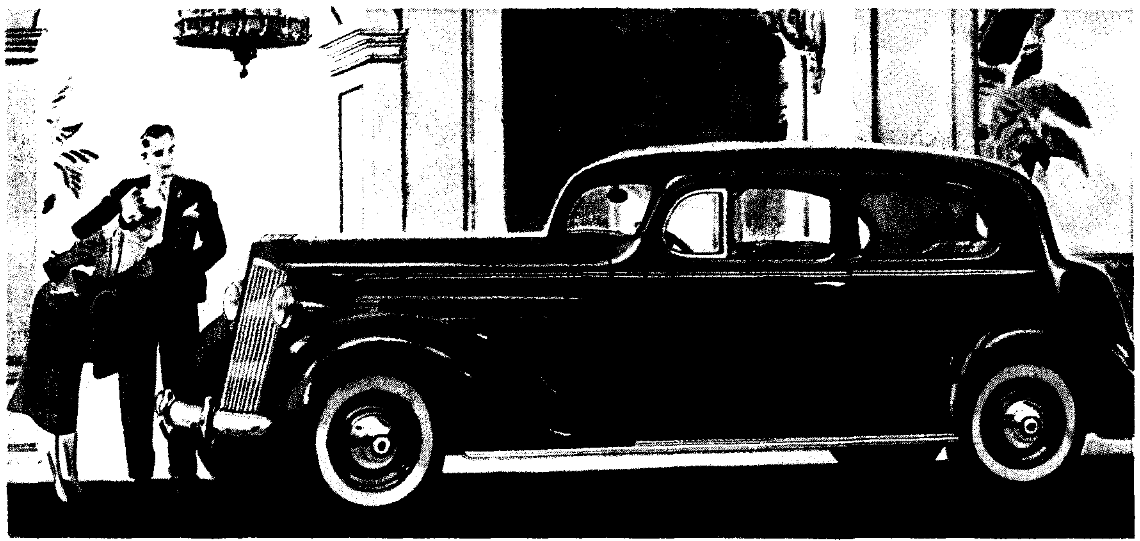
"We're tired of leading a second-best life"



The whole thing started when we were celebrating our wedding anniversary. Suddenly Jane fell silent. Then she spoke. "By the way, young man, what ever happened to all our dreams, and hopes, and ambitions? Where are all the fine things we were going to have? Can it be true that we've become content 'with second bests'?"... Shortly, our little party at an end, we went out to the car to drive home.

Looking at our car, we were reminded of what we had said when we were married: *"And some day . . . we'll own a Packard!"* This was a good, serviceable, take-you-there-and-bring-you-back car. But it was no Packard.

Yes, we remembered our wedding-day hopes. We decided it was not good for young couples to become content with the second-best things in life. And we made up our minds right then that, by golly, we *would* have our Packard!



Illustrated is the Packard Six, 5-passenger Coupe

Next day we marched down to the Packard showrooms to see the new Packard Six. We saw that it was a *real* Packard, with the traditionally beautiful Packard lines. We drove it—and found in it all the verve and spirit only Packard puts into a car. We learned (happy surprise) that the allowance on our old car took care of the first payment, and that the remaining payments were pleasantly easy!

So today—*we own our Packard!* And life is fuller and richer because of that Packard. Imagination? Perhaps. Psychological? Maybe. But our pride in our Packard is deeper than the usual "new-car pride." We like to be seen in it. And because driving is a thrill again, we're out more, enlarging our world and our horizons, having fun again. Yes, we have our Packard—*our* dream has come true!

You'll never know how good a Packard is until you drive one! See your Packard dealer, and borrow the new Packard 120, or the new Packard Six. Watch it behave like a living, thinking thing in traffic. Thrill to its long-lived smartness, its distinguished identity! Learn how easy it is now to *be* the man who owns one!

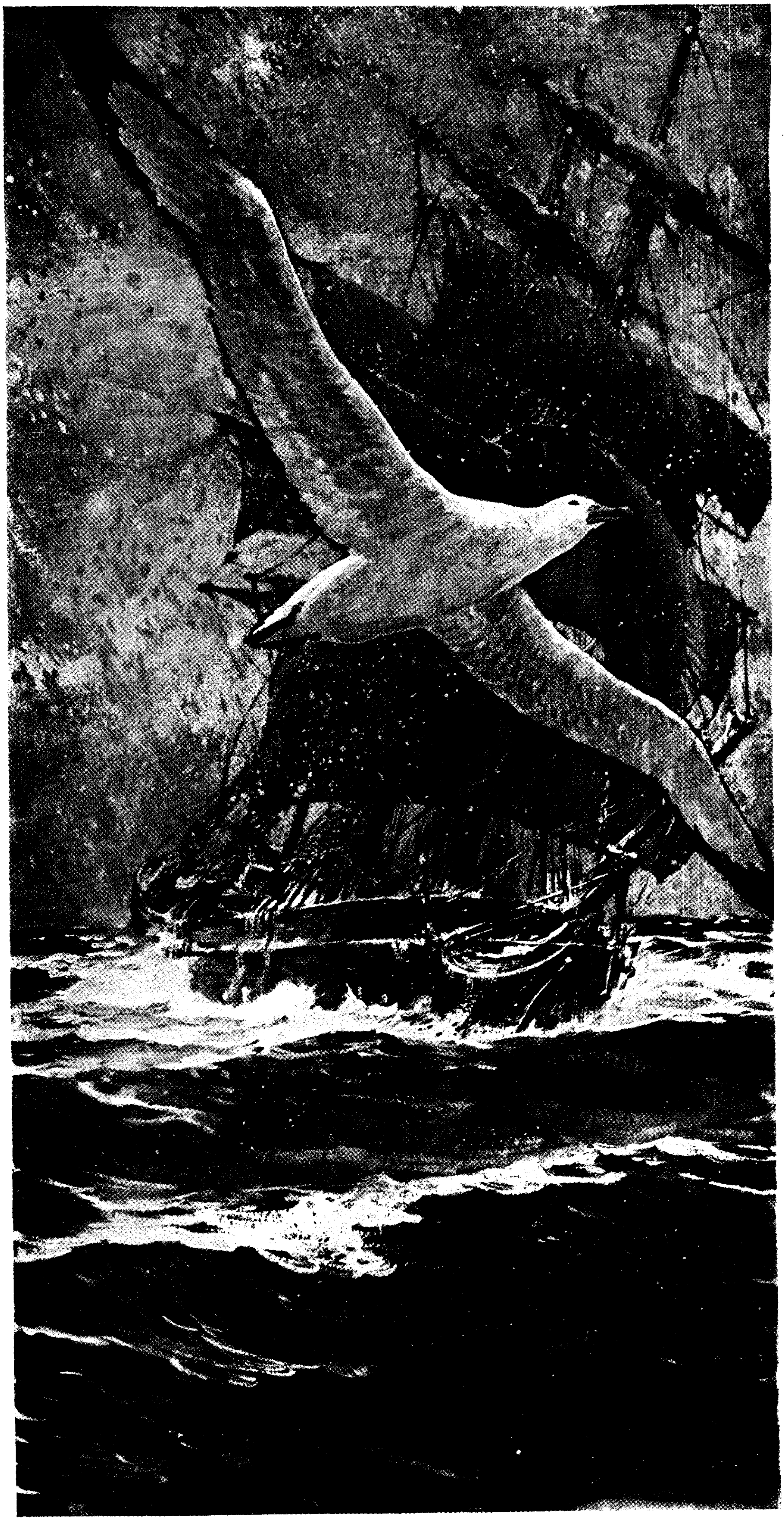
PACKARD

PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX

Let your Packard dealer give you complete price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet "The Business of Buying and Owning a Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any car.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS



Winter Passage

By Bill Adams

Of the great white albatross—spirit of the storm and friend of the men who follow the sea. The dramatic and moving story of a hero who never knew he served

THE nest was a slight depression in the sandy soil beside a clump of tussock grass. Behind it a cliff rose steeply, cutting away the blast of the fierce west gales that blew almost unceasingly throughout the year. To west and south rolled for thousands of miles the mountainous seas of the South Atlantic. A few miles to the south, Horn Island, too wild for even sea birds to nest on, rose frowning and stark from the waves.

A week before the two eggs were due to hatch, a skua gull that had watched its chance since the first was laid swooped down and bore one off; while, a few feet away, the mother bird savagely snapped her great yellow bill, powerless to waddle back to the nest in time to drive off the raider.

It was blowing a hurricane on the day that the solitary egg hatched, but though the wind roared with unremitting fury the nestling knew no fear. A soft gray ball of fluffiest down, his sole feeling was hunger.

As day by day his parents crammed food into his bill, the young albatross grew amazingly. Nowhere along the nest-crowded foreshore did any nestling grow as fast as he. Of all the nests, his alone had been raided by the thieving skua. For him, his parents' loss was gain. Every day he gulped down food enough for two. And yet, with a seemingly insatiable appetite, he screeched for more.

There came at last a morning when the young albatross fluttered onto his mother's back, and nestled there between her wide white wings. In his bright, beady eyes was a look of both desire and fear. He was still huddled on his mother's broad back when she rose, slowly unfolded her many-jointed wings, spread them and sailed due southward on the gale. Floating without effort on the wind, she flew on and on till the Horn was almost out of sight behind her.

Till his mother returned to the foreshore, the young bird remained between her wings. Then he fell clumsily back to the nest and petulantly screeched for food. She paid no heed, and presently he fluttered onto her back again and she flew seaward once more. And this time, while she hovered a hundred feet above the raging water, he fell—shaken from his perch by a sudden, determined tilt of her body. Next moment, with his hitherto untried wings outspread, he also was floating on the gale. And so she forsook him and, days before any other young albatross left its nest, he became a homeless wanderer of the Cape Horn Sea.

Days grew into weeks, weeks to months. Sometimes, sated with food, full-feathered now and grown to his full size, more than six feet from wing tip to wing tip, the albatross rested on the crags of the Horn. More often he circled the sea, out of sight of land, alone, apart from all other birds, his beady eyes downturned to the dark, stormy water. Then, at dawn one

Screaming with rage, but unconscious of the scrap of canvas he was carrying, he circled away upon the gale

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ILLUSTRATION POSED BY MODELS

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE — EASY GENERAL MOTORS TERMS

IT'S A MOST ASTONISHING CAR, this luxurious, beautiful Pontiac, as this enthusiastic owner points out. Its price is one amazing thing about it. Here's a genuinely big car, with every worthwhile fine-car feature. Yet, **based on 18 months terms in 168 representative cities, the average difference in monthly payments between a Pontiac De Luxe six 2-door sedan and the same model of the next lower-priced cars is only 15 cents a day!* Its thrift is equally phenomenal. This generously sized car is one of the most economical ever built! That's why Pontiac's popularity is climbing to record heights—simply because *America's finest low-priced car is America's biggest bargain* . . . See your Pontiac dealer and get the whole great story.

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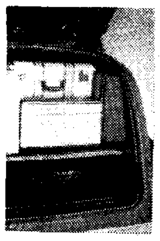
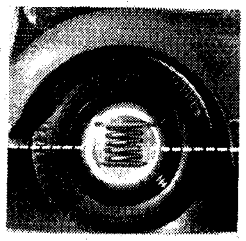
DD 15c A DAY TO THE PURCHASE PRICE OF THE NEXT LOWER-PRICED CARS AND GET A PONTIAC WITH...



EXTRA trunk space for 50% more luggage.



EXTRA Knee-Action smoothness, to let you rest as you ride.

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CARTER MAKES A "Grand Slam" IN ink

Flying geese identify Carter's Permanent *Midnight* Colors (Blue, Blue-Black, Black).

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NEW CARTER FORMULAS GIVE YOU EVEN FINER INKS . . .

QUICKER STARTING
Flows the instant pen touches paper. No need for extra pressure on pen point before you write. Saves time—and temper, too.

SMOOTHER FLOWING
Whether your writing is fast, slow or jerky—Carter's keeps pace with it. From pen to paper it flows evenly.

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Cuts the risk of messy blots and smudges. Helpful when writing in check or notebooks.

RICHER COLORS
Each Carter color has been enriched . . . "toned up." And Carter still offers you an unusually wide selection.

YOU CAN "SPOT" THESE FINER INKS BY CARTER'S COLORFUL NEW LABELS

"Cube-Stand" with a 10¢ Cube of ink, 39¢—a 15¢ Cube, 44¢ . . . Tropical fish mark Carter's *Washable* Inks.

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FINEST FOR FOUNTAIN PENS
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day, the albatross saw approaching him a shape from which three tall sticks rose: on each tall stick a white, wind-bellied cloud. He fell behind the ship, following her; and, seeing him, a sailor tossed into the sea a hook baited with salt pork. Next moment he was struggling furiously and in vain, the hook caught beneath his curved upper mandible.

"The biggest albatross as ever I seed!" cried the sailor who had hauled the bird to the ship's deck.

Another cried, "Ain't he a beauty, eh? White as the bloomin' snow!"

"Watch out! He'll have ye by the leg!" cried another, as, snapping his bill, the enraged albatross waddled toward his captor.

With an iron belaying pin in his uplifted hand, a first-voyage apprentice lad made toward the captured bird; but, snatching the pin from him, an old seaman shouted, "Lay off o' that! Don't ye know 'tis unlucky to kill a sea bird, ye young fool!"

The captain entered the chartroom with a small square of canvas in his hand. "Here, mister mate! Tie this to that bird's leg," he ordered, and added, "It's two months since we've been seen by any other ship, and three since we left the port. The owner will be worrying, thinking us lost."

While two sailors held the albatross the mate tied the canvas to its leg. On it was written the ship's name, her position and the date; and beneath, "Please report us all well."

The mate released the hook and dropped the albatross over the ship's stern. Screaming with rage, but unconscious of the scrap of canvas he was carrying, he circled away upon the rising gale. For a week he scouted the wind-whipped sea, while spray, driving in clouds, hid its surface from him.

AT LAST, on a day when the wind was lulling, when his hunger had become so great that he flew with less strength in his wings, he saw far away a long streak of black cloud low above the water. Hastening toward it, he saw soon a dark shape beneath the smoke; and then soon a hook, baited with pork again, was thrown to the sea from the stern of the steamer. For a few minutes he hovered warily above it: then, unable to resist, dropped to the water. And once more he was struggling furiously and in vain.

"Mister mate, look here, will ye?" called the sailor who had thrown the bait into the sea; and while another man held the infuriated bird he took from its leg the canvas.

Having read the message, the captain said to his mate, "Her name was on the list of missing ships when we left Valparaiso ten days ago. We'll report her when we get in to Punta Arenas tonight." And he added, "See that no one harms that albatross, mister. He's a sailor's friend, good luck to him!"

So the mate freed the albatross with his own hands. And that night a cable flashed from Punta Arenas in Magellan Strait to London seven thousand miles away, and the sailing ship's name was taken from the list of missing vessels, and bells were rung, and women whose men were aboard her went to sleep dry-eyed and at peace.

Days passed to weeks, and weeks to months again, and if ever the albatross saw a ship, remembering the indignity that had come to him through ships, he gave her a wide berth. Sometimes, seeing him far away, sailors pointed him out to their fellows, remarking on his majestic size and spotless white beauty.

The albatross was three years old when on an almost windless midnight he saw through thinly falling snow a wreck that rolled and tumbled to the Horn's long surges. Her masts were gone, her bulwarks smashed, her boats swept away. For a time the bird hovered above the wreck: then, since no living thing was to be seen, settled, tucked his head beneath a wing, and slept.

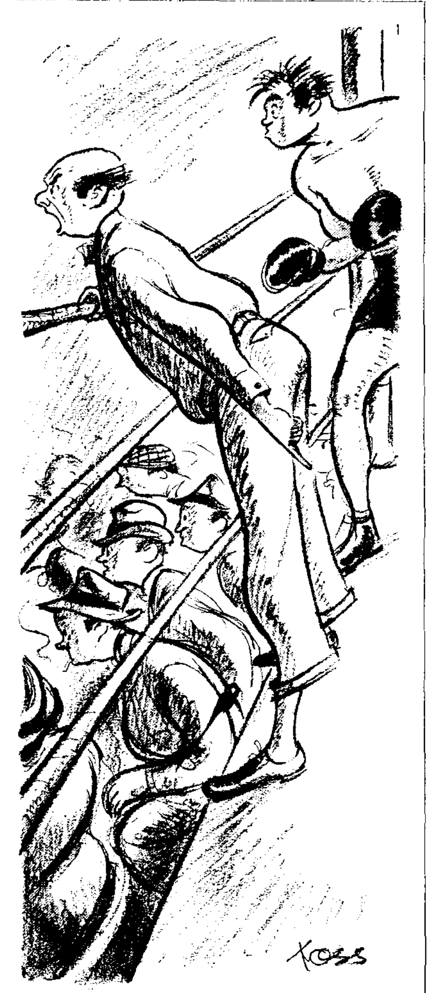
In the gray dawn a deckhouse door opened, and a sailor with a stubbled face and tired, hopeless eyes peered about the deck. Seeing the albatross he turned and shook his sleeping fellows awake, saying, low-voiced, "*Food!*"

FAMISHED sailors crowded on silent feet to the deck. For three days no food had passed their lips, the ship's storeroom being under water. Stealthily the first approached the sleeping bird, who, waking with two hands clasped round his neck, uttered a squawk of fear.

The sailor drew his knife, but an old seaman cried, "Hold on! Hold on!"

"Hold on? For what hold on?" questioned the other. "We're starvin', man!"

"We ain't dead yet," retorted the old fellow. "If we kills yonder albatross there'll be a mouthful or two for each of us. An' killin' a sea bird brings evil luck, as well ye know. There's a better way than killin' 'im. The wreck'll float till the next gale blows up, an' that won't be for a few hours maybe. Wot good's a few mouthfuls if we're goin' to drown? Let's tie a message to 'is leg an' turn 'im loose. Kill 'im, an' ye're bound to die."



"Hey, lady! You can't do that! Bring him back!"

A. ROSS

So they tied a message to the bird and set him free. They wrote the ship's name and position, the date; and last, "Wrecked and starving. Help."

AND so the thrice-caught albatross flew angrily screaming into the snow and was lost to sight. Beating the windless air, his eyes searching the sea for food, he flapped heavily landward. The moon sank. Dark hid the sea. A little air rose from the west as dawn opened. Whitecaps rose. No longer beating tired wings, he floated easily.

A little later the albatross picked up another ship, heeled to the freshening wind. A harsh scream came from the unwitting messenger. Close in the snow, the ship was; and at his sudden cry her helmsman turned.

"Mister mate! Mister mate!" the helmsman cried, and when the mate came running, pointed to the hovering bird. "A message on his leg, sir. Maybe some ship's in trouble, sir," said he.

Called by the mate, the captain hurried up. "Get out a fishing line at once," he ordered.

They fished in vain while the albatross, torn between fear and hunger, hovered above the bait.

"Once caught, he's grown too wise," the captain said.

They fished all through the forenoon. At last the captain said, "Mister mate, have them pull in the line. And tell the cook to throw over a few scraps on the port side. Not much. A little now and then, to keep that bird near the ship. We mustn't scare him off before we get that message. Lose no time. We're in for storm again."

They backed the yard, stopping the ship. She rode erect upon the winter sea, snow falling thinly. On the port side, a short distance away, the albatross floated, gulping scraps the cook tossed to the water. Upon the other side they lowered the boat.

While no one spoke, and no block creaked, and no sail flapped, the mate and four sailors dropped into the boat to wait the captain's order. Solemn-faced, he stepped from the chartroom, a rifle in his hand. Far-echoing across the wintry sea, a shot rang out. With crimson on the white of his soft breast, the albatross lay limp upon the water.

"Pull around the ship and bring that bird aboard," the captain ordered; and when the order was obeyed and he had read the message from the dead bird's leg he cried, "Lively now, everyone! Pile all sail on her!"

While, heeling to the wind, the ship sped south to seek the wreck the albatross lay stiffening upon the quarterdeck, his wing tips quivering as though they asked, "Why mayn't we fly?"

AN HOUR passed, and another. And then the snow ceased and the sea lay clear ahead. And there was the doomed ship, at her last gasp; the cold seas lapping level with her deck; her crew all gathered on the deckhouse top.

Just in the nick of time, the boat drew in beside the sinking ship. Her last man had barely jumped into the boat, when down she went.

Their faces gaunt from shadow of their fear, the exhausted seamen climbed aboard the rescuing ship. As though not sure that they were really snatched from doom, as though in doubt that such a miracle could be, they gazed about them.

Pointing to the dead bird, the ship's mate said, "There's who you have to thank. He was too wary to be caught again. We had to kill him, or you'd all have died."

Eying his comrades, the old seaman cried: "I told ye, didn't I?—killin' a sea bird brings evil luck. If we'd killed 'im we'd be drowned an' dead."

"Well, now 'e's killed," one of the rescued answered, solemnly; and asked, low-voiced, awe in his eyes and on his reverent tongue, "'Ow does we put it square?"

"Aye—'ow *does* we put it square?" another cried.

All gathered round the bird; they talked together, rescued and rescuers.

That evening, while a west gale roared by, snow flying thick, the winter air a cloud of driven spray, the two crews gathered on the watery quarterdeck. Above their bare bent heads, the flag whipped at half-mast.

Tight-sewn in many folds of strong storm canvas, weighted well, safe from the questing killers, they gave the Horn's white harbinger a comrade's burial.

"I average over 34 miles a gallon..."

After Owning A Willys For 46 Days Here's What Miss Doelling Says About The Car She Likes Best

"I have driven all low-priced cars and can honestly state that the new Willys is the only car that fulfills all the claims made for it," says Miss Magdalene Doelling of Chicago.

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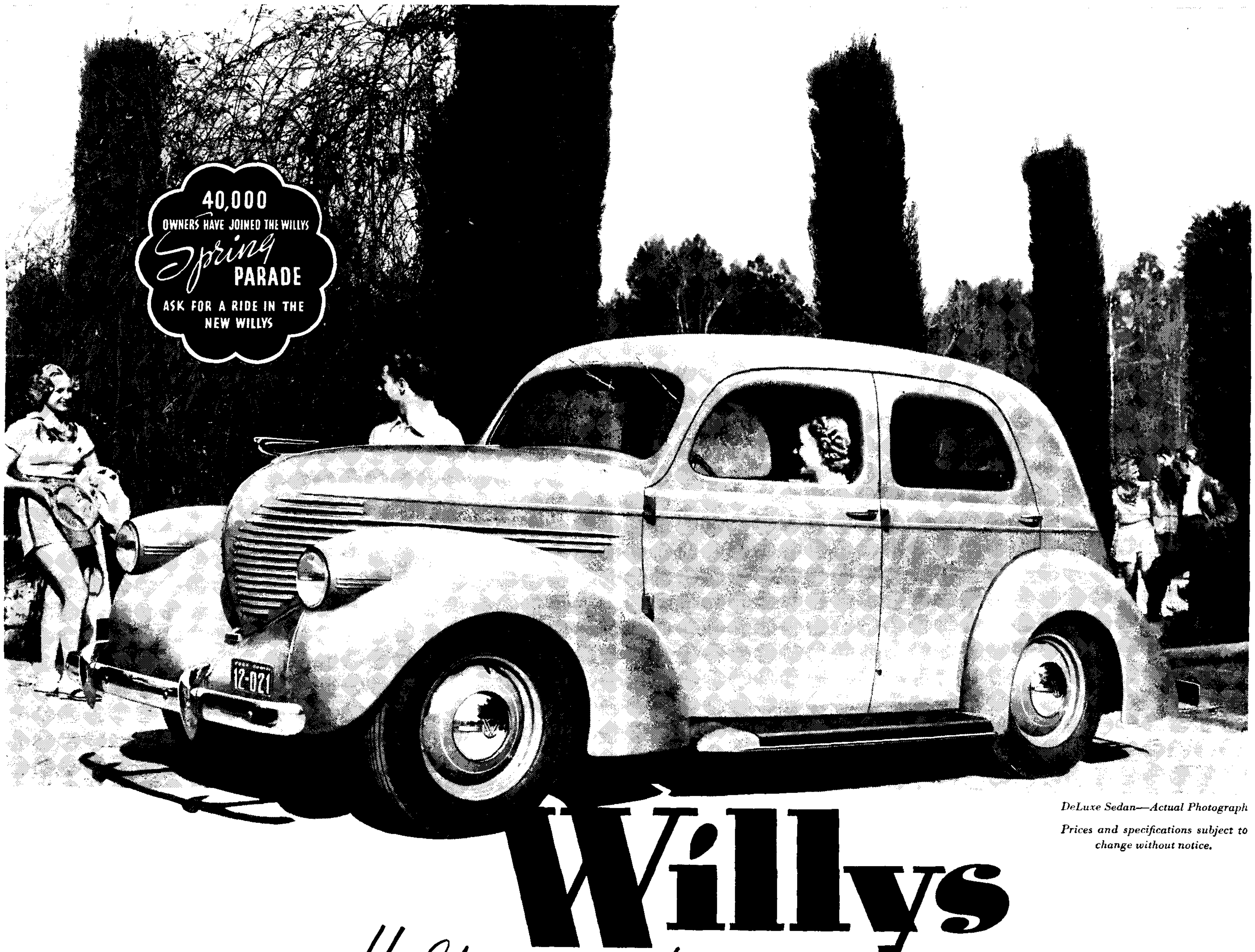
Thousands of other Willys owners talk just as happily about their car as does Miss Doelling. They have at last found a car that gives them *all* the worthwhile features *plus* far greater economy than they have ever before enjoyed.

The saving in first cost alone is enough to purchase up to 595 gallons of gasoline—*a two-years supply* for the average Willys owner.

All-steel top and body, welded together into one solid unit and insulated against heat and sound—extra-large luggage space—*two* large parcel compartments in the dash—2 to 4 inches wider front seat than next three cars—safety glass *all around*—front-lifting hood for easy accessibility to engine and battery—safe, oversize brakes—level floors, no humps—these are but a few features that tell you of the fine engineering and advanced design of the new Willys.

Ask your dealer to show you how Willys can save you up to $270 the first year, and the entire cost of the car within a period of three years.

- **Save up to $119 on price . . . . .**
- **Save nearly $6 on each payment**
- **Save up to $5 monthly on gas . . .**



DeLuxe Sedan—Actual Photograph

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Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—*and all cubes from every tray,* with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE!★ Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—faster . . . and stores 100% more ice-cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.

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New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowdin and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front.* An Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrator ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complet STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

★ *See the New*
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Only FRIGIDAIRE has it!

Instantly releases the ice-cubes . . . two or a dozen, as you need them. No more splashing under a faucet! Yields 20% more ice by ending meltage waste. *Every* ice tray in *every* "Super-Duty" Frigidaire is a fast-freezing ALL-METAL QUICKUBE TRAY with INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! See PROOF of its quick, easy action at your Frigidaire Dealer's.

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But the PROOF is there—thrilling new evidence of completeness never known before. Completeness that makes ordinary refrigerators appear out-of-date. That's why you must be careful to get this new advance in ALL 5 BASIC REFRIGERATION SERVICES if you want most for your money.

SUPER-DUTY *at an amazing saving*

Now you can be *sure* of ice-cubes in *super*-abundance . . . ready to serve right when you need them. No more "Cube-struggle." No more "Ice-famine" even in the hottest weather. You can instantly release all ice trays—*and all cubes from every tray,* with Frigidaire's exclusive INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE.

And you can freeze more pounds of ice—faster . . . as well as store 100% more ice-cubes in reserve! That's ICE-ABILITY never known before.

Likewise in each other BASIC SERVICE. Frigidaire's New 9-Way Adjustable Interior makes crowding of foods, packages and large utensils a thing of the past. The new type Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door gives *proof,* always in plain sight, that foods are kept safer, fresher, longer. And best of all, you enjoy Frigidaire's FIVE-FOL SERVICEABILITY at an amazing saving!

For only Frigidaire has the miracle Meter-Miser cold-making unit. Year after year, it holds current cost down, runs trouble-free, because it's the *simplest* refrigerating mechanism ever built!

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This year, buy only on Proof of Super-Duty in ALL 5 BASI SERVICES. Don't make the mistake of buying a refrigerato that falls short of *complete Serviceability.*

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FREEZING ZONE
SAFETY ZONE
DANGER ZONE
FOOD SAFETY INDICATOR

PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables... EXTRA Cold for meats... FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

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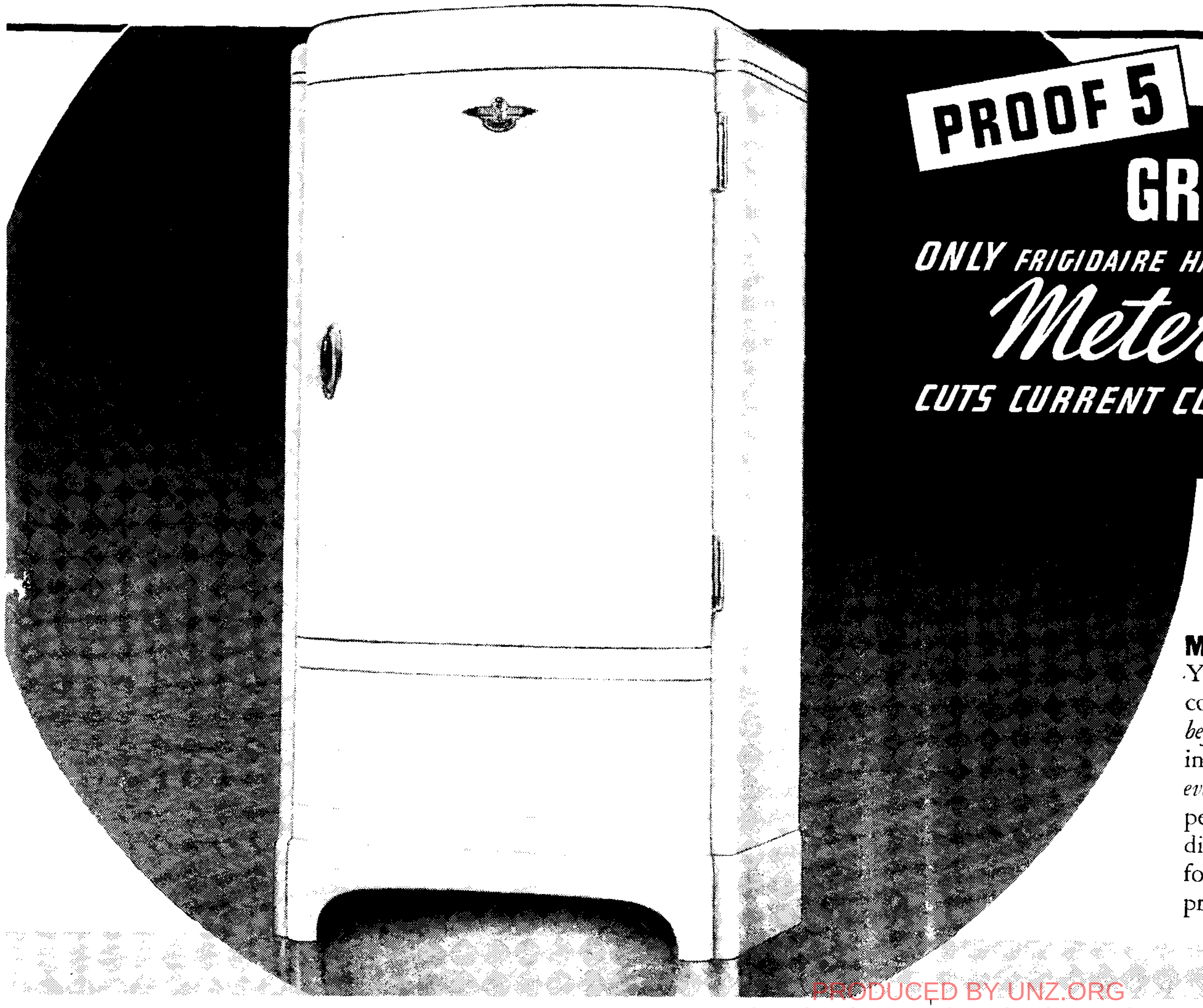

PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

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CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

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Meet the Meter-Miser! You see its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at an amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built*... Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor... permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt. Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

Sunny Jim

By Arthur Mann

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO PAVELLE

Every young hopeful has potential greatness to Trainer James Edward Fitzsimmons, whose job is to discover and develop it

WALK into any race track from Narragansett to Santa Anita and you get the same reaction. You think of thundering hoofs, glistening flanks in the dust, midget-like jockeys cursing in high, reedy voices, big-shot gamblers, money-mad suckers, cool and calculating bookies, dope, saliva tests and slick stable hands.

The Aqueduct track, one of New York City's four that are part of the main Eastern circuit, known as the Big Apple, is no exception. It has the usual big grandstand, a couple of miles of neatly harrowed track, a vast infield, long rows of stables and sheds. The whole scene means big dough, won or lost quickly, because racing patrons show little interest in anything else.

But down at the south end of this same Aqueduct course is the other side of racing, overshadowed by a nation-wide industry of betting and daily tip sheets. There is a little white cottage, like the one in the savings bank ads. It has a white fence and a swinging gate. By the door is a trellis, laden with rambler roses in June. Flowers grow beneath white-curtained windows. Seeing this on racing grounds, you figure that some real-estate guy has set up a come-on for newly married couples.

Entering through a small front doorway, you step into a cozy, old-fashioned living room. There is a coal fire in the drum stove—it's early April—and, before the stove, an old-fashioned spring rocker.

It is the home of James Edward Fitzsimmons, the trainer, known around the race tracks for more than a half-century as Sunny Jim.

He is a stout, slightly stooped, white-haired grandfather of sixty-three years. He has blue eyes and the wind-blown complexion of a Salem skipper just back with a catch of March mackerel. He is the dean of the race-horse trainers, that is, oldest in point of service on the big tracks. He is called Sunny Jim because of his face and his attitude, and your only badge of admission to his parlor is an interest in horses.

Once inside this parlor, you forget the cursing jockeys, the tough bookies, bettors, dope and bedlam of the big races. You see the whole thing from a different angle. The walls of the living room are lined with pictures of his great or favorite horses. Sunny Jim took most of these pictured animals as weanlings or yearlings—fresh, unschooled little things—and brought them to the barrier for a whack at thoroughbred greatness, and they represent dreams that came true.

Memories of the Great

Fitz has a memory or two for each picture, and he usually starts with the portrait of an alert-looking two-year-old. The sea-blue eyes lose some of their sparkle.

"That's little Dice," he explains. "Never defeated. Won six straight races, five stakes. Set the world's record for four and a half furlongs—fifty-two seconds—with one seventeen up.

"He finished a workout one morning at Saratoga ten years ago this August, stood for a minute, and then dropped from an internal hemorrhage of some kind. We had to destroy an undefeated colt, one of the fastest that ever came along.

"That one there," Sunny Jim says, continuing with the gallery, "that's Sir Galahad III, great horse and great sire. Here's his prize get, The Fox (Gallant Fox), one of the cagiest colts that ever ran. He could tell time. That's a fact—recognized the day when he was to race, and wouldn't eat more than two quarts of oats, even though we put three in his stall. Eat sugar any time, except the day he was to race.

"He almost broke our hearts as a two-year-old, though. No, he wasn't a failure, as people imagine. He was only out of the money once in eight starts. That was his first big race, the Tremont Stakes in June. Standing at the barrier, he represented an investment of twelve thousand dollars in cash, because that's what it cost to bring him to the races, and a million dollars in hopes. When the barrier went up, he continued to stand, looking up at an airplane overhead. He had never seen an airplane before, and he was left at the post.

"Around the track, every trainer's favorite horse was Old Bones (Exterminator in the record). He made trainers and jockeys famous, and he could break the heart of a good colt. He'd tease another horse along in a race, let him get up so far, and then pull away with those long legs. Bones was like an old man, satisfied with life the way it was.

"But getting back to The Fox," and Fitz always gets back to the subject of Gallant Fox sooner or later, "he was very cute, especially in his training. Naturally, no horse we had could stay with him for a mile, and after licking a horse in a workout, he'd slow up—wouldn't keep on. We tried giving a pace horse, Flaming, a head start, but The Fox wouldn't fall for that gag.

"Finally we started Flaming and The Fox off together. He rushed out like mad to end it quick. When Flaming dropped back at the half-mile, The Fox slowed up. Right then another pace horse bobbed out onto the track and The Fox's pride made him chase this second horse to the mile mark. That's the only way we could train him."

Sunny Jim has been studying thousands of horses for fifty-two years. He was born on the race track, or rather in the middle of what later became the Sheepshead Bay course. He doesn't recall the date of his first race-track job, but he knows that it was on the day that Grover Cleveland first took office.

He began by running errands for the Brennan brothers, John and William. He weighed a few ounces more than eighty pounds and had a good seat. After a spell of exercising horses, he became a jockey and his first race was something to be remembered.

It was a hot day, and he was very thirsty. He picked up somebody's drink from the stable window sill and downed it in one or two gulps, not knowing that it was a nineteenth century eggnog. He wasn't used to alcohol, and stewed up very quickly under the hot sun. The track began to whirl before the barrier went up. Sunny Jim clutched frantically for reins, mane and withers. Suddenly he was part of a swirling mass of blurred horseflesh and silk-clad jockeys. To this day, Sunny Jim doesn't know what happened, except that he didn't win. The race track was still whirling before his eyes two hours later.

It didn't take Fitzsimmons long to learn that the Brennan brothers were not the soul of racing ethics. He quit when they wanted him to ride a repainted ringer. He plied his skill on the so-called "Frying-Pan" circuit. When mounts were scarce, he worked in the track kitchens in order to keep alive until the next meet opened, or the county fair got under way.

The state of Maryland limited each track to two fifteen-day meetings, one in spring and one in the fall. The promoters got around this by building several tracks within shouting distance of each other in the northeast corner of the state, near Havre de Grace. One was at Elkton, another at Barksdale and Singale. At Iron Hill they built two side by side. All were within a five-mile area.

This Maryland racing revue played at Iron Hill Track Number One for fifteen days and then moved a few feet over to Track Number Two for fifteen days. They went to Elkton, Barksdale and Singale for fifteen days each, and then returned to the Iron Hill tracks for the "fall" meetings. They had five months of uninterrupted racing, and Fitz plied this circuit for four years. A five-dollar jockey assignment was a windfall, when the owners paid off, which wasn't regularly. Once he rode five winners in a day.

In 1889 he rode for the Dwyer brothers, and during the next four years he trained and rode for Alex Ogilvie and Joe Dalton. The scene shifted to the New Jersey tracks at Gloucester, Guttenberg and Clifton. Not only was his fee larger, fifteen dollars a winner and five dollars a loser, but he was paid off. It was a period of mild affluence.

He Knows Them All

When the extraordinary session of the New York State Legislature passed the anti-betting bill in 1908, prominent owners hastened to England with their horses. Great trainers of the day, Jack Joyner, Jimmy McCormick, Johnny Hyland and others followed. With the situation at a standstill, the Jockey Club, guided by Joseph E. Davis, purchased 150 untrained ponies, and enlisted the backing of young and wealthy bucks. The colts were turned over to whatever trainers hadn't left the country.

Jimmy Fitzsimmons, assistant trainer, became head trainer and one of the colts entrusted to him belonged to Vernon Castle. After weeks and months of training, the 150 colts appeared for a single day of racing at Piping Rock. Tests of oral bettings were made, found legal and the old tang returned.

He rents all the stables at Aqueduct today from the Queens County Jockey Club for as many horses as he expects to train. If he needs more stalls, he takes them, and his rent bill amounts to three or four thousand dollars a year.

He charges each owner a flat sum (about seven dollars a day) per horse. That sum covers feeding, training, horseshoeing (eight dollars a set, union price), stabling and general overseeing. Medicines, veterinary care and special blankets and trappings are extra. He puts in a bill for extras, because, out of his regular fee, he must provide a groom and an exercise boy for every three horses.

He stables between sixty and seventy horses for several owners. His best customers, of course, are William Woodward, owner of the Belair Stud; and the Wheatley Stable, owned by H. C. Phipps and Mrs. Ogden Mills, brother and sister.

When Fitz goes to the track on these crisp mornings, the horses have been fed and groomed. Sometimes they develop coughs, especially in the spring, and run a temperature (100 is normal). They develop sore throats and training has to be stopped. Once those coughs kept up for twelve days and almost ruined the season. Everything is fine this year.

To the occasional onlooker, the majority of the horses look alike, especially the bays, but not to Sunny Jim. He identifies them by a white foot, a long or short star, and sometimes not even that. With clock in hand, and the sunset face hunched in his rounded shoulders, he watches the hopefuls pound out the furlongs. None of them are terrible. They are all good, possibly great. Among them may be another Gallant Fox, another Dice, and maybe a "satisfied old man" like Exterminator. But, winners or losers, they are all good, faithful and well-behaved little soldiers.

"You see," Fitz will explain, "there are only two kinds of horses—those with good manners, and those that have been neglected!"

Emergency Wife

Continued from page 25

"All right," he said curtly. "Forgive my asking again. You aren't the girl to change overnight for all the money in the world. I should know it. But do you really suggest I carry through this trick on Faverel?"

"I suggest *we* should."

"It's entirely dishonest. It would have been better if you'd just said to Faverel that we were engaged to be married."

"I thought of that in a flash—actually I did, while I was at the telephone. But it wouldn't have sounded so well. Besides . . ." I'm not going to tell him what I feel about Clare Lent, she thought.

"Besides?" he repeated.

"You don't know that he wouldn't have insisted on a wedding before you went. What reason could we have given for refusing, if a director encouraged us with the right arguments?"

"Oh, I see! I see! You were guarding yourself. Well. Can I blame you? I can't."

"I must go. It's seven o'clock."

She caught up her furs, motioning him back when he would have followed to the street door. "Be at the flat in half an hour, my dear! Miracles have to be worked."

She was gone.

AS SHE ran through the streets to November Gardens, she felt very young and fleet; inconsequently exhilarated. Almost irresponsible. Yet, if responsibility and determination were needed of her, they were needed this night.

In the flat, Hero Winter's flowers were still fresh; the morning charwoman had left the place speckless. She telephoned to a near-by agency to ask for a waitress, and was lucky in getting a woman who had helped her before. She rang up a near-by restaurant whose proprietor had assisted her in like emergencies, and dinner was promised; oysters, a casserole of game; and ice pudding with accompaniment of his special *petits fours*. She was out of her clothes, in and out of her bath, into her best dinner frock, and in the kitchenette by the time Kenneth arrived at seven-thirty—the efficient, the miracle-working, the smart Miss March.

In his dinner clothes—she had never seen him so garbed before—he looked very fine, she thought. Surely this Faverel must see his quality! She was laughing at him over her shoulder; opening bottled *consommé*, directing him about the wine. "Please laugh! So that I don't cry!" she begged. "I'm so excited that I could burst into tears from sheer emotional strain. Get the corkscrew . . . answer the door; that'll be the oysters. . . . Put them in the refrigerator. . . . Have the other things come too? . . . Give me that casserole. . . . Keep your mind on business."

BEFORE long she had him laughing too, as she wanted. Once started, he could laugh and laugh. "I say, this *is* a game. It's like a play, isn't it? You're a trump, a brick; a sweet. To do all this for me! I've been a surly dog. I'll never quarrel with you again because I love you and you don't love me."

"Not a word about love, Ken. Love takes time. . . ."

"Love takes time. You think we haven't had time enough—you and I?"

"We're not likely to get it tonight. Keep your mind on *business!* Don't talk love! We're *married.* Hard-boiled. Give an eye to the soup. Answer the door again. That'll be our waitress, thank heaven. Now you can go and fill up the cigarette box and shake the cocktails, and put out the sherry; then keep quiet."

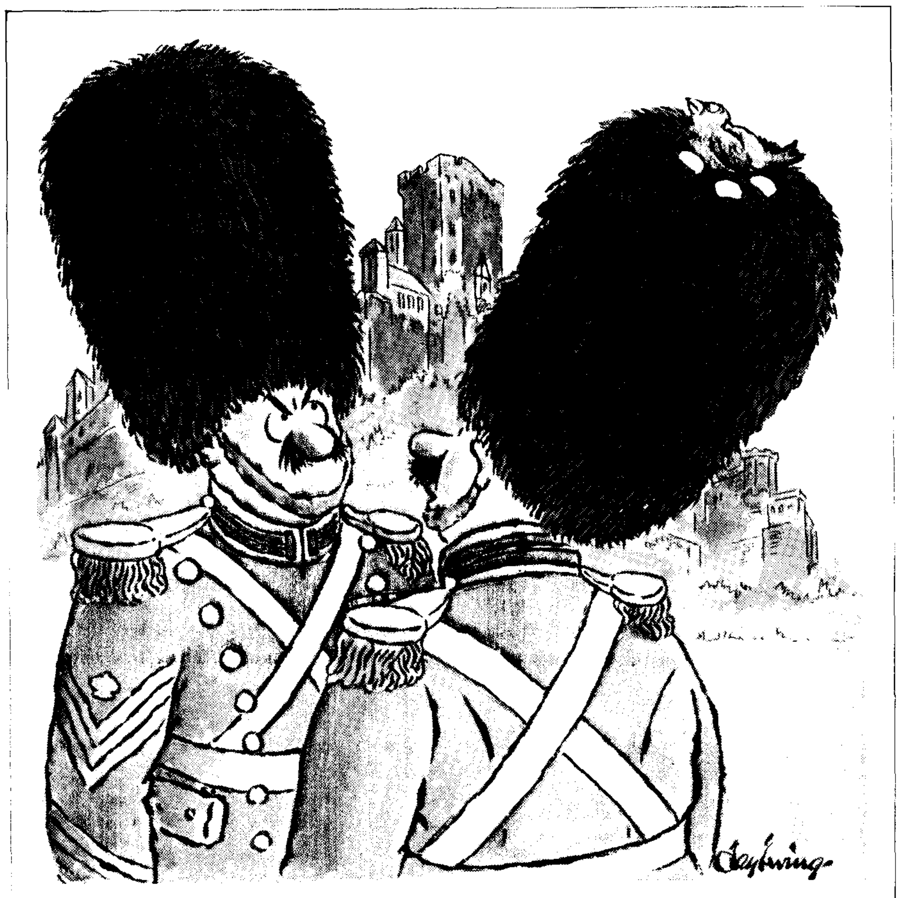
While he kept quiet—standing on the hearth rug before the electric fire which imitated burning logs—he was quite astonished that he could be in high spirits.

"Ken!"

"Darling!"

He was back instantly in the kitchenette. "I ought to call you darling?"

"Certainly . . . It's a mere routine, with

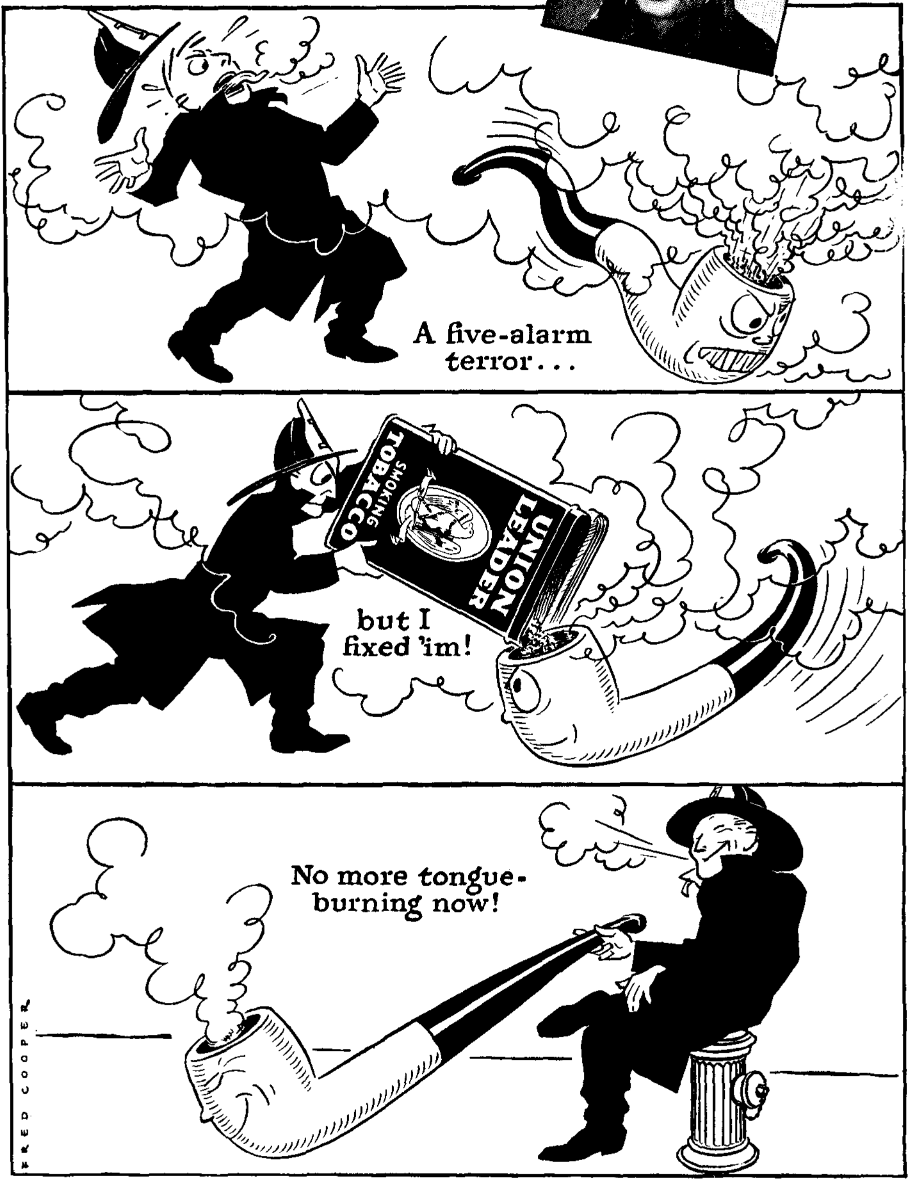


"I noticed she'd been hangin' around me all week but I never thought anything of it . . ."

JAY IRVING

"How I Rescued Myself from a Burning Pipe"

by SMOKY SAM
the Fireman



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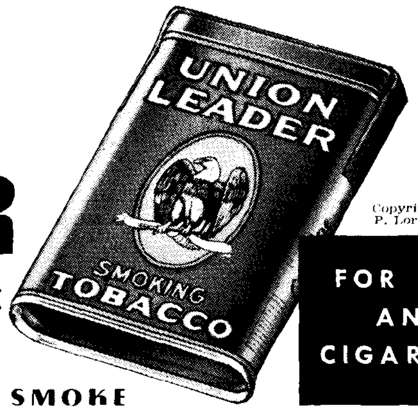
UNION LEADER 10¢



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HYDRAULIC BRAKES

—improved in design to match the flashing performance of the new cars with the safety of smooth and powerfully sure straight-line stops.

TURRET TOP

—puts the safety of solid steel over your head in every closed car of the General Motors family.

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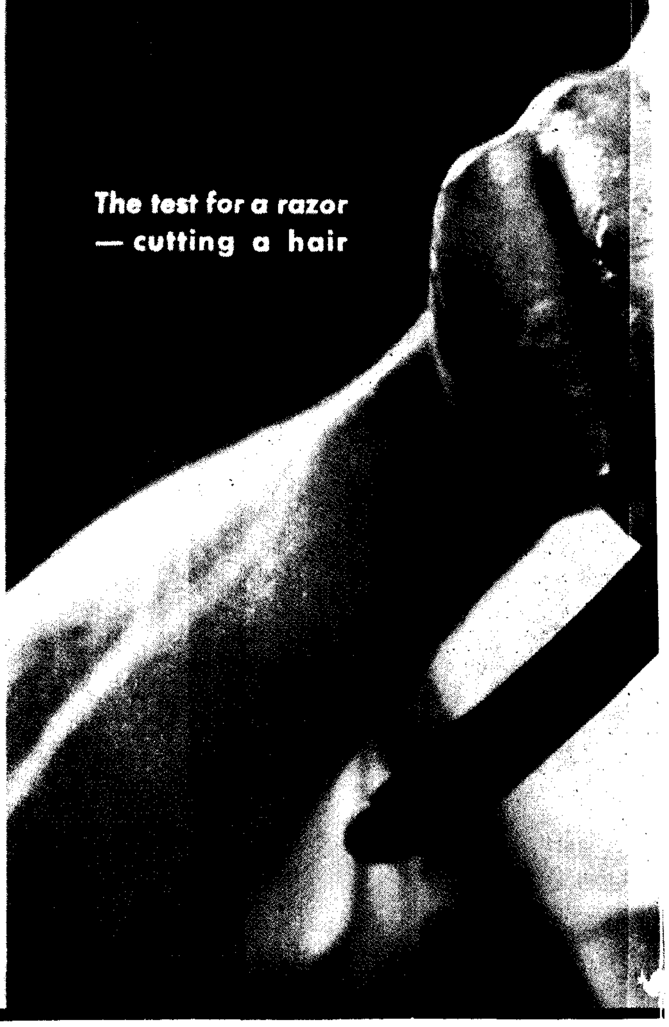
— keeps the air you breathe healthfully free from drafts and makes driving safer by keeping the inside of windshield and windows fog-free.



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PROGRESS calling for close to a hundred million dollars — set aside for plant modernization and new tools, dies and machinery — distinguishes the new General Motors cars offered for 1937. Each of these cars has its own individuality — but all are strikingly representative of General Motors value — and all offer these outstanding GM features listed here.

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SPONGE
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A marvelous new sponge made (like rayon) of Cellulose. It's soft, yet durable; sanitary, highly absorbent and suitable for every cleaning purpose.

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WE make this generous offer so that new thousands of car owners will try No. 7 Duco Polish immediately and see how greatly it improves the appearance of the car. Even if your car is fairly new-looking, you should use this polish to preserve the color and lustre of the finish. Or, if the finish is dulled by grime and Traffic Film, you can still bring back the original beauty by using No. 7 Duco Polish.

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the married when giving a party. The Chablis with the oysters; the claret with the game."

"Yes, darling. Go on. You practice too. *Darling*."

"Darling."

She came out with him then, into the living room, to survey the table, throwing off an apron. "I haven't seen that frock before," he exclaimed. It was what women call an informal dinner gown, but its inspired plainness, save for full-length, voluminous, highly decorative sleeves, struck an exquisitely fastidious note. It was high-necked in front, low-necked behind; a gown beyond his necessarily simple dreams. The apparition of her, thus, took his breath away.

"Darling. *Darling*."

"Darling means nothing, anyway," she said, flickering an observant glance at him. "Everyone calls everyone 'darling,' except you, *darling*. You've always been too grim."

"Is that my worst crime?"

"Yes. And a bad one. Well, what about me? Husbands generally criticize a bit."

"You're perfectly beautiful in that dress," he stammered. "And Linnet, you're showing me every minute how right you were to say 'no!' "

"Say 'no'? When I've married you!"

"Really and truly, are you *married*, miss?" The waitress fluttered excitedly, as she entered with fruit and finger bowls.

THE waitress stood thrilled, smiling, awaiting their reply.

Kenneth looked at Linnet steadily. "It's up to you," his eyes warned her.

"Of course I'm married," she cried. "Do I ever deceive you, Mary? But it's a secret." The waitress went out, delighted, whether convinced or not; and Linnet sighed to Kenneth: "Tell one lie, and tell a hundred. I don't think we dare let even Mary know the truth tonight. We must play it through."

"What about a wedding ring?" he asked suddenly. She held up her left hand, and on the third finger was a thin gold circle.

"My mother's. I remembered I had it, just in time."

"Oh, Linnet, my dear!" he said humbly and wistfully.

She knew the moment to be fraught with an emotion of its own; and moved away from him to correct the position of a bonbon dish, so putting the table between them.

"Naturally we can't leave out an important item like that!"

The front doorbell rang. The waitress rustled through the hall, settling her white frills and looking smart and competent.

"Faverel *will* be surprised to see how well I live, considering how little they've paid me," Kenneth whispered.

"I've been thinking of that," she said confidently. "I have all the little problems well in hand, *darling*."

MAX FAVEREL was shown in. Short, square, dark and pale, with his indubitable air of rich man, man in authority—Linnet knew his caliber at a glance. *I like you*, she thought, moving to meet him.

"My wife, sir," Kenneth said, at her shoulder.

Warmly, approvingly, if humorously surprised, Faverel's eyes quietly assessed her.

He kept her hand in his for an appreciable extra second.

"You've surprised us, Mrs. Basil."

"I'm so afraid I have," she smiled.

"We're very glad to be surprised," Faverel said, urbanely.

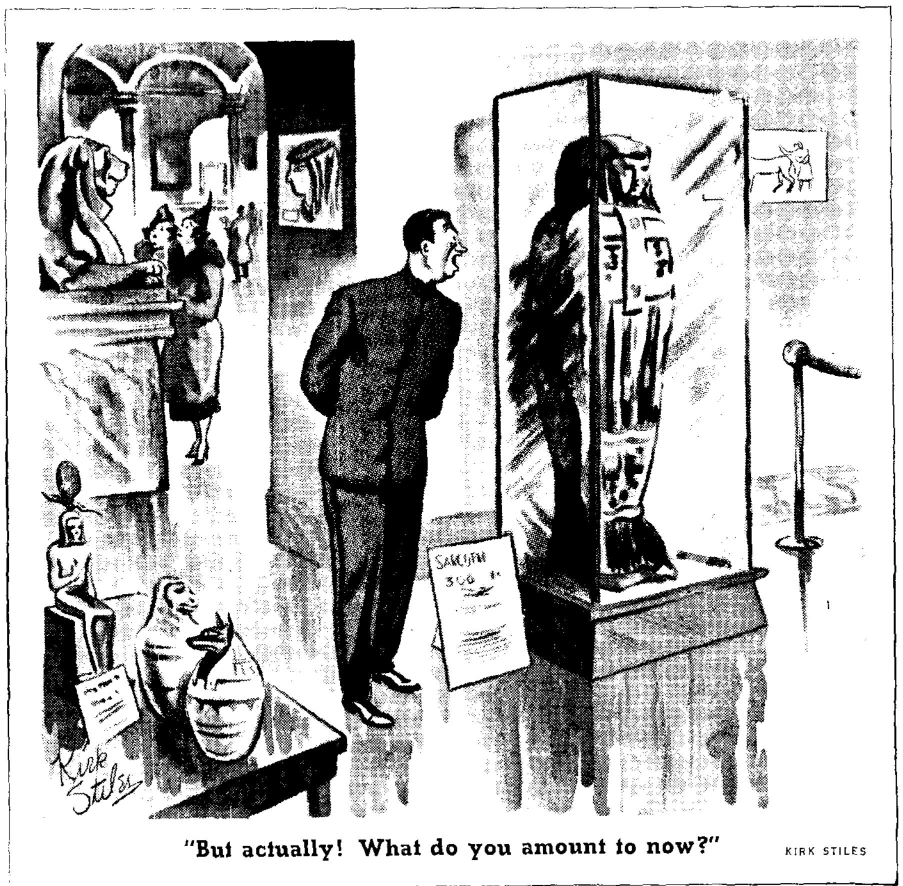
And Kenneth was asking: "Sherry? Or a cocktail, sir?" And then, "And you, darling?" And: "Sherry for me, darling," she was replying.

There was a great air of toast drinking.

It began easily.

As Faverel sat down to dinner between the two younger people, he was more than agreeably surprised on behalf of his firm; he was personally awakened, interested, stimulated, to an extent to which he would never have expected to be stimulated on such an unpromising occasion as meeting the anxious little wife—for she must of course be a very anxious little wife this evening—of a most modestly paid, if highly rated, junior executive.

He had expected a little suburbanite; or ex-typist; or perhaps—since young Basil was a physically fine, open-air type—a shy country girl, flustered at doing the honors of what would surely be a very mediocre home, whose resources would be strained to the utmost by the trial of his visit. Although very



"But actually! What do you amount to now?" KIRK STILES likely, he had surmised as he drove here, the boy would have married some girl in business, who had kept on her job of necessity, seeing that his own salary was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year. And, on another more unfavorable surmise, Faverel considered that young Basil might have married so far beneath even the two-hundred-and-fifty pounds-a-year mark that he kept his private life dark. He was the sort who might easily, in the natural recklessness of his sheer arrogant masculinity, throw himself away.

OLD Sir Andrew had briefly reported the interview: "Man doesn't say much—seemed to have some mystery. He may *be* married already to the wrong sort of wife. In that case we'd better think again, hadn't we?" For the prospective shoes into which they might be going to ask this young man to step would carry him not only on the survey in Roumania, but in due course, to other parts of the world where he would take his wife with him.

Faverel had answered the senior partner: "I'll find out at once."

And then, replying to him over the telephone, had come that low, assured voice, young of course, nevertheless a trained voice, attractively pitched; a voice of experience that must belong to a woman of some desirable qualities.

And now?

Why hide such a girl? Faverel asked himself, seated on her right hand, seeing everything, noting every inflection of his host's and hostess' voices as they addressed each other, or him.

No denying that young Basil cut a very good figure at his own dinner table!

While, as for his wife, she was a prize beyond legitimate expectation.

"I'll be able to tell Porter that they're a young couple who know how to do things," Faverel said to himself.

His hostess looked like a girl with money—whether earned or inherited one couldn't always tell very easily in these days, when so many women have acquired the knack of make-up and of looking luxurious, he thought. But he decided on further consideration that she could not be by any means wealthy in her own right, or young Basil's limited circumstances would have been less apparent.

Faverel and Sir Andrew Porter had talked that aspect over keenly. "He has never known what money is, I should say. It's a sudden jump he'll be taking—I wonder if he'll know how? If it hadn't been for poor Somers, we shouldn't have offered Basil a thing like this for years." Then Sir Andrew had emphasized: "He'd want a real good wife."

Old Porter would have no hesitation or fear if he could sit at this dinner table now.

Faverel enjoyed his oysters.

He savored his Chablis. Soft and fine. The young people were stretching themselves a bit for him, no doubt—to show him they knew how. But he let the smart maid refill his glass without compunction; for it was going to be made very well worth their while.

They spoke of plays; of golf; of restaurants. His hostess mentioned the show appearing nightly at a famous club. Faverel wondered who took her there, seizing upon it as a morsel for conjecture. Not young Basil, he thought. He couldn't run to it. . . . They touched on winter sports: "I go to Kitzbuhel most years, Mrs. Basil. You've never . . . ? You mayn't care for snow. Have you traveled much . . . ? Ah, I hope you're going to enjoy traveling with your husband by and by."

"I hope so, indeed," she said sparklingly.

"Next year, perhaps," Faverel hinted.

Kenneth thought: How well it goes! Oh, Linnet, you wonderful girl! I'm going to win. I'm going to get to the top of the tree where Faverel is sitting now. He climbed it—why shouldn't I? And then, Linnet, and then. . . . Not now, but then, you must love me! I'll wait. I'll wait.

THE quick, clever waitress had cleared the *bouillon* cups; was serving the game. As host, at a flicker of Linnet's eyebrow, Kenneth got up and refilled their glasses. He was reluctant and stubborn in his reluctance, but summoned the grace not to show it. The claret was velvety and fine and he saw Faverel slowly tasting it and setting his glass down, having appreciated a well-selected wine. When the thing's settled, and it *will* be settled tonight, Kenneth thought, I'll sell my books and my watch . . . whatever I've got to sell, and buy her a present—the lovely thing! Before I go away, she shall have something worth having to remind her of me. I can't stand her doing all this *giving*. . . .

Faverel was saying, with a droll spark in his eyes: "You've kept your marriage very quiet for two such delightful young people who must be yearning to boast about each other! Are you afraid that you'll find the world too intrusive? Are you still—most enviably—in that state of romance when you won't share each other and this charming home with anyone at *all*? Believe me, I understand. . . . But mayn't I know how long ago it was? Would some little offering be too belated?"

Kenneth thought: Now for lies!

Women were graceless.

Mysteriously, remotely, with a smile, Linnet murmured: "It wasn't a century ago."

He had to back her up.

"The time *seems* short," he added. "It was only yesterday, wasn't it, darling?"

Faverel must have pricked his ears at that, Kenneth said to himself, though he did not show surprise.

"Yesterday?"

"Oh, a month ago, or a week, or a day, or a year . . ." said Linnet, laughing. "In fact, just yesterday."

"I see. Forgive me. Your secret. So it should be. You won't let it lose its bloom. Delightful." Faverel gazed at her profoundly, from his dark, wise eyes with that spark in them.

He turned from her to Kenneth. "I am so glad I persisted with my inquiries today, my dear fellow. I am so glad that at least I myself was allowed to make this discovery. For as a bachelor you wouldn't be sent to Roumania." He paused. "Sir Andrew's unalterable principle. And talking of Sir Andrew, I do fear he'll be inquisitive enough to want to know a little more, however much I deplore inquiry into romance. A very thorough man—Sir Andrew."

"You mean he'll want to know our reasons for keeping quiet, sir?" Kenneth said.

"Sir Andrew will probably ask some questions like that."

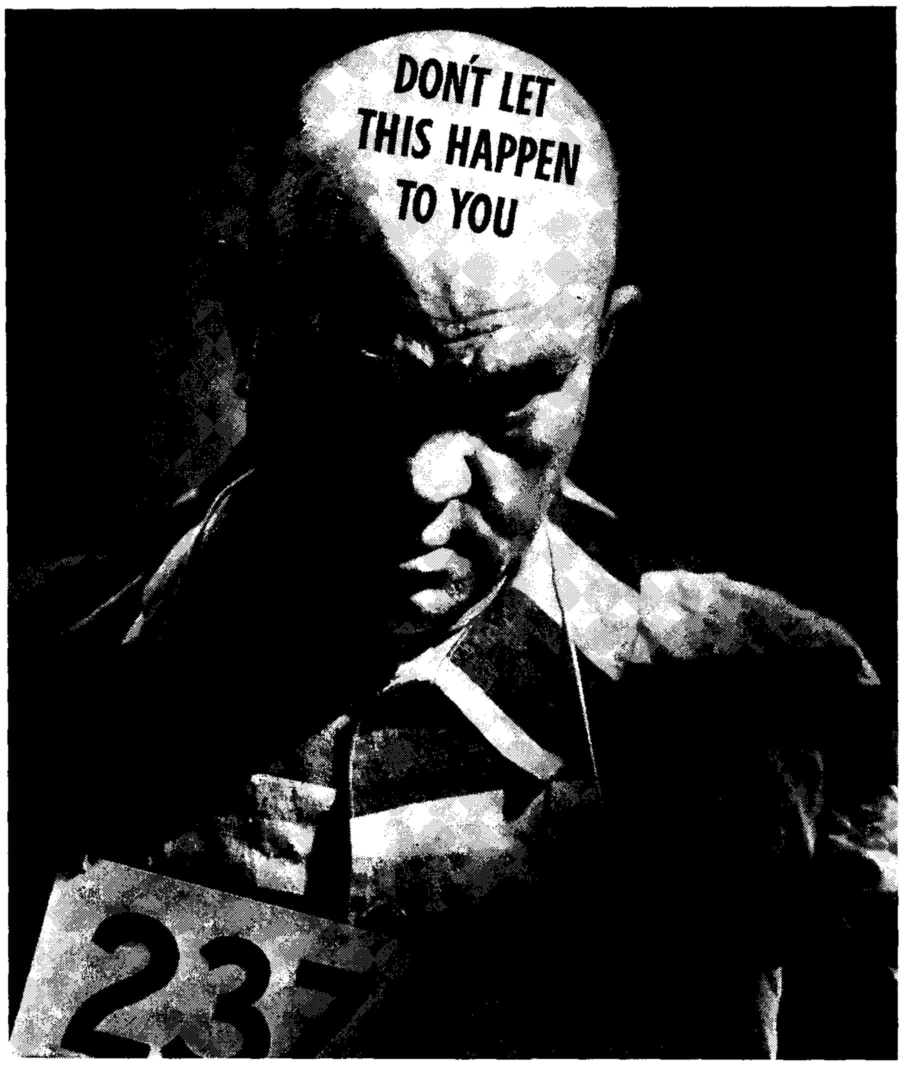
"And I shall have to ask my wife if we may give our reasons."

HE FOUND himself gazing trustfully across the table at his "wife"; leaning on his "wife's" shrewd wits; his "wife's" tact; his "wife's" co-operation. Oh, shame! But it was comfortable! Two were better than one!

It was only the last few months, since he had met Linnet, that he had come, unwilling at first, to what struggled into his mind as an unwelcome idea, then fought itself to a conviction. *Two could be so much better than one!* He hadn't ever considered the possibility of wanting to ask any girl to marry him, except Linnet. For no girl on earth could he or would he have hoped and dreamed and suffered, as he had hoped and dreamed and suffered, except for Linnet.

And all the while, he had been tortur-

LIFER AT 40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237

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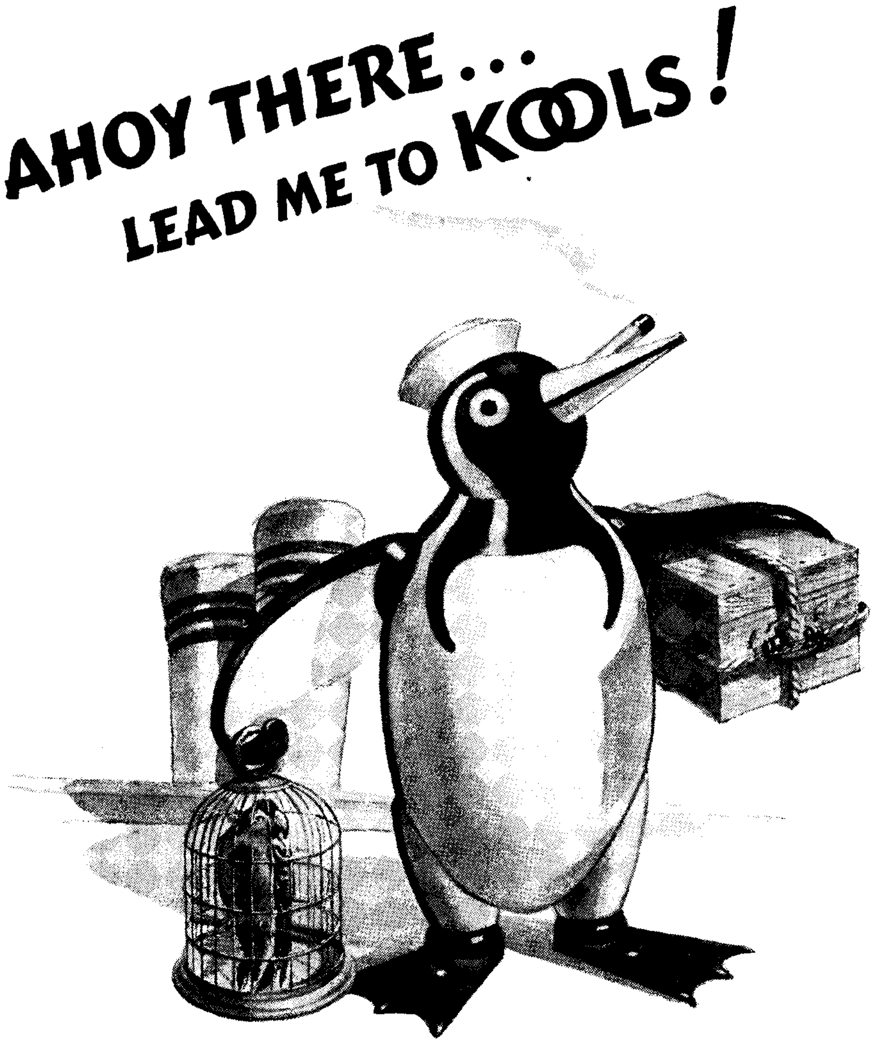
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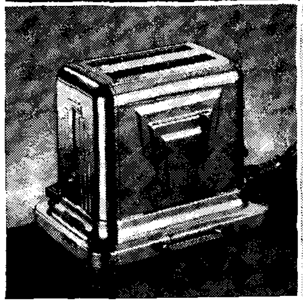

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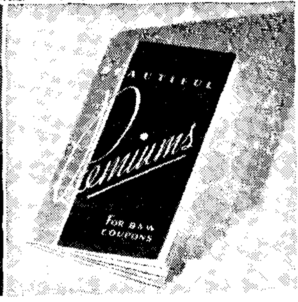

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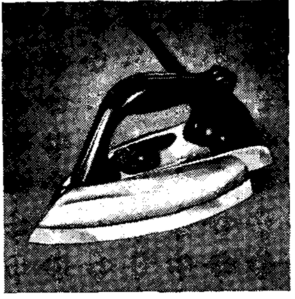

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ingly aware, through the wisdom with which she dealt with him and his own wisdom which disciplined the hot blood in his veins, that she could not marry him.

She did not love him. The reason above all reasons—apart from the money! The fact of this masquerade tonight—that she could play it so crisply and competently through, showed him that she did not love him, even if he had not been finally convinced before. But ah! how easy it was here with her—if a man let his own resolution and dignity go, under her insistent, urgent pleading. How agreeable here with her like this! How it flattered a man! How insidiously gratifying it was—gratification running neck and neck with chagrin—to lay a hand on some fine old cut-glass vessel, gleaming red with the claret, or tawny with the sherry! When he had picked up the Chablis in its green bottle, gold foiled, napkin wrapped, cold from the ice, how he had enjoyed it, some dream in his mind whispering weakly: This is what ought to come true!

He glanced at Linnet. She was smiling at Faverel, on her right, turning to him as if with the flattery of her whole attention, her whole trust; with an effect of handing him all her destiny. That must be stimulating, that is flattery at its most irresistible, to any man, Kenneth thought.

And it flattered him, too, that all this should be exercised for his sake. Faintly humiliated, a little jealous, he also felt bigger.

What would she say now?

And he absorbed, with his intent astonished gaze, her whole air and art of surrender to Faverel. Surrender of what? His heart flamed up—though she was not for him—but he knew himself stupidly unjustified. Her surrender, of course, was only of whatever reason, whatever secret, she might be going to persuade this rich, influential man to believe.

Faverel leaned his shoulder slightly toward Linnet, waiting with a special attention, so that she saw she must reply plausibly and cleverly.

She confided to him:

"I'm a very hard-working woman."

Kenneth wished instantly that Linnet need not have said that; that she had not chosen to say it. If only she could have let this director think that this flat was his, that he paid the rent and the maid; that the plain gorgeous masterpiece she wore had been bought by him; that those manicured nails, the perfume on her hair, her flowers—all, all!—came from a proud husband's pocket. Of course he pulled himself violently from this idiocy; this unworthiness. I'm a damn' cad for that, he thought. And besides, she knows as well as I do that it's no use pretending. . . .

Who should know better than this quiet, authoritative, distinguished Faverel, the exact income of Kenneth Basil?

But if Linnet could only let him think I've private money! Wouldn't that have done well enough? Or if she had not said "very hard" . . . Oh, shame! shame! Again he was fairly and squarely ashamed of himself.

"Your husband must be exceedingly proud of you," Faverel answered, complimenting her on her endeavors.

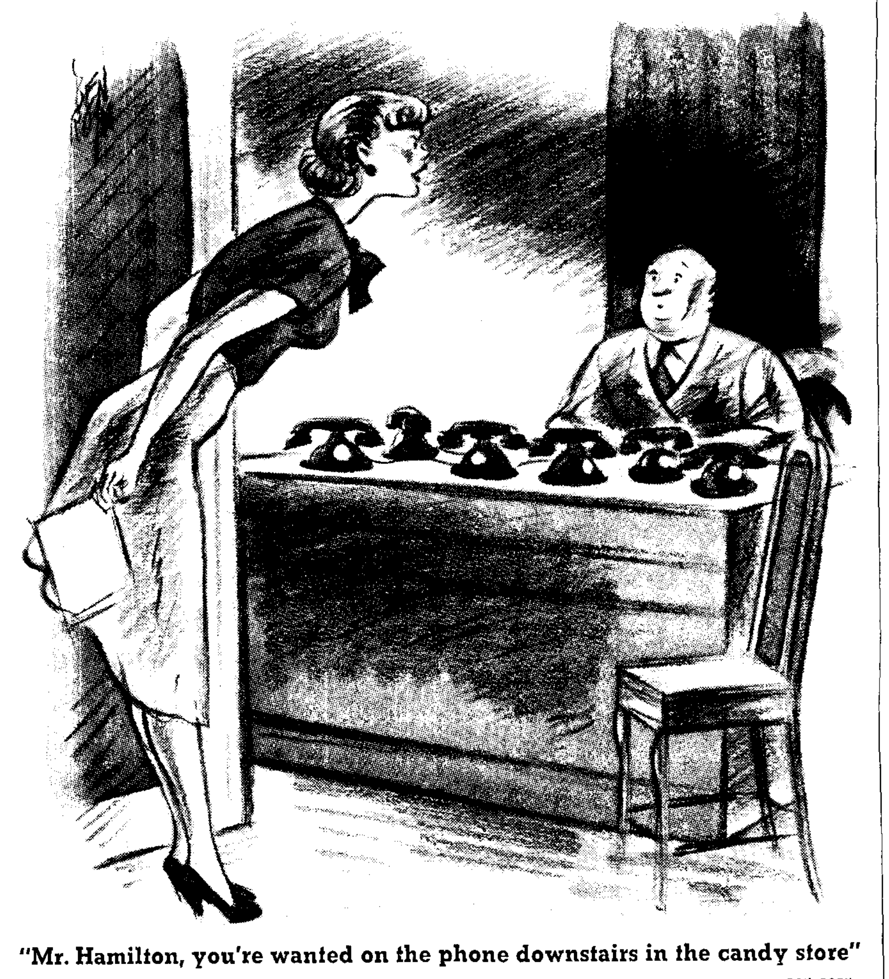
KENNETH had to speak then, very firmly, to clear his mind of its gross errors of thought; its petty infamies: "I'm *tremendously* proud of her; though I wish she weren't such a hard-working woman. I wish I were able to give her more."

"Yes," said Faverel, turning to the young man, all sympathetic agreement. "We men like to be the givers of all the material things. Women give us so much else, Mrs. Basil, that we feel at a loss—we feel rather less than men—if we can't reciprocate with something inherently our own." He laughed gently. "All of us feel somehow that the whole world is inherently our own."

He'd put it in a nutshell, Kenneth thought, and looked at Faverel with gratitude.

"It's exactly so," he said.

Linnet kept on her face with an effort the expression she had conjured up as Faverel spoke. This subtle, intuitive



"Mr. Hamilton, you're wanted on the phone downstairs in the candy store"

BEN ROTH

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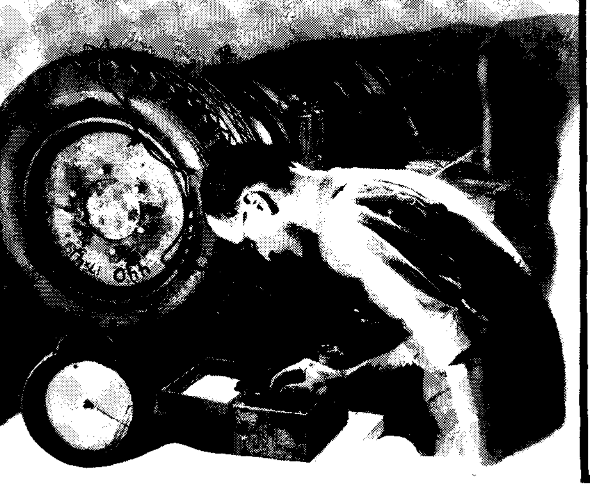

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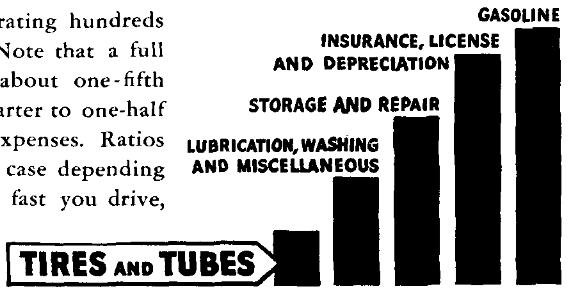

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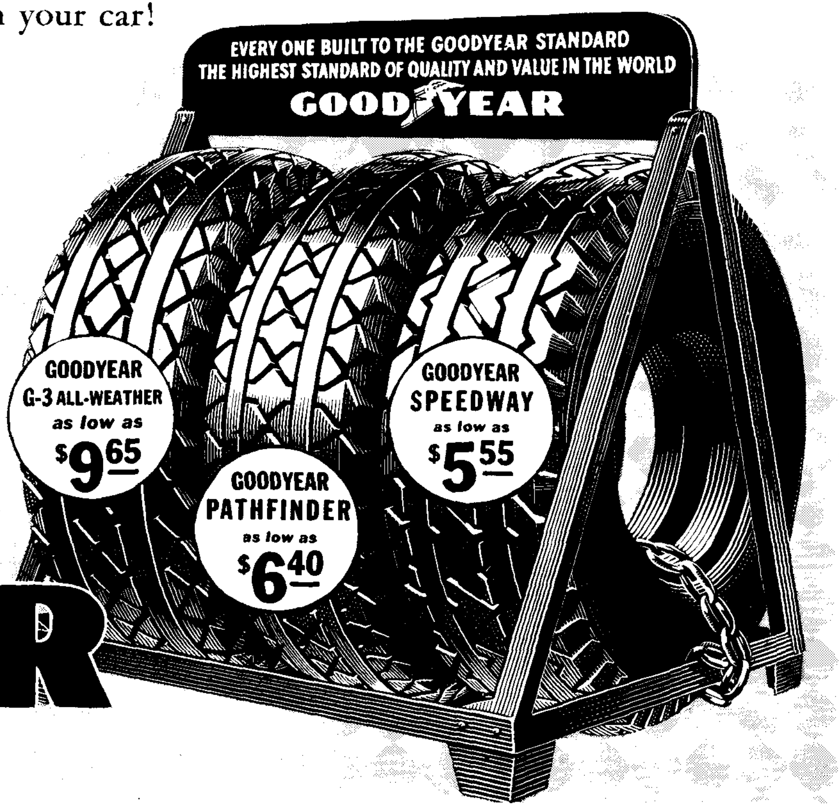
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man of experience—he, then, did not understand either? He, too, did not comprehend how a million women's hearts cried out for just such a dispensation as he referred to. But they could not have it because the world that men had made was not as he suggested.

It was topsy-turvy.

The melting pot was full of the old save-face rules and values, and lamentable truths kept boiling up and escaping in the general steam.

What would you?

THEN Faverel said with charm: "Of course, after all that, it gives me very particular pleasure to remember what my business is here tonight." He smiled. "We may—who knows?—persuade this charming lady to work less hard in the future."

"As to that," Linnet murmured sweetly, "we'll have to wait and see. I take some buying!"

Unlucky word, with those eyes across the table, but this talk must sooner or later take a harder turn. Inquiringly she looked at Faverel.

Business! Faverel thought. Clever girl! What are you people going to do for us, she's asking with a cock of that delightful eyebrow. You hint; you'd better perform, she's suggesting. Straight to the point. Rushing the obstacles. Like a woman.

Bless her for a darling, Faverel thought.

"We were fairly sure of your husband, already, Mrs. Basil; and now that you have given me this delightful opportunity of meeting you, I am prepared to assure the board that we are extremely lucky, and no further doubt about it on any score whatever."

He looked from each to each, dividing his appreciation by adding: "You're a very lucky young couple too."

If only we were! Kenneth thought. Before he could reply Linnet spoke again. She kept watching their guest. Behind her gay smile of delight, behind her half-laughing depreciation of the value Faverel was setting on herself, she was making a judgment on him: that he did not entirely believe their story. This smooth connubial setting might not finally convince him after all; he reserved his private opinion. She said boldly: "We could tell Mr. Faverel all about ourselves, darling?" her eyebrows raised at Kenneth.

Kenneth answered: "I think we'll have to—" unaware of what she might be going to tell; leaving it to her, trusting her wits and her audacity, seeing them as feminine lack of scruple, more or less amusing; not even faintly guessing, in his ignorance, how a woman can throw away all scruples for the welfare of the beloved. Himself, he began again to feel secretly dismayed, awkward, even a little ashamed to continue thus with this deception of Faverel.

Too grim, he was, she had said; too grim by half. No doubt she was right.

But she must not be too right. I'm right too, he thought.

That excusable lies were told every day in the harshness of a competitive world, he knew as well as she did. And there were a lot of secrets that were tacitly allowed to be nobody's business once the right face had been put on them.

She was telling Faverel confidentially: "We keep our marriage secret for a money reason. Oh! money! money! I hate the stuff!"

"So do I," Kenneth muttered.

"Money is only a symbol, neither to be loved nor hated," Faverel said.

The young man thought: That's all you know!

He listened to Linnet: "I had a new contract a while ago—" She was not going to say, "I had it only yesterday. . . . I jumped from a five hundred a year woman to a fifteen hundred a year woman on condition I didn't marry during the term of contract."

NOW she could not look at Kenneth. Better not, for a few moments. . . .

Faverel exclaimed: "And having married *before* the new contract you considered it technically honest, anyway, to sign on the conditions!"

He began to laugh, indulgent for the pretty woman.

"What morality!"

"I didn't quibble," she murmured, "but you see now why our marriage just mustn't leak out."

"I see. I fear," Faverel said, more seriously, "that quite a number of people find themselves obliged to do as you two have done."

Still, she would not look at Kenneth, till, very suddenly, he spoke:

"Do you blame them, sir? Seeing how things are today?"

"I can't blame them, Basil. Tact, discretion, perfect secrecy—if they can observe all those, it is mostly their own affair."

"What would Sir Andrew say?"

"Ah—Sir Andrew is a stickler. He doesn't often wink the eye."

NOW Linnet looked full at Kenneth. And she saw plainly how hard he had taken her news. She saw that he blamed her for having let him learn it in this way. Indeed, it had been dangerous. He might have blurted out anything in the dismay and chagrin of the minute. She would explain, after, that she had not meant to tell him at all. Would that make things worse between them—set matters farther back, beyond the old bitter level of a man's sorely hurt pride?

That long firm mouth of his set, hard and unboyish; his eyes shadowed again. He showed at least, all too honestly, that he was not a husband who gladly acquiesced in the wife's earning of a large share of the married income.

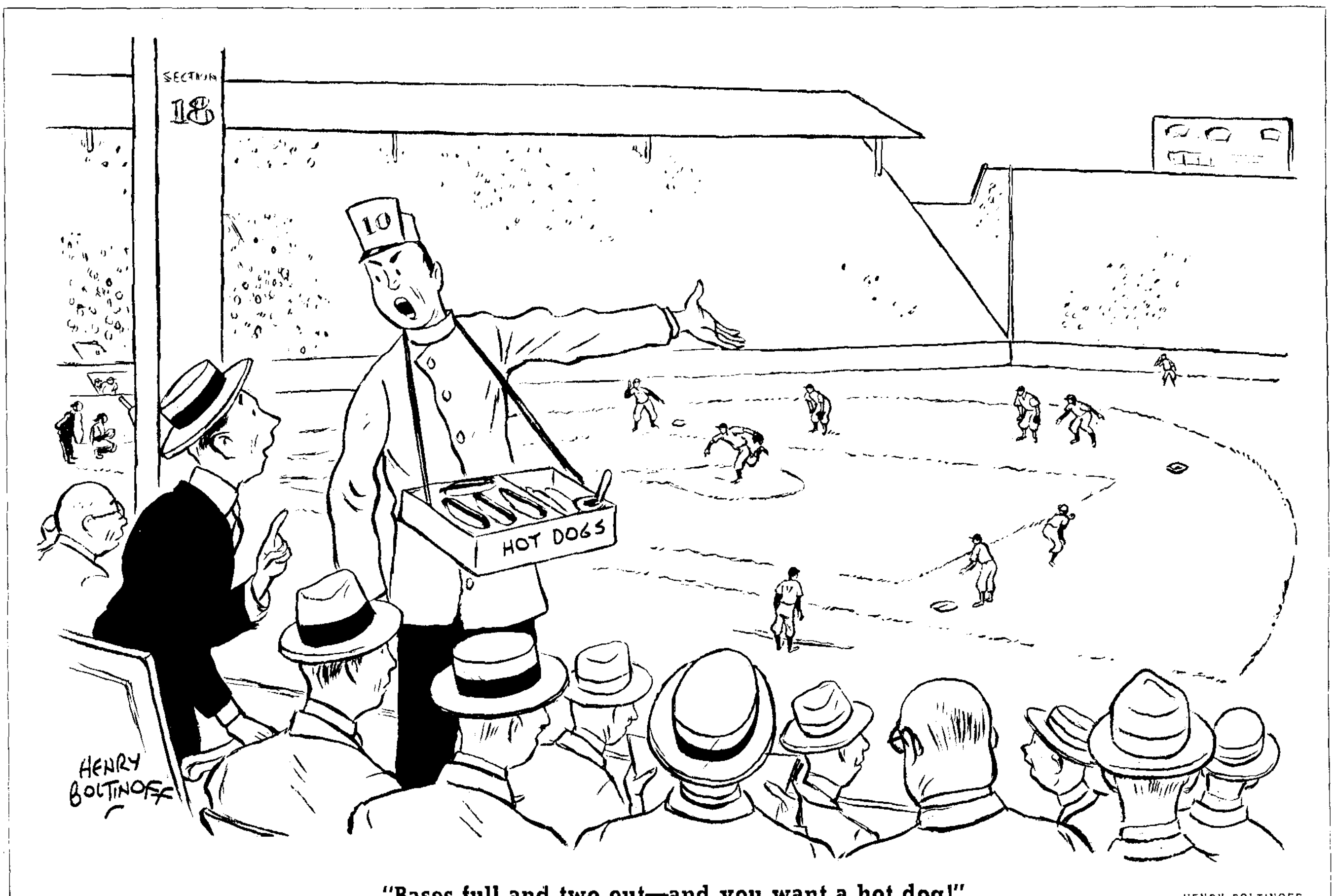
All to the good, that! Faverel would sense the feeling; assume that she trod a difficult path here between love and necessity; that the subject was one to be courteously put aside. He would say to himself that husband and wife must have this out between them; and he would probe no further.

"You do see?" she begged him for full understanding.

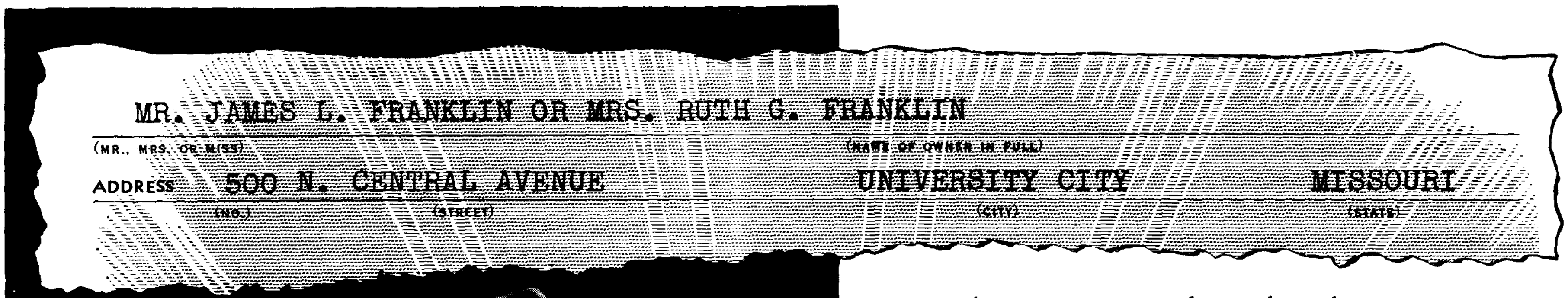
"I see. I see."

His understanding was emphatic. And the maid came in to remove the ice, and bring coffee, so that the slight stir and interruption of the service helped too. She met Kenneth's intent dark regard, and telegraphed a message that the subject might close. And, again, to her assistance, the front doorbell rang. The maid went and opened the door, and they could hear in the little hall a powerful voice.

It was Hero Winter, saying so that all could hear: "Dinner party? And I've



"Bases full and two out—and you want a hot dog!" HENRY BOLTINOFF



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not been asked? God in heaven! Well, I shall butt in. I've dined, thanks, but I'd like some coffee. . . ."

His hateful, vulgarian assurance! She could see him, in her mind, flinging down his rough worn overcoat and old hat on the oak chest, see him stride in, regardless, as always, of other people's convenience or conventions. Kenneth had risen, and Linnet saw, also, the blackness of his thoughts: Winter's at home here all right. In he comes—no invitation; no permission!

Oh, if there need not be this turmoil, this insensate muddle of motives between us! she thought.

And Hero Winter came into the room, insistent, aggressive as his voice.

His eyes — roving eyes — flashed quickly round the table, taking in lace and silver and richness of port in crystal glasses and flowers—his flowers anyway!—at the same time as he registered the three people. Linnet sat, poised and colorful as ever, in her high-backed Jacobean chair with her slender hands on its arms, in such a gown! And there was Kenneth Basil, seen by Winter for the first time in dinner clothes. And who was this short, square, dapper man holding most obviously, a hand of trumps?

WINTER was eager and angry and suspicious and possessive; yet drew over all his usual cloak of loud geniality.

"Linnet, my dear!" He passed the other two men without a look, striding to her; and bending over her, lifted the hand nearest him and kissed it. She had the knowledge that, had he dared—and he was afraid of her—he would have kissed her cheek, her mouth, not only because of his desire so to do; but because of the other two men.

He could see nothing desirable without wanting to cry: "It's *mine!*"

Then the three of them saw that in his *other hand he carried more flowers,* flourishing them.

He turned slightly from her, keeping her fingers tight, nodding friendlily, yet with his frequent undercurrent of derision, to Kenneth, standing straight and silent; and looked at Faverel.

"Mr. Winter, Mr. Faverel," Linnet said, withdrawing her hand coldly.

Faverel assessed Winter, half rose, nodded, uttered cordially: "How d'you do," sat down again. No derision of Winter's could match his impalpable pleasant disdain.

The snake in the grass, he thought of the too-boisterous newcomer.

"Lovely flowers, Hero," Linnet said coldly.

"Not worthy of you, my dear. But I thought the others might be dead. . . ." His look at the chrysanthemums and roses in the room asserted especially to Faverel that they, too, were his gift.

THE maid entered with another coffee cup, and Linnet said, "Take these flowers out and leave them somewhere in water for me, please. You're too kind, Hero."

"May I sit down?"

She wished Kenneth would invite Winter to a chair, but he had forgotten the role of host. She said quickly: "Please do."

He drew up a chair next to Faverel, accepted a cup of coffee, and remarked to him that he hadn't known Miss March was entertaining tonight.

"You're in luck—or are you?" Faverel smiled blandly.

Hero was prompt on that.

"Out of luck. Naturally I hoped to find her alone."

And in his turn, Winter thought of Faverel: Snake in the grass. You'll have to get out of my way.

For though he was not a successful man, nor a popular man, although he had in reality none of the assurance to which he pretended, he kept up, even to himself, the pretense of a ruthless fighter overcoming all obstacles.

"Miss March?" Faverel commented leisurely, to himself.

"How's life, Kenneth?" Winter asked crudely.

Linnet answered in a quick way for Kenneth: "Life is fine! Kenneth's had some good news and this little dinner party is to celebrate Kenneth's good luck and to drink to his future. Now, Hero, you have all the news that matters."

"Is that so, old man?"

"If Linnet says it, it is so."

WHAT did he mean, the grim, pale young man, by his tang of irony, his most courteous yet faintly mocking answer? Faverel considered it. Linnet kept with difficulty from wincing. Only Winter received the assurance boisterously; thick-skinned. He was so glad, for himself, that Kenneth was going.

It was time she got over her secret infatuation for Kenneth Basil; time she shook herself out of it; time she was made love to by a real man. As the only real man in the room, Winter assessed himself, although he had at once distrusted Faverel; easy, assured, experienced. Director of Porter-Bradley's; therefore a rich rival.

Linnet's anxiety as to Winter's reception of any possible revelation, by Faverel or Kenneth, nearly consumed her. "Mrs. Basil." Those two words once uttered by Faverel; or "my wife," in his inexcusable irony by Kenneth; and what would Hero Winter say?

She thought: It is hard for Kenneth to forgive me what I've done already. If we both have to look fools, and dishonest fools at that, he'll never forgive me at all.

On the very edge of this precipice, unconsciously staying the avalanche of disclosure, Winter himself diverted the danger. He was jealous and hot and wary and must instantly know all. His mind never hesitated in beginning its new machinations for the future. He turned friendlily to Kenneth: "Tell me what exactly all this celebration is about?"

She listened to Kenneth's low, slow, ironic voice answering in detail about his projected journey. And under cover of their conversation, to which, feverishly, she must attend, Faverel turned to her with an effect of keeping his attention for her alone. His voice was low: "I suppose, like most women, you'll be thinking at once of a bigger flat or a different flat?"

He did not utter the words: "Mrs. Basil."

"I don't know yet," she said, listening to him, and the others, at once.

"I only asked because it is so attractive here, and if you wanted to let it, I think it might do nicely for a friend of mine—"

"Oh," she said, snatching at the chance of taking him from the dangerous table, "let me show it to you!"

"That's what I was going to suggest."

She rose. "Kenneth, I'm showing Mr. Faverel the flat. Hero, excuse me."

She stood for a moment in the softly lit hall with the sensation of gasping for breath. She wanted to close her eyes and lean against the wall for support. Ah, this emotion was harder than the hardest day! And then, there was Max Faverel's hand, steady and gentle, under her elbow.

"I fear you really *are a* lady who works too strenuously."

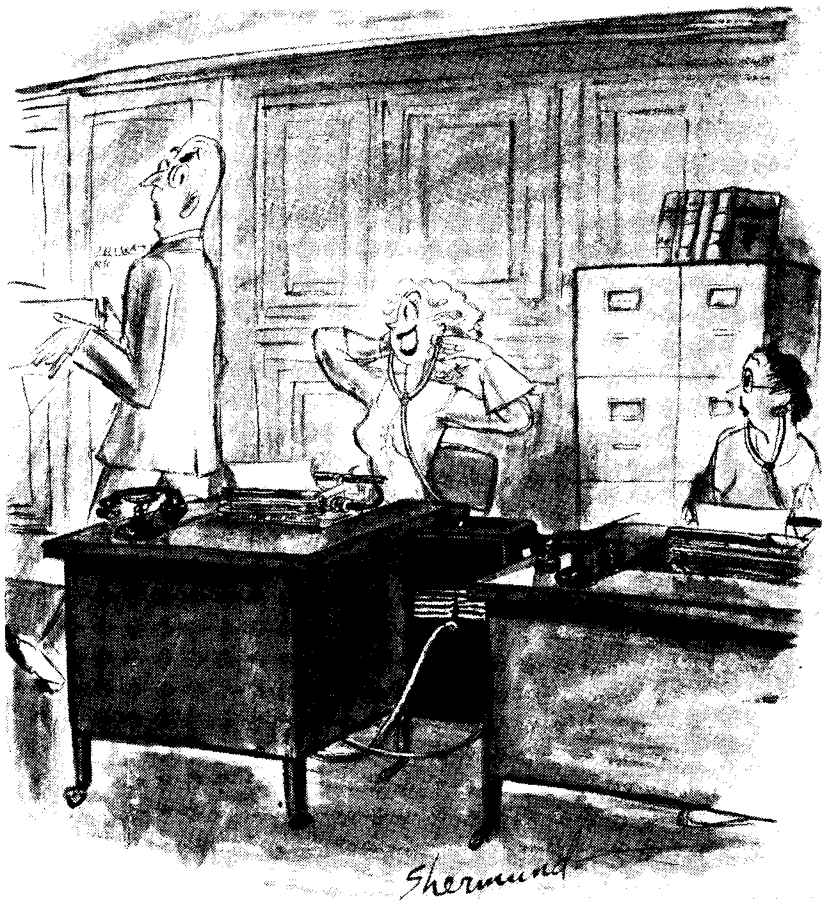
SHE could not explain to him that she was just a foolish woman in love, and afraid of love. She smiled, gave her shoulders a little shake, defying trouble.

"It isn't that," she denied. "I've just been rather too thrilled—too excited about Kenneth."

"Ah, your husband?"

"But come and see the rest of the flat," she said, "it's very small really." And suddenly, before she turned to open a door for inspection, she knew sharply that it had been a wrong move to offer to show him the place. Irremediably stupid. If he had eyes in his head—and he had far-seeing wise eyes—he must see that the flat was obviously lived in by *one* person only!

(To be continued next week)

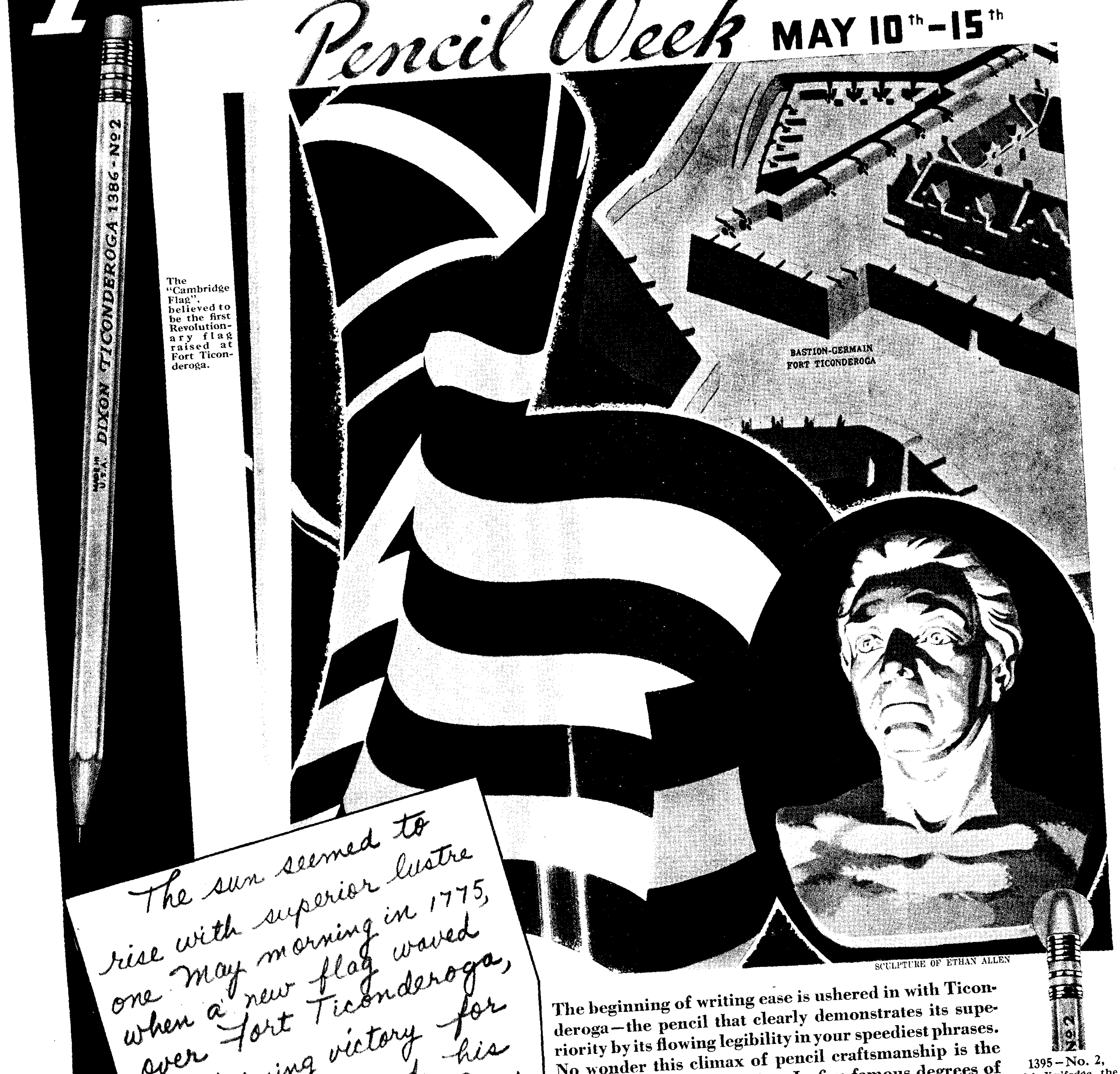


"Eating—let's see, sounds like peanut brittle—weren't you, Mr. Pearson?"

B. SHERMUND

TICONDEROGA

Pencil Week MAY 10th–15th



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A King is Crowned

Continued from page 13

The next Coronation, however, was to witness the culminating scene of the gravest scandal in the annals of the Kings of England. George IV, while Prince of Wales, had laid siege to the twice-widowed Maria Fitzherbert. Unfortunately, the lady was virtuous as well as beautiful. She seems to have loved him, but the role of mistress did not attract her.

In desperation, he staged an attempted suicide, ostentatiously stabbing himself but carefully avoiding any vital spot. Four of his associates were then dispatched to Mrs. Fitzherbert. They assured her that the Prince lay hovering between life and death and that only her presence could pull him through.

Secret Marriage

Love could not resist such a summons, but discretion insisted on a chaperone. The Duchess of Devonshire accompanied her. The Prince, when they arrived, spoke of marriage. Maria knew that, under the Royal Marriage Act, this was impossible. They might, indeed, take the marriage vows in the presence of a priest, but the union would be invalid under the laws of England. George, however, was wounded—he had tried to kill himself for love of her. She allowed him to slip a ring upon her finger.

In the end they were married secretly. No court would have recognized the ceremony, but that was just as well. Maria was a Roman Catholic, and a Prince of the Blood who married a Catholic was barred from succession to the Throne.

For a time they were happy. But George was in debt. His bill for clothes averaged £10,000 a year—and that, naturally, was but one item among many. And his father was living too long. There came a day when there was not a Jew in London who would lend to the Prince of Wales. Even when he offered for every £5,000 paid him now £10,000 and an Irish peerage after the King's death, there were no takers. His bond, it was known, was as bad as his word. In the end he had to appeal to his father, then suffering one of those recurrent attacks of sanity, during which he was aware of the misconduct of his son. George III agreed to pay his debts—but only if the Prince married Caroline of Brunswick.

To his lasting sorrow and discredit the Prince agreed to his father's terms. But he agreed unwillingly. At his first meeting with his bride he called for brandy because the touch of her lips had made him sick. On their wedding day he came drunk to the altar, scarcely able to hiccough the vows he never meant to keep. They were, indeed, a mockery after those he had exchanged with Fitzherbert.

For a year they maintained some pretense of marriage. Then they separated. There was one child of the union—a girl destined to die in childbed, victim of the fashionable fallacies of the Royal physicians. Caroline's life, after the parting, was packed with indiscretions, committed, for the most part, abroad, but she denied that she had ever been guilty of adultery save with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. There was, however, evidence of a sort against her. There were grounds, not unreasonable, for a presumption of guilt. And George IV's first acts on succeeding to the Throne were to order that her name be omitted from the Prayer Book and to demand that his Ministers free him from this "Brunswick whore."

The Ministers did their best. They introduced a Bill to dissolve the marriage on the ground of the Queen's adultery with the Italian Bergami, and proceeded to force it through Parliament with the aid of a dragooned majority. Caroline returned to England, protested her innocence. Lord Brougham brought his powerful eloquence to her aid. The nation was split in two camps, the larger of which was for the Queen. There were ominous mutterings, riots indeed. Even the most complacent of political "yes-men" took fright; the Ministry was in danger. The Throne itself seemed to be threatened. The Bill was abandoned.

But George was resolved that there should be no crowning for the Queen. Strict orders were given that on no account was she to be admitted to the Abbey on Coronation Day. In spite of this, she presented herself, attended by Lord Hood and her ladies, at the Abbey shortly after six in the morning. A doorkeeper demanded to see their tickets.

"I present you your Queen," said Lord Hood. "Surely it is not necessary for her to have a ticket."

"Our orders are to admit no persons without a peer's ticket," replied the doorkeeper.

"This is your Queen," protested Hood. "She is entitled to admission without such a form."

"My orders are specific, and I feel myself bound to obey them," was the answer.

"Then you refuse the Queen admission?"

The doorkeeper hesitated, but a higher official came forward. Hood asked him if any preparations had been made for Her Majesty. The reply was "No."

The party withdrew, but drove to another door. The result was the same. From door to door went the carriage. At each in turn Caroline presented herself. At each she was turned away.

Her progress was watched by a great crowd of spectators and punctuated with cheers and hisses. "Off! Off!" cried many. There were shouts of: "Go away to Bergami!"—"Be off to Como!" In the end the cheers were overwhelmed by the insults. The King was unpopular—as Prince Regent he had been stoned when he drove to the State opening of Parliament—but the Queen's honor was doubtful. And this day, the people seemed to feel, belonged to the King and to the Crown and so to them all. They resented Caroline's appearance because of the scandal to the Monarchy.

At last the Queen recognized that the case was hopeless and drove off. Soon afterward she died. George lingered on, a gross, debauched corpulence, no longer to be kept in by stays, for a few more years. It is not the least notable tribute to the qualities and character of King George V that he redeemed the name which his great-grand uncle had brought into such disrepute and unpopularity.

What the Coronation Means

The new marvels of science enable the Coronation Service to be broadcast. The multitudes who hear it will have brought home to them, in words and power and beauty, the significance of Kingship, a sense of the continuity of the Crown. When, for instance, the Scepter is given into the King's hand, the Archbishop of Canterbury says: "Receive the Rod of Equity and Mercy . . . Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute Justice that you forget not Mercy. Punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go." The exhortation is the same, not only in substance, but in form, as was spoken at the "hallowing" of the Saxon Kings.

Some of the ancient words, indeed, have a deeper content today than when they were first uttered. Such is the Archbishop's charge, when the Sovereign is girt with the Sword of State, that the King should "help and defend widows and orphans." Pensions for widows and orphans are now part of the provision which Great Britain makes for the unfortunate.

The ceremony of the Homage, which follows the Crowning, Benediction and Enthronization, has also an abiding significance. First, the Archbishop of Canterbury, then the Prince of Wales or senior Prince of the Blood, then the first of each order of the Peerage, performs the act of Homage.

None who saw it will forget, at the last Coronation, the Homage of the Prince of Wales. Doffing his coronet and advancing to the dais, he knelt on the first step and then upon the highest, bowing to the Sovereign, who was also his father. Then he spoke the words of the ancient tradition—words which he was shortly to make good upon the fields of France: "I, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship: and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

All the arrangements for the Coronation are in the hands of the Earl Marshal, an office which, since the reign of Charles II, has always been held by the Head of the House of Howard. So during the last year the youthful Duke of Norfolk has been one of the most important men in England.

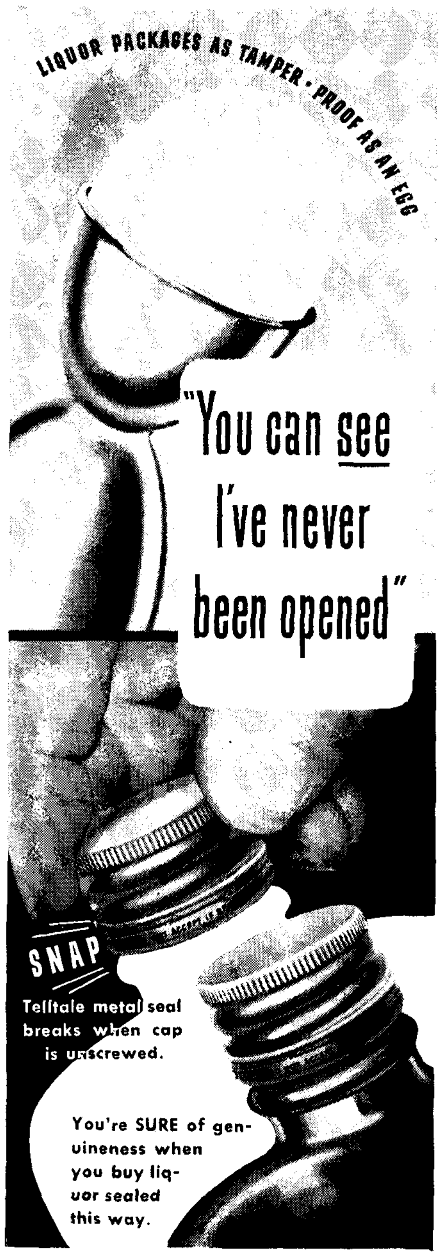
No one would have been surprised had the Duke left most of the work to subordinates and contented himself with being only a figurehead. He is young to bear so heavy a burden. But he has shown himself a worthy successor to his father, the fifteenth Duke, one of the ablest men who ever carried the golden staff before the King. He was responsible for two Coronations—those of Edward VII and George V.

There are many who will recall the old Duke when they see his son performing the ancient duties of the Earl Marshal on May 12th. And not a few may see in him not only a great hereditary Officer of State, but a symbol of the loyalty which Catholics, as well as Protestants, bear to the Crown. The old unhappy quarrels are ended, and though the Sovereign still swears to maintain, in the United Kingdom, to the utmost of his power, "the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law," the last possible vestige of offense to the Roman Catholic community has been removed from the oath. And the Earl Marshal, like his ancestors, is a Catholic. In spite of that, he bears his part—and a leading part—in this, the greatest of the Anglican rites. In spite of that, he, like his father, has worked harmoniously with the Anglican Archbishops and Bishops in the preparation for the great day.

Always on Coronation Day the thoughts of English people and their friends and well-wishers—not a few—wherever they may be are in the Abbey. But now, on this occasion, there is not a home in Britain or the Empire so remote but that it may be filled with the music of Westminster and its walls echo the vows of the King. There is no one so aged and infirm but that this modern miracle of wireless may give him the illusion of actual participation in the historic ceremony. And when the great shout goes up: "God save the King!" from millions of loyal throats, far from the ancient Abbey will rise an answering shout: "God save the King!"

"My card, Madam. You'll find it in my vest pocket"

STEPHEN RONAY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See page 75 and
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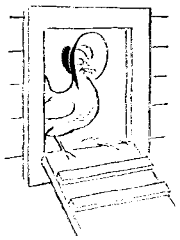

It so happens I don't drink.
If I did I'd stop to think
That the seal that's like an egg
Shows the brand can't be bootleg.

Melissa, the egg's mama

Alseco
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Party Purge

Continued from page 30

Administration. What will it profit him to gain a Supreme Court that will not veto his New Deal program if he is called on to face a senatorial bloc that refuses to enact the laws constituting that program? Where is there any large difference between a "conservative" justice and a "conservative" senator? It follows inevitably that he must and will oppose the re-election of the "rebel" six.

In this case, it is interesting to speculate as to the attitude of the Administration senators in 1938. Will Jimmy Byrnes take the field against Smith in South Carolina? Will Harry Truman fight Bennett Clark in Missouri? Will Sherman Minton campaign against Frederick Van Nuys in Indiana? Postmaster General Farley is on record with the statement that the Supreme Court reorganization "comes directly into the class of those matters in which party loyalty should be the guiding principle." By this test Clark, Tydings, George, Lonergan, Smith and Van Nuys are "disloyal." What will the "loyal" senators do?

In 1940 these nine "rebel" senators must stand for re-election: Burke of Nebraska, Byrd of Virginia, Connally of Texas, Donahey of Ohio, Gerry of Rhode Island, Holt of West Virginia, King of Utah, Walsh of Massachusetts and Wheeler of Montana.

Senator Byrd, of course, does not have to guard his back against the knife of Senator Glass, and Walsh of Massachusetts will not be bothered by young Henry Cabot Lodge, his Republican colleague. There is also a good deal of doubt at this time about the votes of Murray of Montana, Sheppard of Texas and Norris of Nebraska. With respect to the other four, however, the Administration has no more enthusiastic supporters than Bulkley of Ohio, Green of Rhode Island, Neely of West Virginia and Thomas of Utah. What will they do to their recalcitrant colleagues?

How About the Solid South?

Returning to 1938, just as six "rebel" senators will have to face the electorate in that year, so is it the case that these seventeen "loyalists" are also up for re-election: Black of Alabama, Hayden of Arizona, McAdoo of California, Pope of Idaho, Dieterich of Illinois, McGill of Kansas, Barkley of Kentucky, Overton of Louisiana, McCarran of Nevada, Brown of New Hampshire, Wagner of New York, Reynolds of North Carolina, Bulkley of Ohio, Thomas of Oklahoma, Thomas of Utah, Bone of Washington and Duffy of Wisconsin.

Black, Hayden, Barkley, Overton, McCarran, Thomas of Oklahoma, Bone and Duffy have colleagues who see eye to eye with them on the Supreme Court proposal, but it is not so with the others. In New York, for example, Bob Wagner is at sword's points with Good Old Doctor Copeland, and the same situation exists between McAdoo and Hiram Johnson in California, between Pope and Borah in Idaho, between Reynolds and Bailey in North Carolina, between Bulkley and Donahey in Ohio, and between Thomas and King in Utah.

If the "loyalist" colleagues of "rebel" senators fight them for re-election, will the example be followed by such other "rebels" as are not candidates themselves? Or, to make it plainer, if Minton takes the field against Van Nuys in Indiana, will Copeland retaliate against Wagner in New York, and Bailey against Reynolds in North Carolina?

The Republicans, for that matter, are not without their troubles, a thousand and one clashing suggestions continuing the headache that began last November. Some members of the high command want to enter the Democratic primaries in 1938 for the double purpose of defeating "Roosevelt senators" and aiding "rebel" senators. This, of course, would entail a temporary surrender of identity, but against the disadvantage they put the argument that accentuation of Democratic division will permit a Republican victory in 1940.

Opposing the idea, Liberals charge that it would be playing directly into Roosevelt's hands by virtually admitting his contention that only the Democratic party stands for progressive principles.

Conservatives, however, plead the uselessness of trying to beat Roosevelt at his own game, and are unshakably confident that the Supreme Court proposal is but the beginning of a radical program that will shock the American people back into the good old Republican fold. What also makes them less than enthusiastic about any policy of "modernization" is a profound conviction that the Solid South, essentially conservative, has sickened of the New Deal and is ripe for revolt.

Up to a comparatively recent period, the South's conservatism was not a matter of doubt, but just how deep-seated is it today? Starting off with the regular roll call, can Alabama be classed as reactionary when it sends a Hugo Black to the Senate? Here we have the Torquemada of the New Deal, one who has conducted all of its inquisitions with increasing zeal. And while John H. Bankhead, Second, cannot be called a flaming Progressive, the fact remains that he has gulped down New Deal laws with every appearance of relish.

Coming to Arkansas, regarded by many as a carry-over from the Dark Ages, Senator Caraway owed her election in 1932 to the strenuous campaigning of Huey Long, and for quite a while looked askance at the New Deal as not radical enough to suit her taste. As for Senator Joe Robinson, it has become a fixed habit to sneer at him as a bred-in-the-bone reactionary, only held to New Deal support by his invincible partisanship, yet the record shows that he has gone far beyond gestures in his support of radical legislation.

John H. Overton and Allen Ellender, the two senators from Louisiana, were Huey Long lieutenants, honor students in his Share the Wealth school, and Mississippi, the "Heart of the South," is represented by Harrison and Bilbo. The former may have his secret regurgitations, but publicly the New Deal has no more fiery apostle. As for The Man Bilbo, even a $5,000 home bought on time payments looks to him like a "citadel of privilege."

Taking up the case of North Carolina, it may not be denied that Josiah William Bailey carries conservatism to a point where he orders dinosaur eggs for breakfast, but the junior senator, debonair Bob Reynolds, author of Wanderlust and Gypsy Trails, flaunts his badge of progressivism on all occasions.

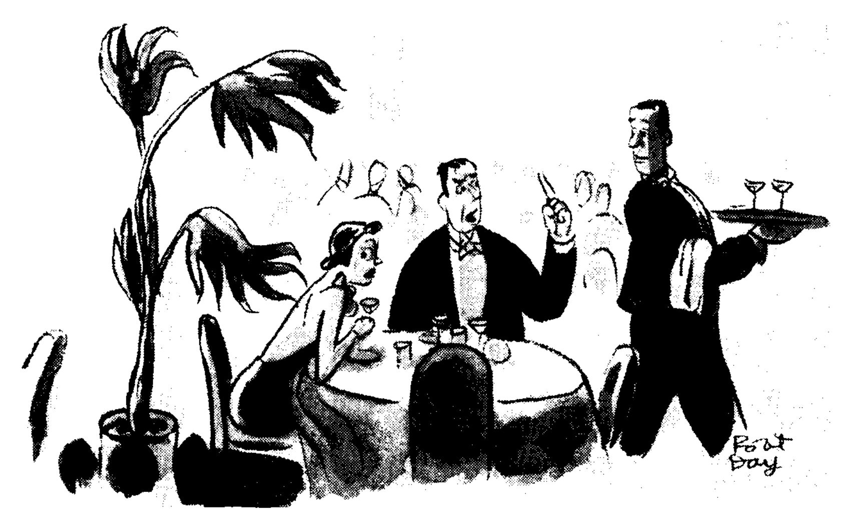
In South Carolina, Ellison D. Smith—"Cotton Ed"—the dean of Democratic senators, due to the fact that he is now serving his fifth term, stems from the same conservative stock as Josiah Bailey and Carter Glass. Paired with him, however, is Jimmy Byrnes, perhaps the closest friend and adviser that the President has in the Senate with the exception of Joe Robinson.

November Will Tell

There is, of course, no doubt as to where Virginia stands. Never at any time have Carter Glass and Harry Byrd made any secret of their antagonism to every essential feature of the New Deal, and nothing is more assured than that the two express the sentiment of their state.

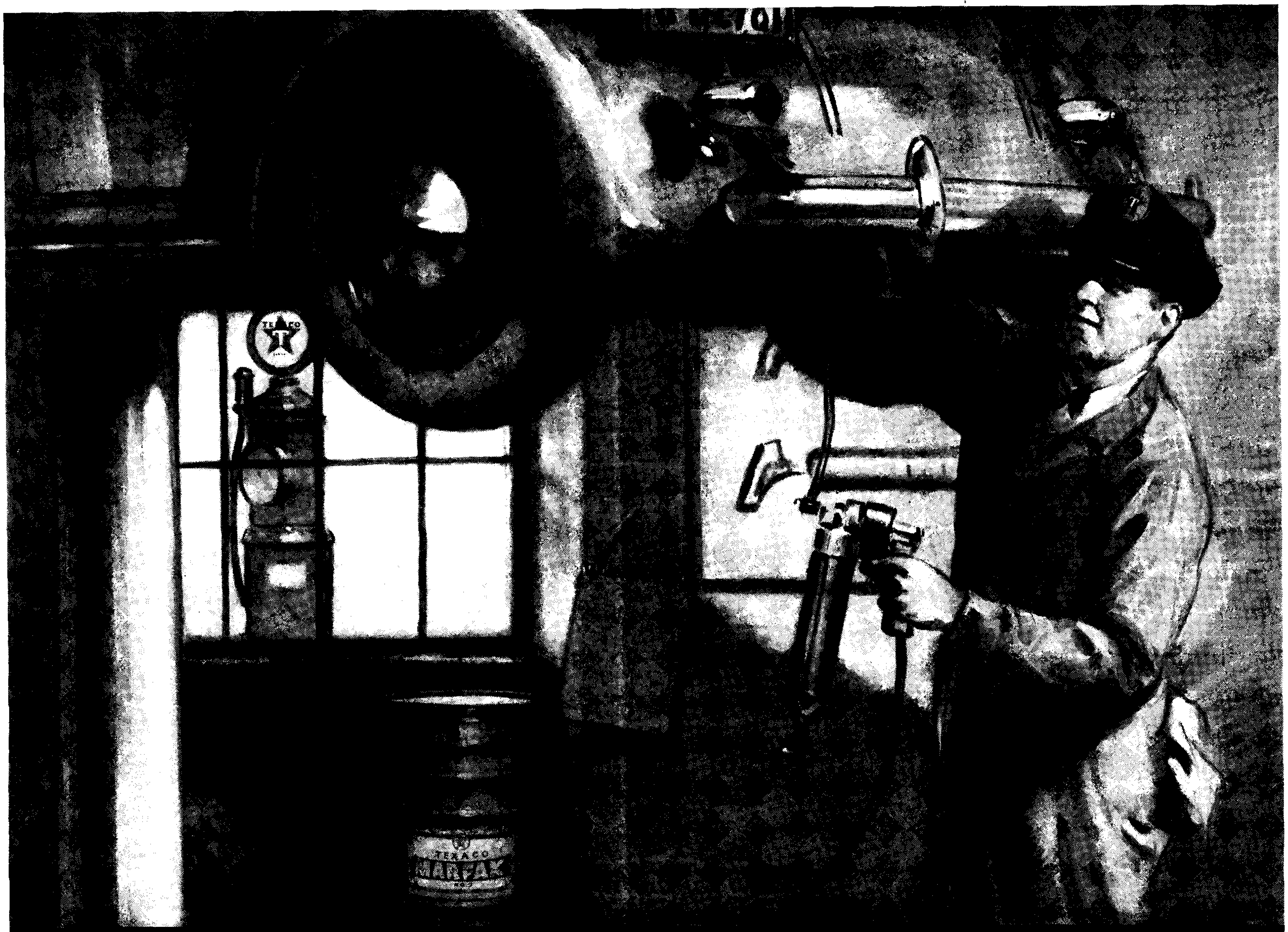
Tennessee and Texas have no such records of stubborn conservatism as Virginia, but in calling the roll of progressive states, it is much to be doubted if either would answer to their names. At the same time, the Tennessee senators—Kenneth McKellar and Nathan Bachman—have never balked at any New Deal law, taking them in their stride and without hint of disrelish. Morris Sheppard, the senior senator from Texas, is "just a Democrat," never questioning the party's leadership, but Tom Connally has a pretty small throat when it comes to swallowing radical measures. One of the first to roar denunciation of the Supreme Court proposal, he raced home as fast as his long legs could carry him and by formal resolution the Texas legislature backed his stand.

All of which means much or nothing, for the personality of Franklin D. Roosevelt must be taken into consideration. Was November's overwhelming majority an approval of New Deal principles, or was it merely a demonstration of popular faith in one of the most colorful and attractive figures that ever flamed across the American stage? Nobody knows and nobody will know until the November elections when he himself will not be a candidate.



"Waiter, this palm is getting fresh with my wife"

ROBERT DAY



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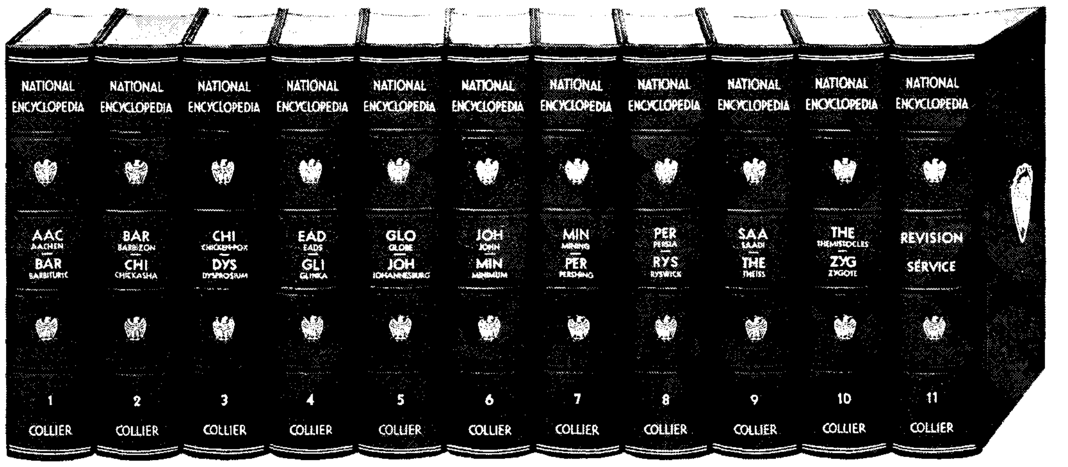

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Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand

The Story Thus Far:

ONE year after Dorrie Innis, a young actress, disappears under mysterious circumstances, "J. J." Leggett, one of her friends, gives a dinner party. When his guests are seated, he startles them by announcing that one of them is his secret enemy, and that a messenger is on the way to tell him who that enemy is! He promises to expose his enemy before the party is over.

When the dinner ends, Leggett excuses himself, leaves the room. His guests scatter over the penthouse, one of the most beautiful in New York. A few minutes later, the police are on the scene, examining the body of John James Leggett, who (so it appears) has killed himself in his study. They declare it to be suicide and depart.

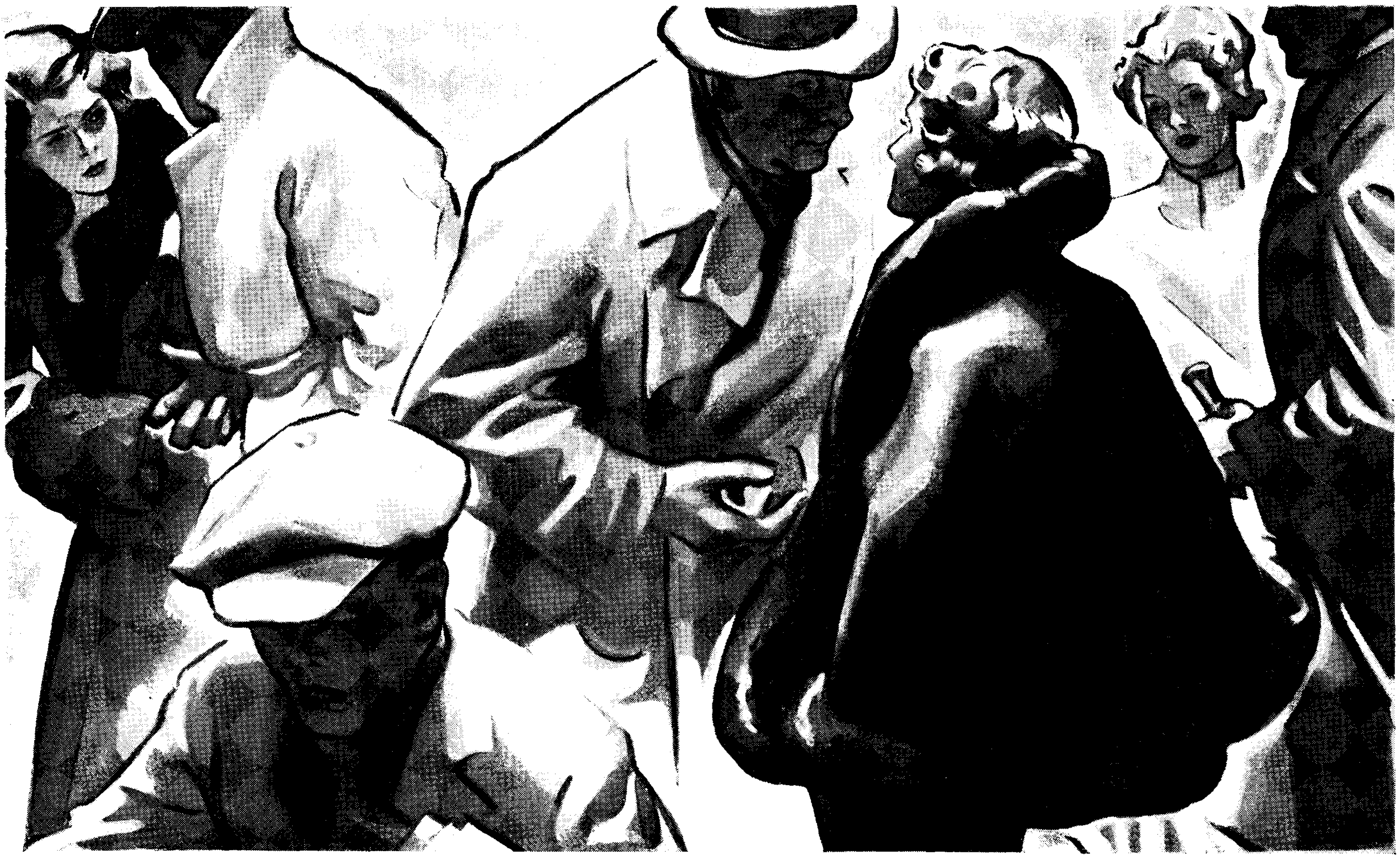
David Ryder, Leggett's nephew, knows that the police are wrong: for he has in his pocket a small golden angel (one of six identical favors given to the six women guests) which he has found beside his uncle's body! But his attempts to learn which of the women—the Countess Lalo, Marene Sutherland, Sydney Galloway, Elspeth Claussen, Leslie Carton and Eileen Durante, all gorgeous blondes—had lost the golden angel meet with no success. Offering various excuses, all of the women refuse to surrender their favors to him. Nor does the disappearance of a will, wherein his uncle had made him the major beneficiary in the division of his vast estate, offer him a very strong "lead."

Determined to clear up the mystery, he employs a detective: Hans Seelig. Seelig, assisted by a corps of expert "shadowers," keeps an eye on everyone who had been at the party. The men in his list of suspects are: dear old Mike Ravenna, Leggett's closest friend; Jimmy Hickey, a columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; and Elspeth Claussen's husband, Eric. Within a few days, a series of strange episodes has rendered almost all of the guests more or less suspect.

And Ryder (as he soon learns) is in peril. Once, awakened in the night, he finds Martin, his uncle's valet, preparing to shoot him. He attacks the intruder, overcomes him; then, sure that the fellow can be of great value to him, he resists the temptation to discharge him. Martin confesses that he had been promised ten thousand dollars by Eric Claussen if he succeeded in murdering Ryder. On another occasion, while calling on Marene Sutherland to enlist her assistance in exposing the murderer, he narrowly escapes assassination. *By whom?* Marene, he feels sure, can answer the question. But, obviously fearful of revenge, she refuses to do so.

Of all the people surrounding him, he is sure of the friendship and support of only one: good old Mike Ravenna. Even Leslie Carton (whom he admires, with whom he is on the verge of falling in love) seems to be untrustworthy—the girl is involved, in some mysterious way, with Elia Gonelli, a criminal with a sinister reputation.

Preparing for a dangerous experiment, Ryder telephones Martin. "I need you," he says. "Come down to the northern entrance of Gresham Lane at once. Someone may be following me. If so, you follow." Martin smiles. "I'll be there," he answers.



"I'm busy, Sydney, darling," said Ravenna. "You're not busy," she insisted. "I need you." "Ah, well, then, of course," he answered

VI

GRESHAM LANE is one of the few in New York that has a crook to it. It starts from the north out of the usual solid wall of concrete and after twenty paces it jogs to the east a little and goes on past the back of a restaurant kitchen below the pavement level, with a steam of soup and smoke of cookery constantly rising through the two manholes. Gresham Lane is an accident which happens to be immortalized and cast into steel and stone.

Martin, at the northern mouth of it, paused to look at the window display of a leather shop. He looked at it with much care, noting down every detail until a clerk peered at him over the inside curtain. Why should a clerk be there at this twilight hour, he wondered?

He turned away and busied himself scratching matches for a cigarette that apparently would not light. Then he saw David Ryder go by him with that alert, swinging stride and not a touch of recognition in his face. Still Martin struggled with his cigarette, which did not catch until a solid chunk of a man in a blue suit moved rapidly across the street and entered Gresham Lane. The street light slashed a black shadow across the upper part of his face but Martin saw the jaw greased with sweat and big with muscle. Martin followed.

Rubber heels help to soften a step and there is also a way of putting down the fore part of the foot with the outer edge first, which is Indian style. That was the system of Martin. He was an expert in silent movement and even up the oldest wooden stairs he knew how to step without permitting a squeak. He walked with a good deal of confidence, therefore, within run-and-jump distance of the man in the blue suit; and he took note, in the meantime, of the wrinkling of that coat between the shoulder blades with every swing of the stranger's arms. It was not fat but deeply layered strength that filled out the clothes of the man in blue. In spite of his bulk, not an echo of his footfall sounded through the narrow alley. Martin recognized the footwork of a kindred spirit and began to press his elbow affectionately against the solid weight of the automatic beneath his coat.

Here for an instant the man in blue turned from sight past the jog in the street. Martin passed the same obtuse angle with the first rich, stale breath of the kitchen in his nostrils and ran straight into the hands of the man in blue. One of them reached for Martin's throat but, missing it, gripped the shoulder of his coat and the flesh beneath; the other hand balled into a fist that clubbed the side of Martin's head and knocked the alley lights into dancing blurs, the shaggy backs of the buildings into waverings of darkness. Through that obscurity he saw Ryder coming like a greyhound. As his master reached the man in blue and knocked him away, whirling, Martin fell on his face.

The big automatic, grinding flesh against his ribs, roused him like a hand of fire. His hand lay in a runlet of

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

MASONITE WINS A BET
FOR BUILDER BEALS

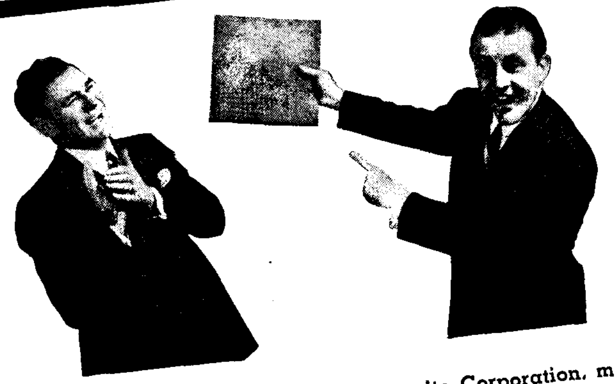
BUILDER CLARK—"Sure, I know MASONITE INSULATION is the best I can buy. But this particular location needs extra protection against dampness and I don't know of any insulation that can supply it. Afraid I'm licked."

BUILDER BEALS—"Bet you a new beveling kit against a public speech I can solve your problem."

BUILDER CLARK—"You're on!"

BUILDER BEALS—"Here's your answer, my friend. MASONITE DUBBLSEAL SHEATHING! It's made of 25/32-inch MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION. Both sides and all the edges are coated with a special asphalt."

BUILDER CLARK—"You win! Here's your speech."



BUILDER CLARK—"In behalf of the Masonite Corporation, may I present a brand-new insulating board that will defy every bit of moisture that attacks your house. And, at the same time, provide the double-barreled insulating values of 25/32-inch MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION. It forms strong, sturdy sheathing . . . eliminates the necessity of other sheathing and insulating materials . . . and enables large sheathing areas to be applied in no time at all. In houses of every type and size, MASONITE DUBBLSEAL SHEATHING more than ever will keep heat and cold on the right side of the wall . . . reduce fuel bills in winter . . . make the house more livable all year round."

It's Right MASONITE

MASONITE
THE WONDER WOOD OF A THOUSAND USES
A MISSISSIPPI PRODUCT
SOLD BY LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Of course, you want to know all about this interesting new Masonite Product. Mail the coupon below for free sample and further details.

MASONITE CORPORATION, Dept. C-5
111 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a free sample of MASONITE DUBBLSEAL SHEATHING and give me full information about this marvelous new Masonite Product.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________

Three Miles Up

Continued from page 17

"You can't live forever," Smith said.

She was paying no attention to what he said. "It must be awful not to be afraid of anything."

Smith looked at her, puzzled.

"Not afraid for yourself," she said, "but afraid for something you care about. Maybe you'll find that out someday. Maybe you'll care a lot about something, and you'll get scared because you think you're going to lose it, and it'll make a lot of difference in you when you do."

Smith said, "Kid, you're way ahead of me."

Julie said, "You think I'm nuts, don't you?"

"One of us is."

She said, "Maybe I am crazy. On the other hand maybe you'll find out someday just what I mean. Maybe you'll get smart."

SMITH had known her for exactly two months when he asked her to marry him. It happened late in August. He rented a car from a "Drive Yourself" agency and they rode north out of town. They finally stopped at a roadhouse perched high up on the bank of the river. They ate dinner, and danced to the music of a good ten-piece band, and after that they stood out on the porch in the moonlight watching a motorboat fight its way upstream against the sluggish pull of the current.

They had been standing there for a long time, smoking, when Smith suddenly said, "Kid, let's get married."

Julie was silent watching the boat go out of sight around a bend in the river. After a while she said, "Sorry, Smith. I can't do it."

"You aren't already married?" Smith said.

She looked up at him through the half dark. "You would think of that," she said. "No. No, I'm not already married."

She knew then that it wouldn't go. She knew then that she could never explain, that she couldn't tell him about sitting around in a state of constant fright wondering when he was going to break his neck, because he would never understand caring enough about anyone to be afraid for them. If he would only say something, she thought. If he would only say, "Kid, I know it's no job for a married man. I know the way you feel about it." But she knew he wouldn't.

He didn't. He said, "Why?"

"You like your job, don't you?" Julie said.

"I wasn't talkin' about a job."

"I was," Julie said. "That's the reason. I'd always be thinking about it and then some day it would happen. You'd be trying to dive one of those crates to terminal velocity and it'd come apart on you and then I'd have to buy all new clothes in a nice shade of black. . . . Thanks! but I don't want a husband one day and a corpse on my hands the next. I wouldn't marry a test pilot if he was the last man on earth."

"What the hell?" Smith said. "Your number's bound to come up sometime."

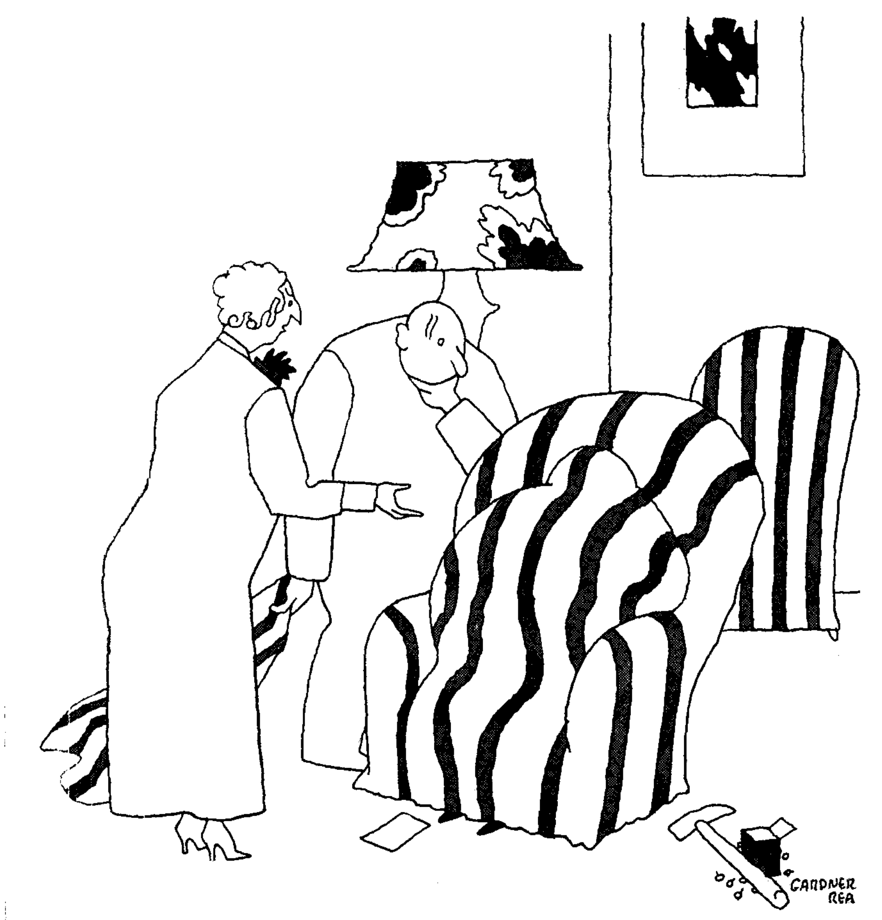
"You don't have to help it along."

"Kid," Smith said, "I don't get you."

"That's right," she said. "You don't get me."

She turned from him abruptly and started walking away down the porch with her high heels tapping swiftly across the boards, and then down the steps, and across the crushed rock of the driveway out in front. Smith stood there and watched her walk up to a cab, and heard her say, "Take me into town. And don't spare the horses." She got in the cab and slammed the door. He was still standing there when the car turned onto the main road.

He didn't move for ten minutes after the taillight of the hack vanished around a curve. Then he said, "Well,



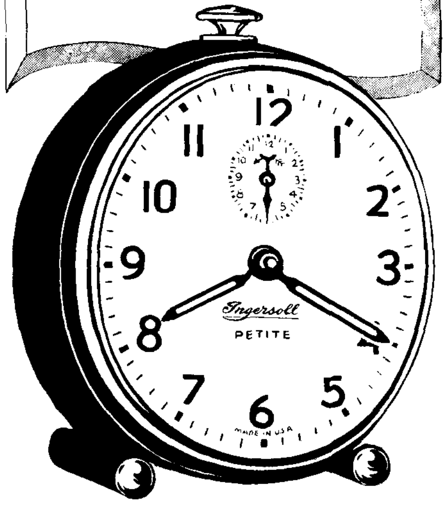
"No wonder you had trouble fitting it—that bump is Mr. Romney"

GARDNER REA

WATCH

Ingersoll

ALARM CLOCKS



Small Boudoir Alarm
$2.95

INGERSOLL... a great name on watches that have timed 150 million lives... is now your value and dependability guide on alarm clocks. Keep your eye on Ingersoll's new alarm clocks. They're ticking along to stardom and popularity like a movie "find".

"PETITE" is the little clock pictured above. Only 3½ inches high, it's a lovely ornament for boudoir table or dresser. A tiny button at the top shows when the alarm is set to ring. Choice of ivory with brass trimmings or black with chromium—$2.95.

"DAYBREAK" is of the same design and colors as Petite but larger—a full 6½ inches high. It has a clear bell alarm and easy-reading dial—$2.45.

"WEATHER-LARM" is a triple bargain. Time, weather and temperature changes all show up on its latest-type dial. Thermometer, barometer and alarm clock all in one. In lustre green, ivory or black—$2.95.

I'll be damned." He went inside to the bar and ordered a double Scotch. He sat all by himself on a high stool and thought about it and tried to figure it out. The thing that wasn't clear was that if she was flying every day why should she object to his flying. After he thought about it for a while he decided that he had been a Grade-A sucker. He decided that she was just another dame on the make, that she had never wanted to marry him at all, and that she had just gone around with him because he had some money to spend and could take her places whenever she wanted to go.

It would have surprised him to know that Julie cried all the way to town in the cab.

Smith left town the following week. He ferried a ship down to an oilman in San Antonio, and when he got down there he didn't come back. It was better that way, he guessed. Going down to Texas, he had fine, clear weather for flying and there was nothing to do but sit there and check the instruments on the panel, so he had lots of time to think about it. He decided then that he would not go back. Not right away at least.

He delivered the ship in San Antonio and hung around there for a month teaching the oilman how to fly it. He could have stayed on after that as a private pilot, just shoving the heap around the state on business trips, but it was too tame a job for him.

HE LEFT Texas and drifted up through the Middle West, and then down into the South again. He picked up a job once in a while, but not often. It was pretty hard to find a job flying. It wasn't like the old days when there weren't enough good pilots to go around and you could pick up a job almost any place if you held a transport license.

He didn't stay long in any one place. He had the old reckless and restless feeling that he used to have when he was barnstorming around the country. He was up in Chicago for a while, and then he started drifting south, traveling with no particular idea in mind except to satisfy that feeling of unrest.

He left Chicago and went south and east and hit the coast down in Jacksonville. It was pretty dull there. He stuck it out for a week, and then went on down to Miami and spent fourteen days there sitting on the beach and fourteen nights sitting in the bar. Drinking didn't do the restlessness any good.

He left Miami for Pensacola, and from there he went to Mobile and Biloxi and Gulfport and Baton Rouge and New Orleans. By the time he'd completed that tour his money was getting low. He sat on the edge of a bed in a hotel room watching the rain beat in on the windows and thought it all out. The only thing to do, he decided, was to head north and go back with the Stecker people if they'd have him. He'd been away so long, he guessed, that it wouldn't matter to him if he happened to see Julie Britton again.

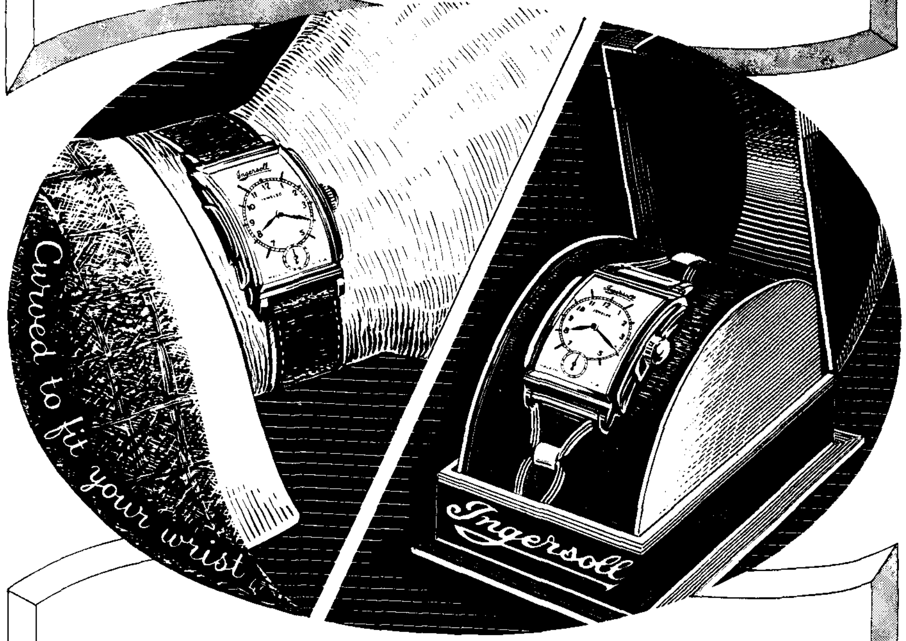
He bumped into the flying circus in a little town in Mississippi. He hit town early in the afternoon with an eight-hour layover staring him in the face. He ate a sandwich at the lunch counter in the bus station, and then started cruising around the square looking for something to pass away the time. The town didn't have much to offer. He passed a couple of pool halls, and a movie house and a bowling alley.

He was halfway around the square when he saw it. It was tacked on a fence in a vacant lot, an eye-filling poster, in the familiar red and blue inks, that he'd seen plastered on five hundred fences in five hundred little towns. It made him feel dirty and hungry just to look at it. It represented something that had filled five or six years of his life.

NEW! JEWELED! CURVED

Ingersoll

WRIST WATCH


Curved to fit your wrist
Ingersoll
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A JEWELED MOVEMENT

..."RISTARCH" $3.95

Ingersoll leads again! Now with the first low-priced jeweled wrist watch! It's a beauty. Case is curved to fit the wrist like the smartest, expensive wrist watches. Non-tarnishing chrome finish. See it now at the best dealers in your locality. An all-American watch—American-made—America's idea of value.

WIFE: A wonderful gift! Ingersoll watches are excellent timekeepers and guaranteed.

BUSINESS MAN: I'm going to get one of these watches. I know Ingersolls are thoroughly dependable.

YOUTH: The boys at school will like this new curved style. Swell-looking dial, too.

JEWELER: I recommend Ingersoll watches. This new jeweled model has my O.K.

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Waterbury, Conn.

The LAST WORD IN PIPES

FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE

$10

Now you pipe-smokers can boast! You've listened to the art buyers and collectors of rare editions. Now, it's your turn with Flame Grain Kaywoodie, the most beautiful thing in wood. Flame Grain Kaywoodie, like the true Oriental pearl, is *discovered*—not made. It can't be copied. It's a classic in wood—deeply, *exquisitely thumb-printed* by Mother Nature, herself. Nothing else has such variety, purity and beauty of "grain pattern." It takes no less than a hundred—and as many as four hundred years of rugged growth to produce Flame Grain Kaywoodie. Each one, like each thumbprint, is an Individual.

You may own a score of good pipes, but *something is missing* until you have "the last word" in pipes!

We will supply names of dealers near you who have Flame Grain Kaywoodies for your inspection. Write our New York office, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.

The Famous DRINKLESS ATTACHMENT

Greatest Improvement for pipe-smokers in 50 years

He left the sidewalk and walked through the dry yellow dust in the lot to look at it. Going toward it he thought, "I didn't know there were any of them left. I thought they were all dead."

The advertising hadn't changed any. They still had the same planes flying in the corners, and they still used the same adjectives.

He didn't read it because he knew it all by heart. He looked at his watch and walked over to the street and got in the most dilapidated-looking hack he'd ever seen. He said, "Fairgrounds."

The driver leaned out to spit. "I reckon you want to see them aviatahs."

"I reckon I do," Smith said.

He got out of the cab into a mob of howling kids and dogs and dust. He went through the gate and down the midway past the carnival and the concession booths, and on to the fence around the race track. He heard a motor drone high overhead and, looking up, saw two planes wheeling over the field with the sunlight coming in bright flashes from the canted wing surfaces. There was a tent set up in the infield with a group of people gathered in front of it, and a ship sitting idle fifty yards away.

Smith climbed the fence and crossed the race track and vaulted the inside rail. A kid in a ragged shirt and a pair of pants that had once been white came running toward him, yelling, "No spectators allowed inside the fence," like a boy reciting a lesson in a schoolroom, only louder. "No spec—"

"It's all right, son," Smith said. "I was flyin' the damn' things when you were learnin' to walk."

He went ahead through the dust, oblivious to the kid's protesting voice at his side. In front of him the figure of a man detached itself from the group and came toward him. Even at that distance Smith recognized him. That ungainly and corpulent figure. It took him back six years, maybe eight. Everybody called him Jew Jake and if he had any other name Smith didn't know it. Well, all the barnstormers weren't dead yet.

THE fat man came on, rubbing his hands in a familiar and excited gesture. When he was twenty yards away his face split in a grin of recognition. He came on almost at a half run, his fat body shaking with the motion, his face gleaming and distended in the smile.

"My God! It's like you was an angel from heaven. Like I said what I needed and there it was. Maybe you'd like to make five bucks easy?"

"Jake," Smith said, "you wouldn't put out five bucks for anything less than a suicide."

"No, it ain't that," the fat man said. "It's that damn' Bart. I got a jumper now the way it's written in the program and Louie and Zig are up and that damn' Bart's drunk again. It ain't as if you could climb up to do a 'chute jump from a ladder, but nobody can fly the plane except Bart and I ain't seen him since yesterday afternoon, and Louie and Zig are up flying and the jump is supposed to come off now like a schedule. Five bucks, easy. You take my jumper up."

"Yeah," Smith said.

Somebody gave him a helmet and a pair of goggles and he crawled in the rear cockpit and sat there waiting, watching the prop kick over in front of him. He saw the jumper come out of the tent and start toward the plane. He watched the figure come on and it was halfway to the ship before he realized it was a woman. She had on white coveralls, and a white helmet, and goggles. She was wearing a seat-pack 'chute that bounced against the back of her legs as she walked.

She was climbing into the front cockpit with one foot on the wing before he recognized her.

"Kid!" Smith said. "What the—"

She said. "What difference does it make?" She didn't tell him anything more than that. She didn't tell him that she had quit a perfectly good job because she wanted to leave town so she wouldn't see him any more and wouldn't be around when he finally killed himself. And she didn't tell him that her money had run out in Arkansas and she took this job because it was the only job to be had, and that it scared her to death every time she went overboard, but what was a girl to do? She turned around on the wing and said, "Get this crate in the air before Jake has a set of hysterics. Spot me over the field at about eighteen thousand. Maybe you've done it before."

"Yeah," Smith said.

HE TOOK the ship up automatically. He taxied down the field and turned it into the wind, hearing the amplifiers as a jumbled blare of sound, making an announcement. He gunned the motor and put the stick forward till the tail came up and when it felt right beneath him he eased the stick back and took her off the ground. He put it in a slow climb and then sat back and tried to think, but it wouldn't go. The only things he thought were that she was doing 'chute jumps for some reason that he didn't know, and that it was damned funny bumping into her this way. He was too surprised to think anything beyond that.

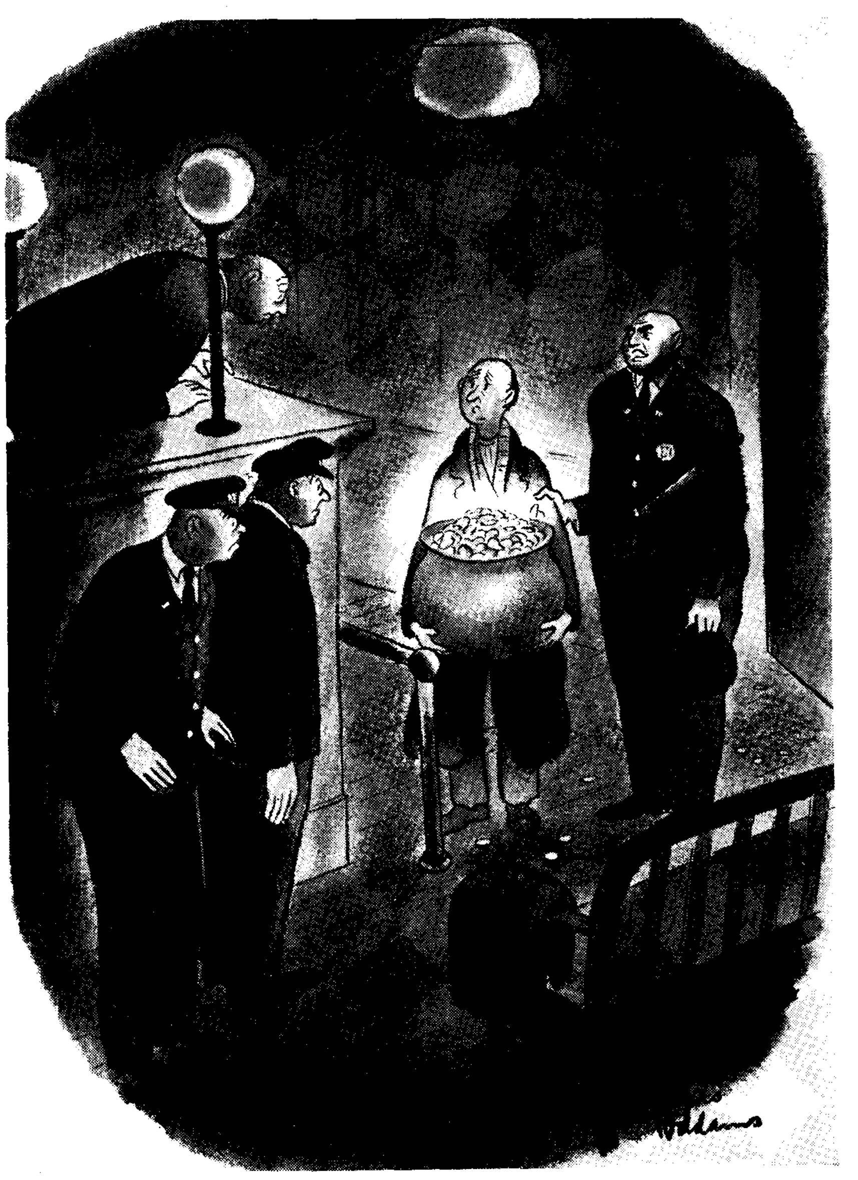
Below them the field spread out in a flat dun colored plane, with the dark ant-spots of people moving on its surface. Smith kept the ship in a climb, watching the altimeter move up. He banked it in a turn and leveled off at eighteen thousand and headed back over the field with the motor throttled down. He watched Julie climb out of the front cockpit and make her slow, precarious way along the wing while he kept the ship level and the wing up under her weight.

When she went overboard the wing came up. He saw the start of the fall, the first grotesque plunge of that white figure, and then the wing came up and his vision was obscured for a moment. He kicked the crate over on one wing and hooked his chin over the edge of the cockpit looking down, counting in his mind, "One, two, three, four—" and up to ten, and waiting for the 'chute to open at ten, or right after ten, if she had counted and pulled the rip cord.

He was going down in a tight spiral trying to follow that falling white figure and counting and waiting for the parachute to blossom below him. He went on down in that spiral and then he started remembering things. He remembered seeing a jumper killed in Nebraska because the 'chute hadn't been properly packed and wouldn't open; and he remembered a girl jumper in Colorado jumping and then getting scared and freezing on the ring and never pulling it at all.

After that he was afraid. After that he didn't remember much except the tight hard sickness of fear, and knowing he was afraid, and knowing then how much she meant to him.

He was yelling but there seemed to be no sound above the screaming of the wind in the wires. Smith's hands were wet, and his face was white, and the muscles stood out in ridges along his jaw. He was swearing to himself, going over all the cuss words he knew. It wasn't profane, though; it was a prayer.



"He claims he found it at the end of a rainbow" CHAS. ADDAMS

· Worth one hundred billion dollars ·

The mother and the child are the two principal reasons why men insure. This elemental instinct of family protection takes the very practical form, in the United States, of one hundred billion dollars of life insurance. In discharging the sacred trust given them, insurance companies have proved, and will continue to prove, faithful stewards.

Thos I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. How can life insurance help assure funds for a child's education?

A. You can arrange for the insurance company to pay certain amounts, by means of a special educational fund policy.

• • •

Q. How much life insurance can you obtain for $5 a month?

A. This varies a good deal with your age and the type of policy selected. Answering very generally, a man of 35 could obtain about $2000 of Ordinary Life Insurance for $5 a month.

• • •

Q. What are some uses of life insurance in addition to those most commonly known?

A. To teach a child thrift, to protect an estate against shrinkage, to safeguard one's business interests, to provide an annual birthday or Christmas check for some loved one, to create a retirement fund.

• • •

Q. What is "The Equitable Case Method"?

A. The method followed by a trained agent as he studies your individual needs and then develops a life insurance program that exactly fits them.

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Q. What is an interesting feature of the Endowment Policy?

A. It pays *you* yourself the face amount of the policy, ten, fifteen or twenty years from now, as you specify. An example of the interesting fact that life insurance is really *living* insurance.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

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FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
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TROPIX

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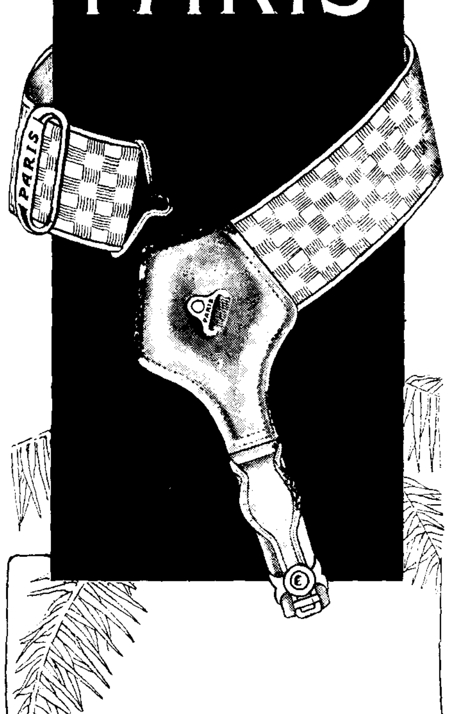

COOL

Smartly styled for Summer

Even in summer weather falling sox are "out"... thanks to the new...cool...comfortable..."Tropix" Paris Garters. Frosty-crisp patterns and easy-stretch elastic... a welcome combination of authentic style and perfect comfort for summer.

To summarize...be summerwise...be cool...get several pair...prolong their wear by daily change. Your cool, comfortable new "Tropix" Paris Garters in a variety of smart, summery colors at your dealer's...now. Comfortably priced... Most styles, 50c. Others to $1.

Styled by the makers of "Tropix" Paris Suspenders and Sport Belts

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PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Except that it lacked the deep sonorous quality that prayers usually have. "God!" he was yelling. "Pull that rip cord. You damned fool. You damned little fool!"

Afterward it seemed to him that he sat there for years, forgetting himself and the plane, forgetting everything but that falling figure and the parachute not opening. Leaning over the edge of the cockpit with his eyes down and swearing and yelling to himself.

When he finally saw the parachute open near the ground the first thing he felt was relief, and after he got all through feeling that he felt mad.

HE NEVER remembered landing the plane. It seemed that one minute he was in the air and the next minute he was on the ground and climbing out of the cockpit. Jew Jake was coming toward him from the tent, rubbing his hands and smiling.

"It's colossal, ain't it?" he said. "That girl. She falls so far I am even scared myself who knows what it is she is doing. It's co—"

Smith knocked him down. He did it impersonally the way you remove some inanimate object from your path when you're walking. He felt the shock in his arm and saw the fat surprised face inclined in its backward fall, and then he was walking again, over the dry grass through the sun.

He met her at the edge of the field. She had dirt on her face and dirt smeared all over one side of the white coveralls, and she was limping. She wouldn't look at him. Smith fell in beside her, trying to accustom his long stride to her walk, talking.

"They pay you twenty-five dollars. Twenty-five lousy bucks and you go up three miles in the air and jump out and then fall back down two miles and seven eighths before you open that bag, and you must have been right in the treetops by that time. Now why the hell do you do it?"

She wouldn't look at him.

"It's better than starving to death."

"It's quicker," Smith said, "the way you do it. You don't have to wait so long to pull that ring."

She walked beside him, staring straight ahead. "You ought to know the way Jake is. He'd like it better if I didn't pull it at all. It'd give the customers a thrill."

"Kid," Smith said, "you can't do it. You got to cut it out."

She said. "Why?"

"Because," Smith said. He tried to find words to say it and then he put it the only way he knew how to put it. "Because you scared the hell out of me."

Still she avoided looking at him. "That's a standoff," she said. "You scared the hell out of me.... I'm no fool, though. I'd quit it if there were something else to do. I'd quit it if somebody asked me to."

"Yeah," Smith said, and it was all clear to him then. He knew what she had been talking about in that restaurant that night, and he knew why she hadn't married him. It didn't mean that she didn't care about him. It meant just the opposite.

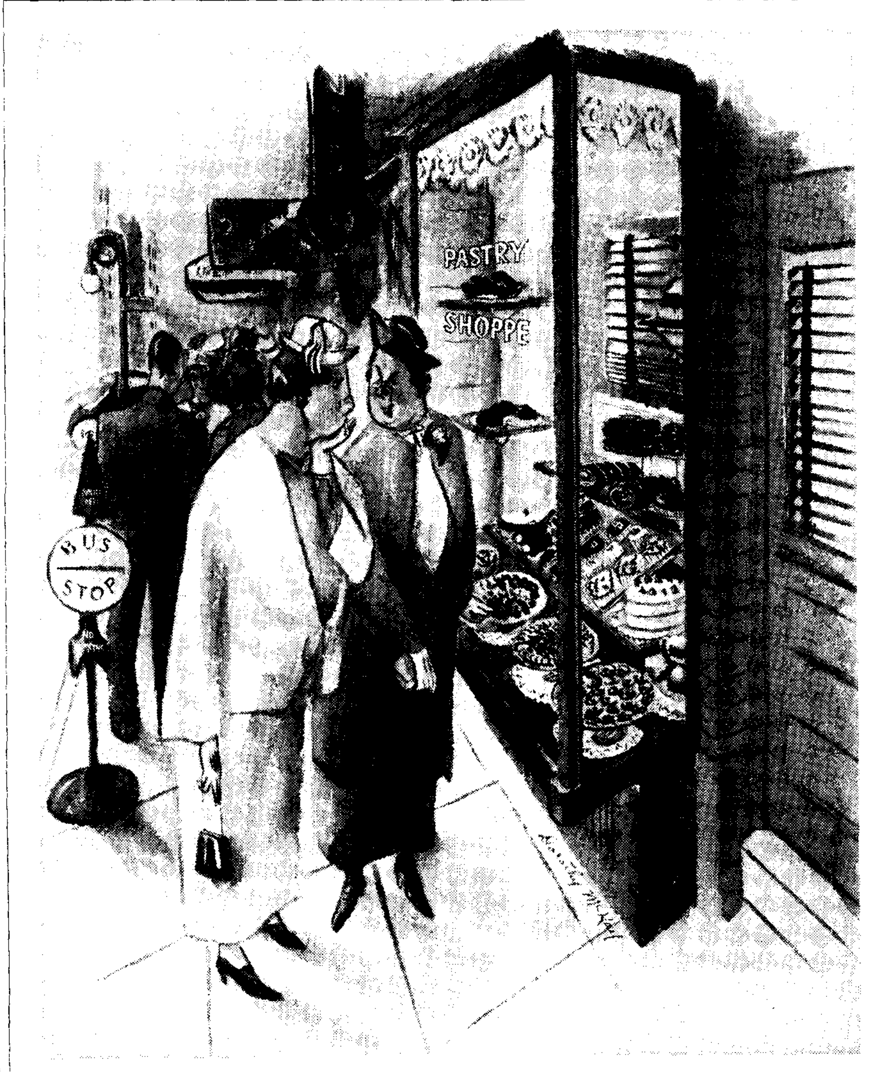
He said, "Yeah," again. He knew what he had to do. "Kid," he said, "I could go back with the Stecker outfit, in the plant some place. They offered me that once. . . . It doesn't pay as much money."

She looked up at him for the first time. "You don't think I care about that?"

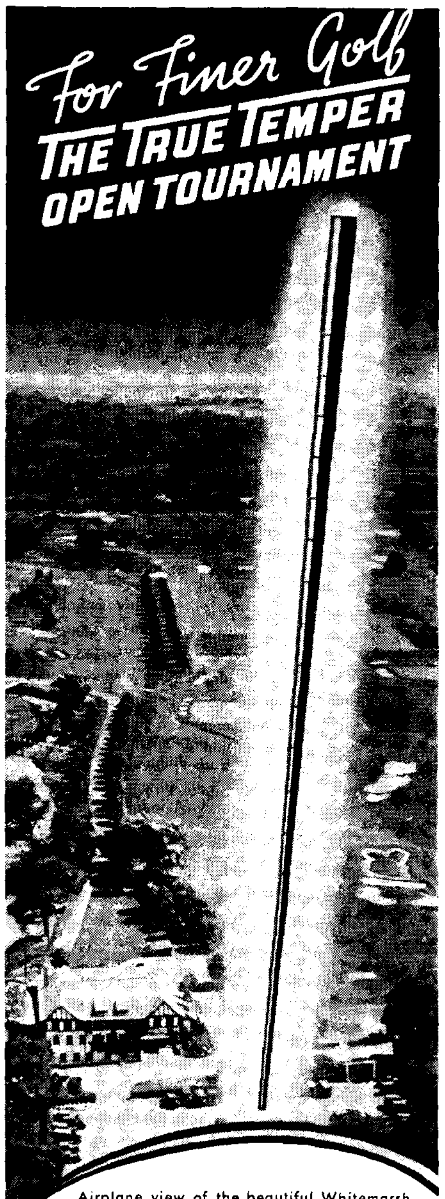
"No," he said.

"You really mean it? You won't mind it, in the plant?"

"No," Smith said. He flipped his cigarette away, walking beside her through the sun and the slowly rising dust, smiling, feeling fine. "I didn't know how it was before," he said. "I've never been so scared in my life."



"Let's spoil our dinner!" DOROTHY McKAY



For Finer Golf
THE TRUE TEMPER OPEN TOURNAMENT

Airplane view of the beautiful Whitemarsh Valley Country Club, with its distinctive white sand traps, at Chestnut Hills (Suburb of Philadelphia) Pa., where the Fourth National TRUE TEMPER Open Golf Tournament will be played, June 24th, 25th and 26th, 1937.

FOR the fourth time we are sponsoring a TRUE TEMPER Open Golf Tournament. $4,000.00 in prize money is provided for winning Professional Contestants and beautiful Silver Plaques for Amateurs.

The purpose of this tournament is to stimulate the use of fine equipment as a means of playing better golf; to encourage the development of golfing skill and promote the fine traditions of sportsmanship characteristic of this great game.

The 1937 TRUE TEMPER Tournament is open to both Amateur and Professional players. It will be conducted by the Philadelphia Section of the Professional Golfers' Association of America. Requests for Tournament information and entry blanks, should be addressed to Secretary, TRUE TEMPER Tournament Committee, Riverton, N. J.

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Sporting Goods Division, Dept. G-1, Geneva, Ohio
Descriptive booklet—The Golf Shaft of Champions—free on request.

Note: All golf club makers use TRUE TEMPER Shafts on their finer clubs. We make golf shafts only—no clubs or other golf equipment of any kind.

TRUE TEMPER

The Golf Shaft of Champions

Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 61

moisture. Nausea helped to pull up his knees under his body, and when he could lift his head he saw the long legs of Ryder, the short legs of the man in blue as they grappled, staggering.

He got his hand on the automatic but he could not pull it out. Instead of strength in his wrist and elbow he had only electric jitters; then he saw Ryder go down with a whack as though the flat of two hands had been clapped together. The man in blue fell with him, rolled to his feet, and seemed to drag up Ryder with him.

IN THE slowly clearing mind of Martin the images of action blurred like underexposed pictures or something seen through rain, but he heard the cracking impact of Ryder's fist and watched the gray hat hop from the head of the stranger as he reeled back against the wall. He had a close-clipped, blond head that glistened as though with its own special light; still brighter was the gun that he pulled from his coat. The flash of it telegraphed a message through every nerve of Martin and brought him to life. With one gesture he dragged out his automatic and swung it with all his might against the nearest leg of the man in blue. The bone of the shin crunched under the stroke. He made one staggering hop before he fell. He was so strong that his two arms cushioned the fall like rubber and let his weight spring up again until he was on one knee; but pain had so weakened him that Ryder pulled the gun out of his fingers. He dropped back to a sitting posture with the broken leg horribly twisted before him.

Ryder was straightening it as Martin got to his feet.

"Lie flat on your back; it'll ease you," Ryder directed.

The man in blue did not seem to hear. He braced himself on his long arms like an ape, drawing in breath through his mouth and snorting it forth through his nose. His hair was not pale with age but with extreme blondness. Below the eyebrows he had the face of a world conqueror but above was the head of a child.

"What's your name?" Ryder asked.

"Tony," the man answered.

"Who sent you after me, Tony?"

Tony made no reply.

"I can make him talk," remarked Martin, taking hold of the broken leg.

Tony groaned on an indrawn breath.

"Let him be," said Ryder.

"One twist—that will make him talk fast enough," said Martin. "He would have murdered you, sir."

"Not this poor devil. The money behind him is what you mean," said Ryder. "Lie down flat, Tony. As soon as we're out of sight, yell a time or two and people will come. Tell 'em that you stumbled and hit your shin on the curb, here."

BUT Tony forgot his pain to stare with open mouth at Ryder.

"You mean you're leaving me in the clear?" he asked.

"We're leaving you in the clear," answered Ryder.

"What the hell?" asked Tony.

"So long!" called Ryder. "Come on, Martin."

"Wait a minute!" called Tony. "The dirty, two-faced twicer! He didn't tell me you were a white man like this. . . . I'll give you the name. I'll give you everything. . . . It's Gonelli!"

"Ah, my friend Gonelli! He sent you?" said Ryder.

"Yes. . . . Gonelli!"

"To trail me? Was that it?"

"I trail you to see that you don't go to the apartment house where Porter Brant lives," said Tony.

"And if I go there?" asked Ryder.

"I shoot," said Tony.

"Gonelli — Brant — and murder. There's sure to be murder if Gonelli's in the soup," said Ryder. "But Porter Brant?"

"If they know," said Tony, "they cut out my heart."

"They'll never hear it from me," said Ryder. "But how can a fellow like Gonelli spend money like water?"

"Gonelli? He's nothing much," said Tony. "But the ones behind. The *big* one behind!"

"Who's that?" Ryder asked.

Tony made a wide gesture to banish all thought of speech from his mind.

"We'll go," said Ryder.

"One minute more," pleaded Martin. He got down on one knee and snarled at Tony: "You know what he's done, Tony? He could send you up the river to cool till you're an old man. He's letting you go. Come clean, Tony. Let's have the story. Mr. Ryder will take care of you. He'll take you in. He's rich, and he's straight. Hell, Tony, he's straighter than a rod. Talk out, will you? He'll have your leg patched so you'll never limp. Will you talk?"

Tony, for an answer, lay down on his back.

"Go away," he muttered.

WHEN Ryder and Martin reached the house, a telephone message had in fact come from Porter Brant, and Ryder rang him at once.

The rich, affected unction of Brant's voice answered: "Ah, Ryder? I've been trying to put a hand on you. Can I see you?"

"I think so," said Ryder.

"But here? Could you come here?"

"That's harder," said Ryder.

The voice of Brant changed suddenly in quality.

"I don't want to leave the place," he said. "It might be dangerous. . . ."

"What's this all about?" asked Ryder.

"Ryder, I can't tell you, but will you come?"

"You talk like life or death," said Ryder.

"Life and death . . . and millions!" cried Brant. "Will you come to me, man?"

"I'll come in a moment," said Ryder.

He rang Seelig. The report was quite up-to-date. Countess Lalo was home; the Claussens were at Francesco's: so were Ravenna and Eileen Durante; Porter Brant at home; Jimmy Hickey at his newspaper office.

"But the first one you want to know about—the chief one of all of them—the Miss Carton!" said Seelig, with triumph in his voice.

"Well, what about her?" demanded Ryder.

"She has gone off in an automobile with Elia Gonelli!" cried Seelig.

"Where?" shouted Ryder.

"We follow them; we hope to keep close to them; have no fear," called Seelig.

The ugly brutality of the face of Gonelli formed like a ghost before Ryder, smiling.

He put the image away from him by force.

"I have to reach Marene Sutherland," he said. "What about her?"

"I should have told you that first of all. . . . She is gone."

"Gone?"

"She is gone from New York."

STOP PAMPERING YOUR CAR WITH OIL "BETWEEN MEALS"

I WANT SOME OIL
WHY ALL SHE NEEDS IS SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS — THEY'LL END HER HUNGER!
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READ HOW THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE ARE ENJOYING "DRAIN TO DRAIN" OIL MILEAGE SINCE INSTALLING

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

IF your car has become an oil glutton . . . if you have to add and add, just after you have drained and filled . . . here's a practical hint that will save you dollars monthly on oil! Install Sealed Power Rings!

Man! What a Difference!

Oil economy such as you enjoyed when your car was new will be restored. And pep, speed, power will be renewed, too!

These unique rings are the creation of Sealed Power engineers who built the rings for the 1937 Buick, Cord, Hudson, Nash LaFayette, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Terraplane, Willys, and other leading 1937 cars. Leading trucks, tractors, cabs and buses also feature them.

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Warning! Read Carefully!

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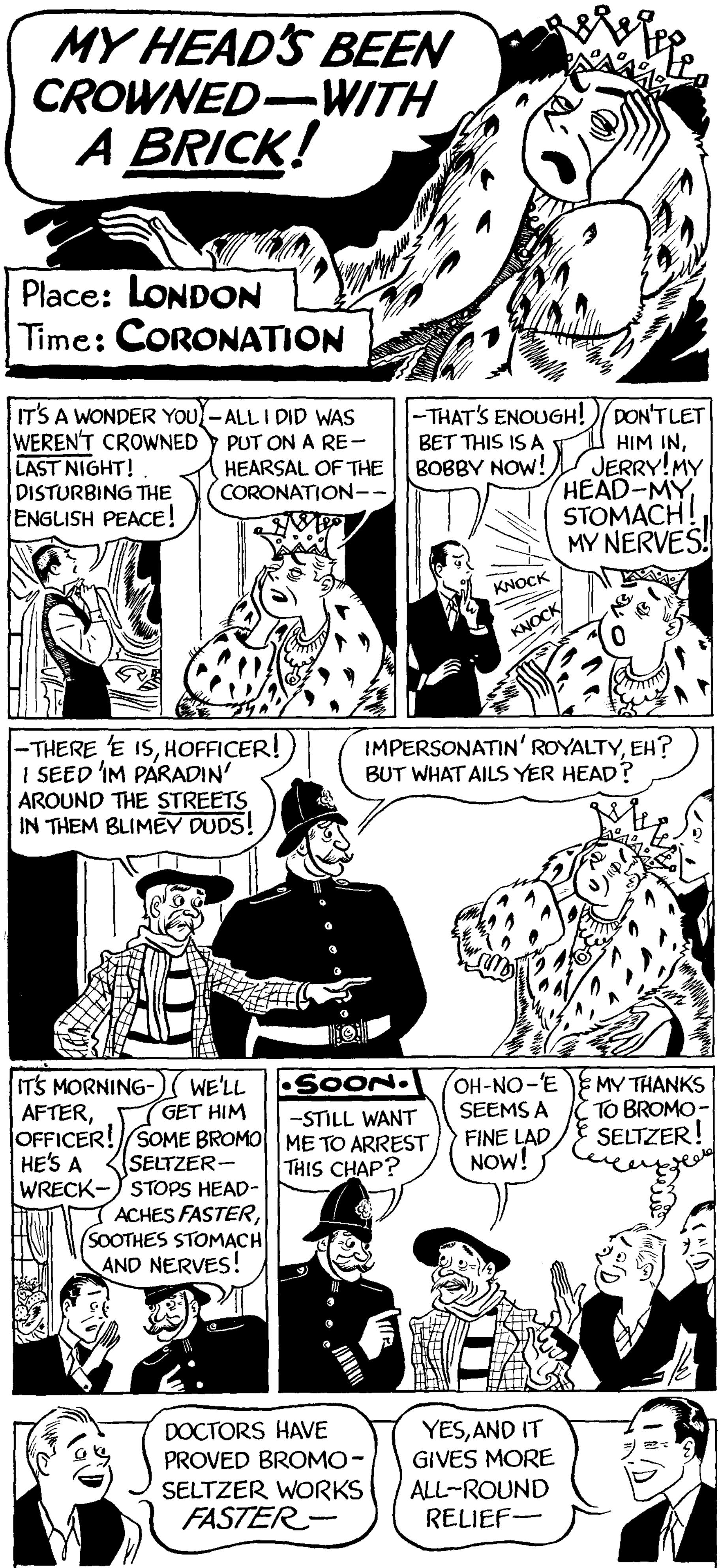
MY HEAD'S BEEN CROWNED—WITH A BRICK!
Place: LONDON
Time: CORONATION
IT'S A WONDER YOU WEREN'T CROWNED LAST NIGHT! DISTURBING THE ENGLISH PEACE!
—ALL I DID WAS PUT ON A RE-HEARSAL OF THE CORONATION—
—THAT'S ENOUGH! BET THIS IS A BOBBY NOW!
DON'T LET HIM IN, JERRY! MY HEAD—MY STOMACH! MY NERVES!
KNOCK KNOCK
—THERE 'E IS, HOFFICER! I SEED 'IM PARADIN' AROUND THE STREETS IN THEM BLIMEY DUDS!
IMPERSONATIN' ROYALTY, EH? BUT WHAT AILS YER HEAD?
IT'S MORNING-AFTER, OFFICER! HE'S A WRECK—
WE'LL GET HIM SOME BROMO SELTZER—STOPS HEADACHES FASTER, SOOTHES STOMACH AND NERVES!
•SOON•
—STILL WANT ME TO ARREST THIS CHAP?
OH-NO-'E SEEMS A FINE LAD NOW!
MY THANKS TO BROMO-SELTZER!
DOCTORS HAVE PROVED BROMO-SELTZER WORKS FASTER—
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1. DOCTORS' TESTS recently proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

"Seeing," cried Ryder, "if she's gone from New York, she's dead."

"No, Mr. Ryder. She's in Boston, we hear. She will come back."

"Find her! Find her!" commanded Ryder. "And let me know at once. If I can have five minutes talk with her, the whole business may be cleared up."

He hung up.

WHEN Ryder reached the Brant apartment, the door opened a crack and he saw first the shining of golden hair; then Sydney Galloway opened the door wide, laughing.

"That's the formula today," she said. "We listen first, and then we look. Come in, David. Let me have your hat. . . . Coming, Porter! Coming with David Ryder."

She explained as they went down the hall together: "That's to keep from breaking into the middle of one of his thoughts. Thoughts don't come to my Porter like a flock of swallows. They come one by one and he keeps them in cold storage. . . . Here he is, Porter. What are you offering him to drink? He looks like an old-fashioned to me."

Brant came forward in a wine-colored smoking jacket and offered his hand.

"The terrible part about Sydney is that she looks so lovely and she's really so dreadful," he said. "Ryder, I know you don't want anything as barbarous as an old-fashioned."

"I do, though," said Ryder. "I want it plenty."

"You see what it is to be a man, Porter?" asked the girl.

She went out of the room, smiling.

"What's the matter?" asked Ryder, as he sat down.

"I'm in a state of siege," said Porter Brant, leaning forward confidentially and explaining with his upturned hands. "It's a terrible thing, Ryder. I mean, in a great city like New York, to be in danger!"

"There're the police, you know," said Ryder.

"The police! If I called them in, they'd laugh."

"Yes, they do that, sometimes," nodded Ryder. "It's not murder, I suppose."

"Murder? What put that word in your mouth?" asked Brant.

"Why, all these precautions, and this whispering talk."

Sydney Galloway came in with a big old-fashioned and gave it to Ryder. She put a glass and a bottle of Rhine wine, frosted to silver, beside Brant.

"I've got to fly," she said. "If Porter gets too excited, just hold his hand a while and he'll calm down."

"Have a good time. Give the Claussens my love. And don't stay out too late, darling," said Brant.

"Just be patient with him," said the girl to Ryder, and hurried down the hall.

"I was going to say—what was I going to say?" asked Brant.

"Something about it not being murder," suggested Ryder.

"I wish you wouldn't use that word again!" protested Brant.

"By the way," said Ryder, "does Sydney keep that dinner token about? That golden angel, you know?"

"She keeps it on the dresser in her room," said Brant. "Why?"

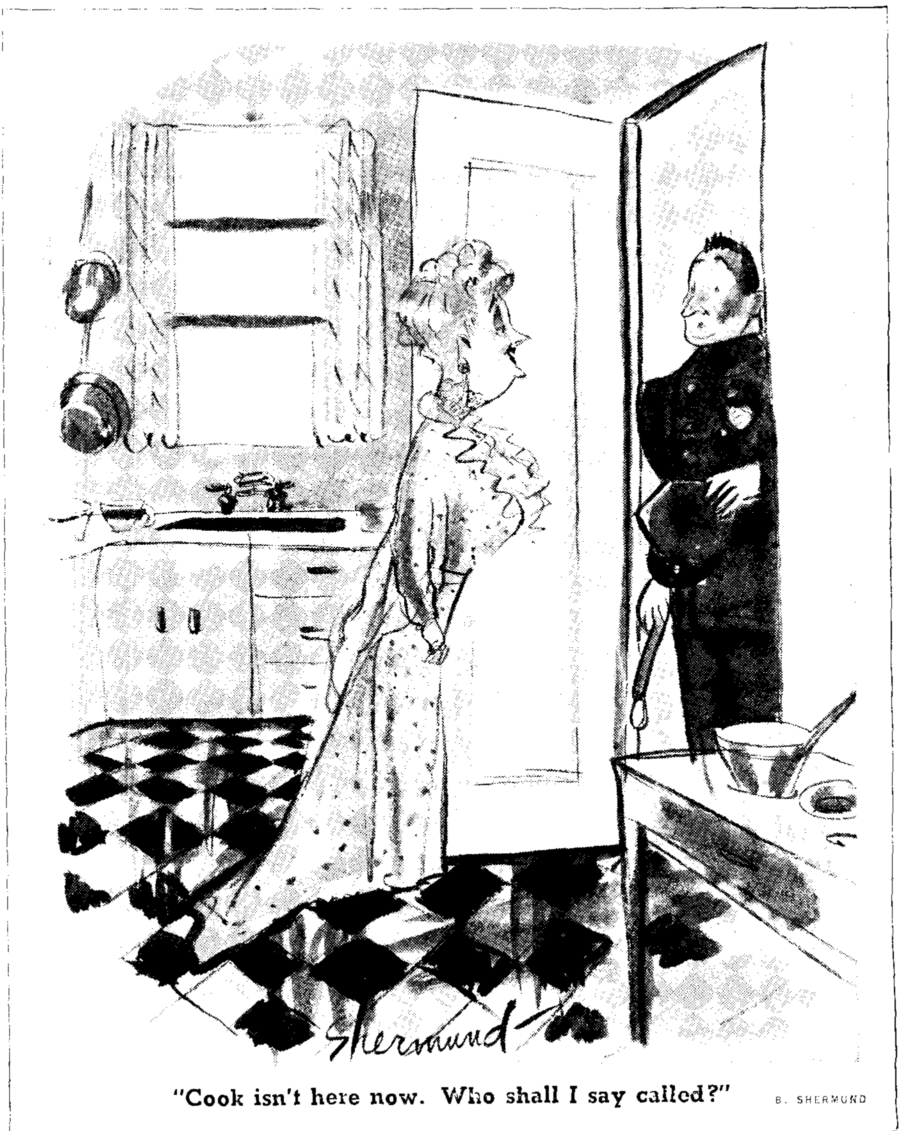
"I just wondered," said Ryder.

"I really want to get on," said Brant. "Please do."

"It's a matter," whispered Brant, "that *could* be murder! That's the truth of it. *Could* be murder. I want to speak to you about the most unscrupulous human being in the world. A devil. A perfect devil, Ryder!"

"Go on," said Ryder. "Man or woman?"

"I'll come to that. It is a thing in which I need help. You understand? The matter of fact is that we would be in a position to put on pressure. Don't



"Cook isn't here now. Who shall I say called?"

B. SHERMUND

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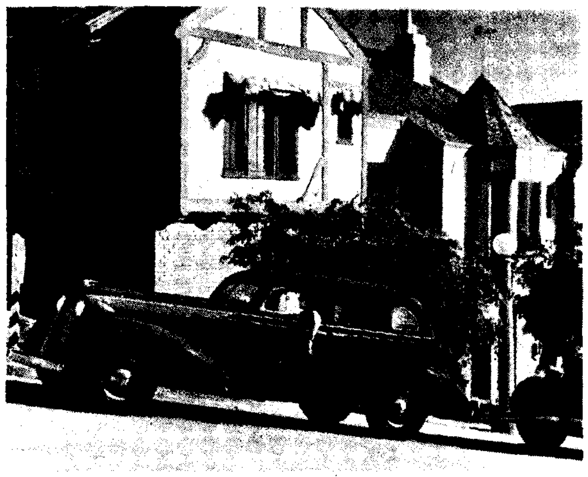
ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

THE MARVEL OF 1937 IN GAS AND OIL SAVINGS



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TENS of thousands of motorists who formerly bought only very lowest priced cars are already money ahead by owning new 1937 Studebakers.

They've actually invested only a few dollars more in cash and they're saving remarkably every week on gas and oil bills.

New economy engineering, unique with Studebaker, is responsible for this. With its sensational Fram oil cleaner plus its gas-saving automatic overdrive, the new Studebaker equals and often beats the best showing of lowest priced cars.

And there isn't another car, regardless of price, with the smart style, the complete safety, the sound construction, the thrilling performance that the new Studebaker offers. Don't take anything second best for your new car money. See and drive a new low priced Studebaker first. The Studebaker C. I. T. budget plan offers low time payments. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

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WORLD'S ONLY CAR WITH REVOLUTIONARY AND EXCLUSIVE RATTLE-PROOF ROTARY DOOR LATCHES

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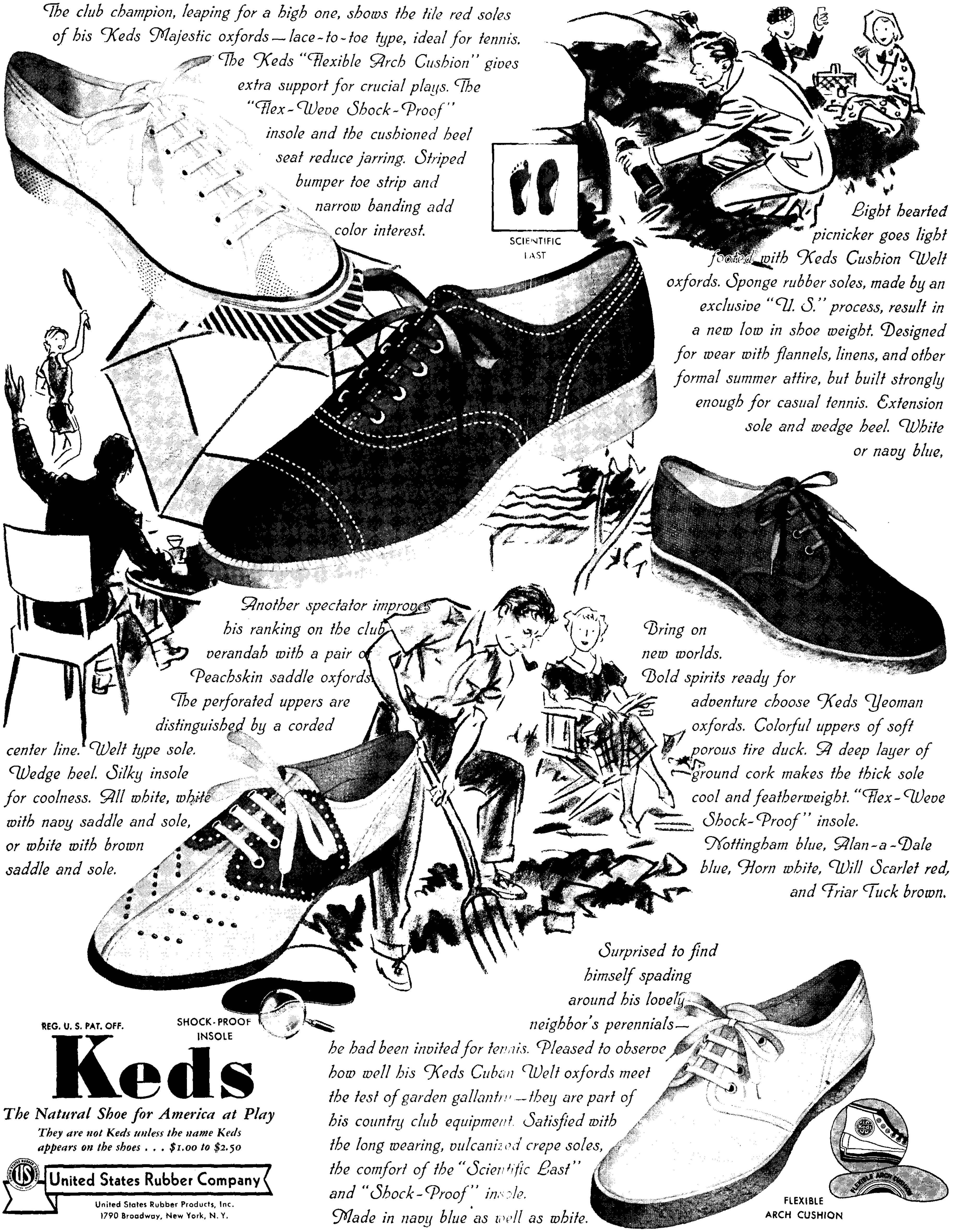
Exciting 1937 Studebakers



The club champion, leaping for a high one, shows the tile red soles of his Keds Majestic oxfords—lace-to-toe type, ideal for tennis. The Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" gives extra support for crucial plays. The "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole and the cushioned heel seat reduce jarring. Striped bumper toe strip and narrow banding add color interest.

Light hearted picnicker goes light footed with Keds Cushion Welt oxfords. Sponge rubber soles, made by an exclusive "U. S." process, result in a new low in shoe weight. Designed for wear with flannels, linens, and other formal summer attire, but built strongly enough for casual tennis. Extension sole and wedge heel. White or navy blue,

Another spectator improves his ranking on the club verandah with a pair of Peachskin saddle oxfords. The perforated uppers are distinguished by a corded center line. Welt type sole. Wedge heel. Silky insole for coolness. All white, white with navy saddle and sole, or white with brown saddle and sole.

Bring on new worlds. Bold spirits ready for adventure choose Keds Yeoman oxfords. Colorful uppers of soft porous tire duck. A deep layer of ground cork makes the thick sole cool and featherweight. "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insole. Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, and Friar Tuck brown.

Surprised to find himself spading around his lovely neighbor's perennials—he had been invited for tennis. Pleased to observe how well his Keds Cuban Welt oxfords meet the test of garden gallantry—they are part of his country club equipment. Satisfied with the long wearing, vulcanized crepe soles, the comfort of the "Scientific Last" and "Shock-Proof" insole. Made in navy blue as well as white.

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mistake me. We can deal in *millions* if we work together, Ryder."

"Blackmail?" asked Ryder.

"What a word!" cried Brant.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I'm talking about a regular business adjustment. I mean to say, there are all sorts of commodities. A good name is one of them, isn't it?"

"Usually."

"Of course it is. Now, if a good name is criminally adventured and in danger of being lost . . . criminally adventured, mind you?"

"H-m-m!" said Ryder.

"In that case," went on Brant, in a louder and easier voice, "it certainly is only just and right that the crime should be paid for. And that's exactly what I want to talk to you about!"

"I see," said Ryder, despising the man.

"It just so happens," said Brant, "that in this case a single person could hardly benefit—not to a great extent, I mean. But you and I working together—sharing the profits—why, Mr. Ryder, we both could receive great fortunes!"

"Would those fortunes," said Ryder, "be a part of the estate of John J. Leggett?"

"Ha?" cried Brant. "A part of what? . . . Why, the fact is. . . ."

"This information you have . . . did you get it on the night of the murder?" asked Ryder.

"Murder?" cried Brant. "My dear fellow, it was self-destruction, wasn't it? . . . But of course—powder burn on the skin of the forehead. . . . I remember every detail in the papers!"

"So do I," said Ryder. "Well, go on."

Here the telephone rang loudly in the hall and Brant started up as though he had been struck. He hurried nervously to answer it and Ryder could hear his voice rather dimly saying: "Hello. . . . *You?* . . . No, I didn't expect. . . . Not after we had. . . . Oh . . . oh, did you? . . . Of course I'm open to reason, particularly since I don't find—well, never mind that. . . . Do you mean here? . . . Yes, I suppose so. But alone. . . . Certainly, then. I'm terribly glad you telephoned. I think we'll see eye to eye on everything. Good night!"

Brant came back into the room smiling, slowly rubbing his hands together.

"You won't need me after all?" suggested Ryder, standing up.

"Why, how did you . . . but the fact is that matters have taken a different turn, and I won't need you, after all," said Brant. "Lovely to have seen you, though. . . . You'll finish your cocktail before you go, won't you?"

Ryder picked up the glass and drank it down. The whisky left a faint shudder through his body and sent up a perfumed smoke into his brain. He put down the glass and straightened again.

"It wouldn't have gone through between you and me, anyway."

"Wouldn't it?" said Porter Brant. "Dreadful pity, that."

"What a poor, hungry devil you are," said Ryder, studying him. "I hope there's no poison in what you get to eat?"

"Poison?" cried Brant.

"Good night," said Ryder, and left him.

A SHUDDER that was not of the whisky followed him down in the elevator. When he reached the street a very thin rain was falling, making the lights beautiful with sparkling halos and stretching long paths of watery yellow along the pavements. The rain was no more than a cooling breath and he walked slowly, regardless of it, to the next corner.

The red light piled up the cross-town traffic at that point. He lighted a cigarette as he started to cross and found a smartly trudging, stocky man beside him, saying: "Yes, Mr. Ryder?"

"How are you, Seelig?" asked Ryder. "Are you keeping me spotted along with other things?"

"The young lady—she is gone!" said Seelig.

Ryder halted.

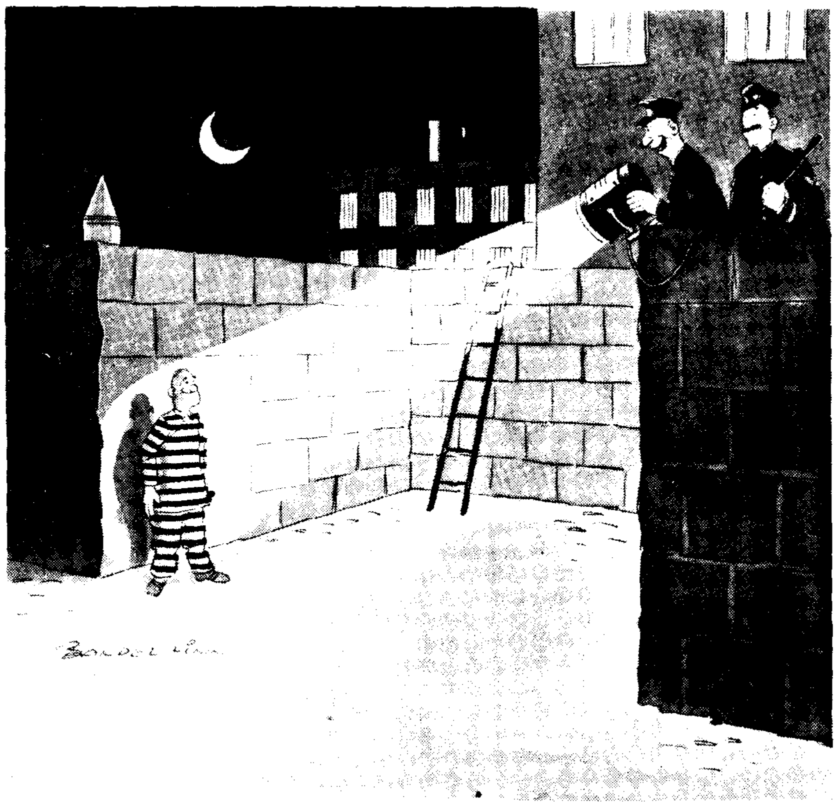
"Let us not be seen talking!" breathed Seelig, hurrying on.

"Gone where?" said Ryder, when his long legs overtook the little German.

"We followed her as well as we could. But only an angel with wings can follow a trail through Manhattan traffic. We have lost her and Gonelli, Mr. Ryder."

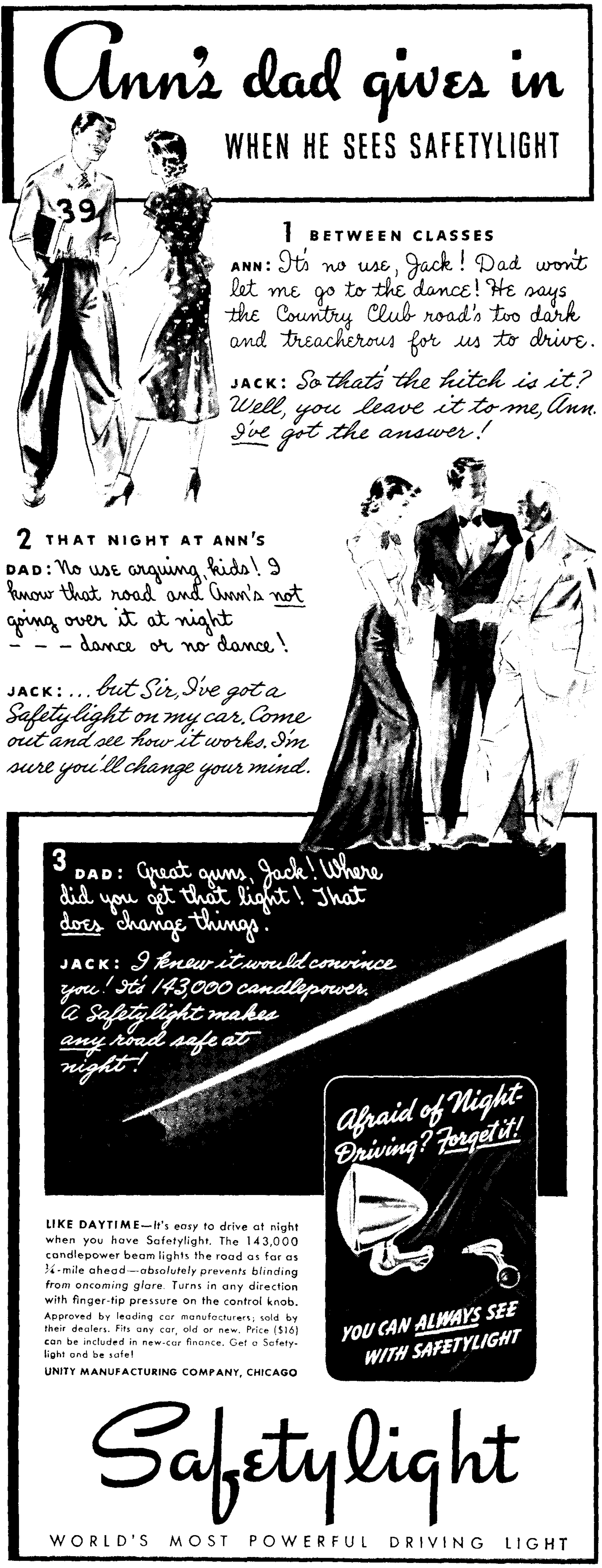
"Good!" said Ryder. "Then we'll go to her room and look for her golden angel."

On the way out in the taxicab, Ryder



"I knew this spotlight would stop him! He used to be on the stage!"

RANDEL LINN



Ann's dad gives in

WHEN HE SEES SAFETYLIGHT

1 BETWEEN CLASSES

ANN: It's no use, Jack! Dad won't let me go to the dance! He says the Country Club road's too dark and treacherous for us to drive.

JACK: So that's the hitch is it? Well, you leave it to me, Ann. I've got the answer!

2 THAT NIGHT AT ANN'S

DAD: No use arguing kids! I know that road and Ann's not going over it at night — — — dance or no dance!

JACK: ... but Sir, I've got a Safetylight on my car. Come out and see how it works. I'm sure you'll change your mind.

3 DAD: Great guns, Jack! Where did you get that light! That does change things.

JACK: I knew it would convince you! It's 143,000 candlepower. A Safetylight makes any road safe at night!

Afraid of Night Driving? Forget it!

LIKE DAYTIME—It's easy to drive at night when you have Safetylight. The 143,000 candlepower beam lights the road as far as ¼-mile ahead—*absolutely prevents blinding from oncoming glare.* Turns in any direction with finger-tip pressure on the control knob.

Approved by leading car manufacturers; sold by their dealers. Fits any car, old or new. Price ($16) can be included in new-car finance. Get a Safetylight and be safe!

UNITY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO

YOU CAN ALWAYS SEE WITH SAFETYLIGHT

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WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL DRIVING LIGHT

Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives-do you?

In protecting your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

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Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
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reported his last interview in detail. Seelig grew excited.

He said: "There is only one mind behind them. We follow them one by one, and we get little. Why? Suppose all the words of a conversation are lying around on bits of paper. They mean nothing except to the speakers. Nothing except to the minds who uttered the speech. We are like that. We find many words. Now we must find the one mind behind them."

"All those people at the dinner the other night," said Ryder, "you're convinced that they were sheep, driven about by one mind?"

"Nothing is sure. Only death . . . only death. . . ." said the German. "Hope in the beginning and death in the end. . . . But one mind we shall find under all of this, and in that mind the murder!"

A LITTLE porch with white-painted wooden pillars formally hooded the entrance of the rooming house of Leslie Carton. When Ryder had left his shoes with Seelig, he found it easy to scale the pillars and get to the pointed roof of the porch. He carried with him this good advice: "When you are searching a strange house, you are a burglar, Mr. Ryder. And burglars go quickly up the river and stay there for a long time. Here on this paper, you see, is the architect's plan for the house. We got it yesterday. This is Miss Carton's room."

Crouched close to the front wall of the house, he noticed how clearly the shadows of the leaves of the chestnut tree in the yard patterned their outlines against the white paint. His own outline would be even more distinct when he was climbing against that background.

A window sill and the carved work above the window helped him up to the third story where the shadows of the chestnut branches showered a dim security over him. The window already stood open and he stepped at once into the room of Leslie Carton.

A flashlight should be held low, Seelig had cautioned him. Otherwise its glare on the wall might be seen through a window and there is nothing like a moving light in a room to catch the eye of the passer-by. Nothing is so snaky, so subtle, so dangerously suggestive of a stalking thief.

So he held the light low. It showed him the feet and the shadowy forms of a Duncan Phyfe table near the two windows, a slipper chair with yellow chintz on it, another straight, black, ladder-backed chair with a rush bottom, a studio couch covered with linen crash, the natural color, a white marble frame for the arch of an iron fireplace with a tiny grate in it, green-painted paneling around the fireplace and gray-green oatmeal paper beyond, a very old yellow Persian rug on the floor, which was covered to the walls with smooth Chinese matting, a chest of drawers with a marble top and bunches of carved grapes for drawer pulls, and above the chest a mirror out of which a ghost peered dimly at him.

That was his own image, he realized as he snapped the light out.

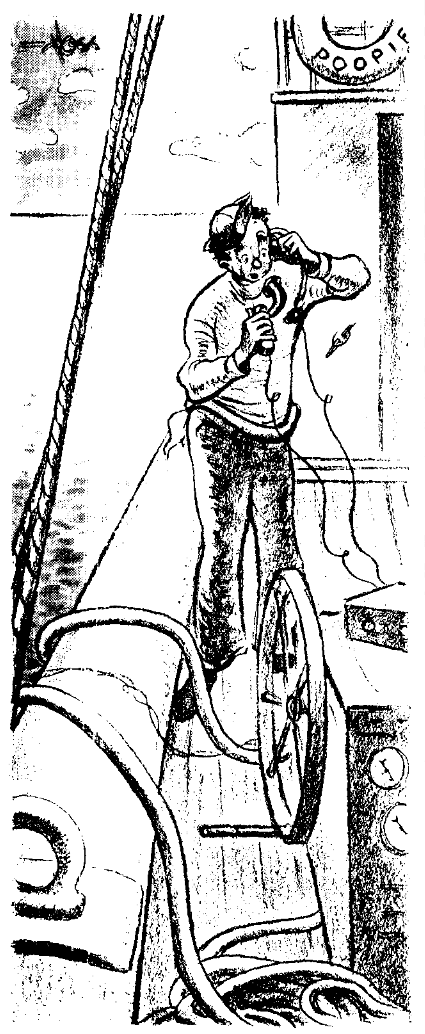
Now, in the warm darkness, he touched with his hand the ceiling above him and began to breathe, deeply, a faint, clean perfume that remained in the air like a voice, a sorrow and a delight.

He found the bathroom and gave one flash to its whiteness. Then he came back to the chest of drawers. He knew exactly where to look, he told himself. She would keep the little jewel in the top drawer.

Just as he had expected, that top drawer was divided into compartments. White collars, folded scarves, gloves, handkerchiefs. Then two rather cheap pins for the scarfs, perhaps. Something twisted in a wrapping of tissue paper; a pair of shoe buckles set with small brilliants. And with the buckles a golden ring set with quite a large, square-faced emerald. He gave the light a second time to the emerald, because it was surprisingly good. Perhaps two carats and unflawed, so far as he could see. The real, deep-sea green. Whoever gave that to Leslie Carton thought a good deal of her and it was rather strange that she had not worn it at the dinner.

He turned up the ring to squint at the interior. The engraving was done in very fine, hairlines. He went into a corner to play the light more safely and freely on it and so he managed to read: "To Dorrie, from J. J."

He put the ring back into the dresser drawer and made a final casual search through it for the golden angel, but there was no trace of that. Light was pouring on his mind from the delicately incised words: "To Dorrie, from J. J." That meant John James Leggett, beyond any great doubt, and if that were true the whole problem deepened and darkened at once.



"The captain's busy just now. Who's calling?"

A. ROSS

That Leslie should be living in the room that once was occupied by Dorrie was odd enough. Her possession of the ring multiplied the mystery. He felt like one who finds rays of light by night but cannot come to the house from which they are shining.

He had not found the golden angel, which would have removed some suspicion. Instead he had found in the ring something that pointed to the girl with a horrible directness.

WHEN the Claussens and Sydney Galloway came out of the theater they spied before them a huge hulk that wallowed through the crowd. He was munching something. The stringy covering of a sausage, frayed by his teeth, glistened in the light on either side of his face.

"It's Mike!" cried Sydney. "Let's hurry and catch him. You know how he can move through a crowd."

She slipped ahead, calling: "Mike! Mike!"

When she came up to him he said: "I heard you all the time, my dear, but I wanted to finish my sausage. You shouldn't attract all the attention, like this."

"As though anyone would notice me when your big red moon of a face is shining!" said the girl. "Mike, do you still love me?"

"Of course I love you," said Ravenna, wiping the grease from the corners of his mouth with the back of his hand, and then wiping the back of his hand with a handkerchief.

"Then come home with me," said Sydney Galloway. "You all come home, will *you, Elspeth? We'll have a drink.*"

"I'm busy, Sydney, darling," said Ravenna.

"You're not busy," she insisted. "I need you."

"Ah, well, then, of course!" he answered. "That's my taxi, starter, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ravenna," said the doorman, sweeping back with his arm the couple who were about to enter it.

"You didn't even tip him," said Elspeth Claussen, when they had squeezed into place inside and given the address. "They *do* know you, Mike. You're a comfort to have along in traffic, I must say."

"You're such a big girl, Elspeth," he told her, "that you let your heart get the best of your wits. Suppose I tipped everyone. They would soon forget me. They want me to remember their faces and then when they come asking it will be for more than a quarter. Oh, I know about all that!"

"WHY didn't you tell me that you were going to the show?" asked Sydney Galloway.

"Because I didn't know that it would be so good. These plays about honest workingmen and the hard world usually are pretty bad; and so I just slip in, sip the flower, and leave before my stomach turns," answered Ravenna. "Thanks for the tip on the third race today, Eric."

"The dog didn't win!" cried Claussen.

"He came within a *nose* of winning," said Ravenna.

"Did Eric almost pick a winner for you, Uncle Mike?" asked Sydney.

"He did," said Ravenna. "Horse came within an inch or two of making a lot of money for me."

"That's the way with everything," said Sydney Galloway. "We almost win; but what we have to live on is second money."

"What's the matter with you tonight?" asked Claussen. "Don't be sour and start thinking. Can't you cheer up?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I'm getting a little fed up with my Porter, if you want to know the truth."

"You've fed him for such a long time, dear," said Elspeth, "that I thought it had become a life habit."

"Don't be nasty," said Sydney. "I need comforting."

"He *looks* so noble, though," said Elspeth.

"It's a beautiful job of minting," said Sydney. "But I wonder if it's a real coin?"

"Test him," said Claussen.

"He is so *damned* precious," said the Galloway girl. "When he talked all about art and beauty, I thought it was destiny; and then I discovered that he couldn't ride a horse and hated big dogs—and everything began to go wrong. Put him beside a fellow like this David Ryder, for instance."

There was a chorus of surprise and laughter.

"Don't be ugly, Elspeth," said Sydney. "I've seen *you* look at him in a certain

Mountain Rescue

A TRUE SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE *

By James Francis Egan

AMOS PICKETT, Ph. D., sat down on the narrow cot and stopped his ears with his fingers. How long, he wondered—how long?

As if in answer, the door of the cell opened to admit the sheriff. Professor Pickett looked up eagerly. The officer cleared his throat and fingered his gun with nervous gesture—

"Look here, stranger," he said, "I called the county seat. It'll take about half an hour to drive over here. You just sit tight while I go out and try to quiet 'em."

Amos Pickett smiled wanly, and nodded. Half an hour to wait. Curious thing, time. As a geologist he considered a hundred-thousand years a brief moment in the earth's history. But now—now a mere thirty minutes stretched interminably before him. He wondered if the sheriff would be able to hold off the mob that long. The events of the afternoon whirled in his head like a nightmare.

HE hadn't liked this prospecting trip from the very beginning. Driving alone through the mountains, studying strata in the hills all day, and spending many a restless night in the field. But the mining company paid well, and a job was a job—even in wild country where strangers were as unwelcome as revenue agents.

Unwelcome! Professor Pickett shivered as he listened to the mob outside; it was quieter now, but still buzzing like a distant swarm of bees.

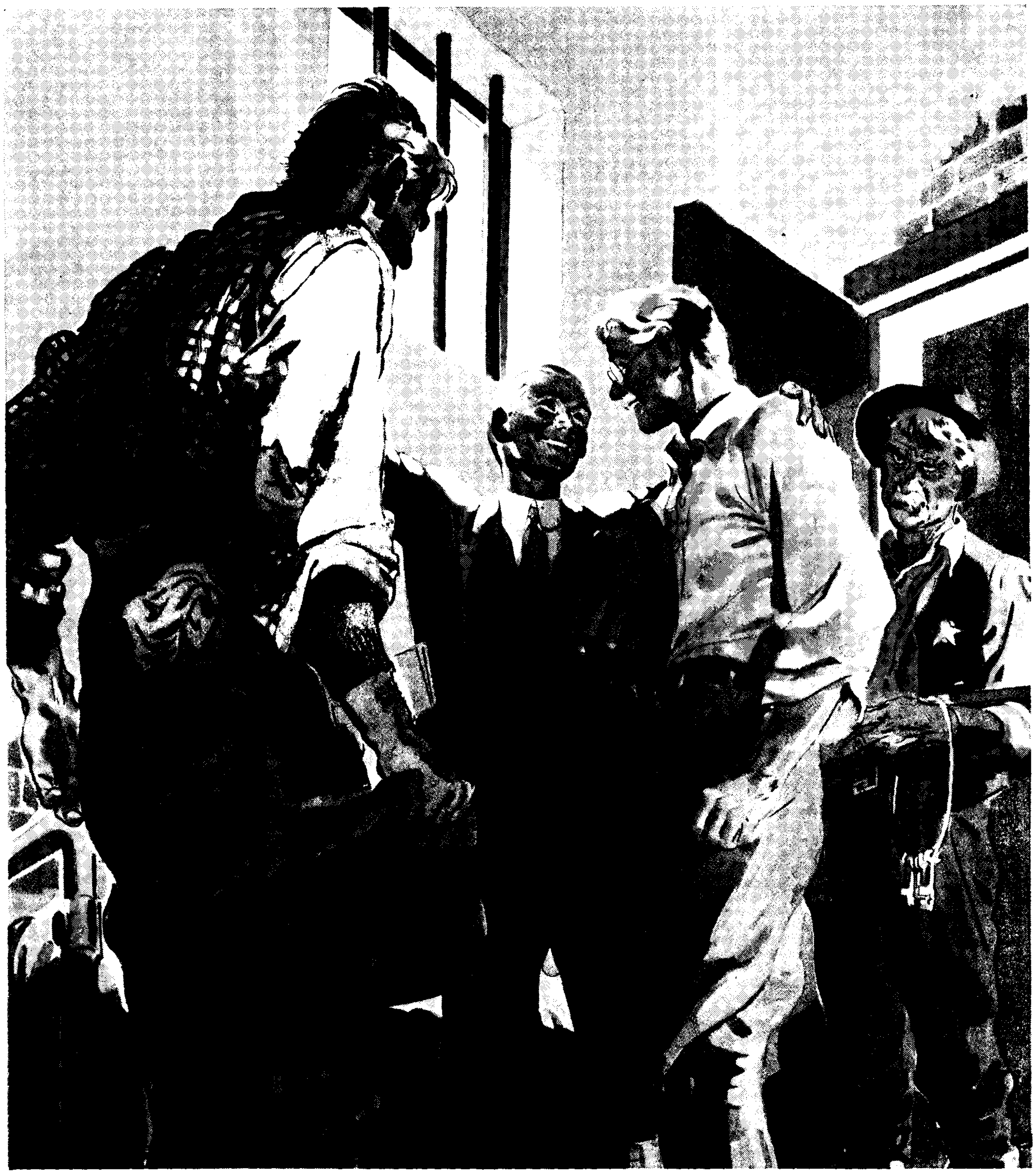
Scarcely an hour ago, he reflected bitterly, this town looked so peaceful to him as he drove toward it in the slanting afternoon sun. One of those lonely communities buried in the mountains—a few dozen frame shacks, a general store and a gas pump. He had speeded up a little. He'd wanted to make it before dark.

As he passed the first few houses, lamps were blinking on. He had switched on his headlights. And then—from out of nowhere—darted a scrawny mountain child. Confused by the glare of the headlights, she stood transfixed, like a frightened animal, directly in the path of the car. He had swung the wheel hard—but too late. The fender spun the child around and threw her screaming into the dust!

Leaping from the car, he had run back to where she lay — a bundle of rags. She was whimpering as he picked her up. Thank heavens she wasn't dead! But her leg hung strangely limp and twisted.

As he stood there helplessly with the child in his arms, people came running from the houses, crowding around him and shouting. Pickett had tried to make himself heard—

"Stand back!" he cried. "Somebody get a doctor! Her leg's broken!" But the mob only pressed closer. Then, suddenly, the packed mass parted before the thrusting shoulders of a gigantic figure.



"I've fixed everything up with Lash Cobb here," he said.

"It's Lash Cobb!" some one yelled. "Say, Lash, he's run down your Emmy!"

Professor Pickett would never forget the face of that mountaineer. It was first bewildered, then grim, and then altogether murderous as he snatched his child roughly to his breast, and began to curse monotonously, rocking her in his arms. The crowd was goading itself into a fury. There were cries of "Tar and feathers!" "Let's give it to him!" "Ride him out on a rail!"

AMOS PICKETT was no coward—but what chance had a stranger there? They hadn't given him time to explain. They hadn't wanted to listen—they'd wanted action. Amos Pickett was no coward—but surrounded by that hostile mob, he'd felt the hair stand up and crawl right off the back of his neck.

Then, just as the crowd was closing in, another man had shoved through. He was drawing a gun from his belt and trying to speak above the clamor.

"I'm sheriff around here!" he shouted. "I can handle this! Mister," turning to Pickett, "you come along with me."

Snapping a pair of handcuffs on the geologist, he'd dragged him away quickly, flourishing his gun and calling back to the mob, "Get that kid to a doctor!"

There had been no chance for explanation until they were inside the rickety frame jail. There the sheriff had unlocked the handcuffs. "I guess this is the healthiest spot in town for you," he'd said. "Now let's hear your story . . ."

ALL that seemed so long ago. This wasn't his idea of a healthy spot now, thought Amos Pickett, awakened from his reverie by the renewed shouts of the crowd outside. He looked at his watch. Only fifteen minutes since the sheriff called the county seat. No chance of help for another quarter of an hour.

He went to the window and stood on a chair, peering out cautiously. He picked out Lash Cobb, the father, towering above an excited group, talking to a little man who looked like a country lawyer. They were gesturing towards the window. The sheriff was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly the whole mob started for the jail, following the little man. Pickett thought despairingly—that's all they'd been waiting for, a leader! Some one to talk the sheriff into giving him up, without a struggle, to mountain justice!

He threw himself face down on the bed. How should a man act when he was mobbed? Be brave? Pleading? Defiant? He heard the scuffle of feet at the door of his cell. He did not look up as the door opened.

A hand shook his shoulder and a voice said, "Here's the man you sent for. He sure must of flew to get over here in fifteen minutes!"

The geologist sprang to his feet. Behind the sheriff stood the little man he had seen from the window, and the girl's father, looking sheepish.

"IT'S all right, Professor Pickett," said the little man, "the sheriff told me the whole story over the phone. I've fixed everything up with Lash Cobb here. Too bad about the accident, but it's mighty lucky for everyone you have automobile insurance in my company."

Amos Pickett wiped his brow. "Lucky! I'll say so! Finding a Travelers man in this Godforsaken—er, excuse me."

The Travelers adjuster looked at him quizzically. "Well," he said, "I guess things are sort of primitive in these parts, but Travelers service is just as good here as anywhere on the continent, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Amos Pickett weakly, "It is—it certainly is—"

• • •

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* While this story is based on an incident that actually happened, the names are fictitious and there is no intent to represent actual persons.

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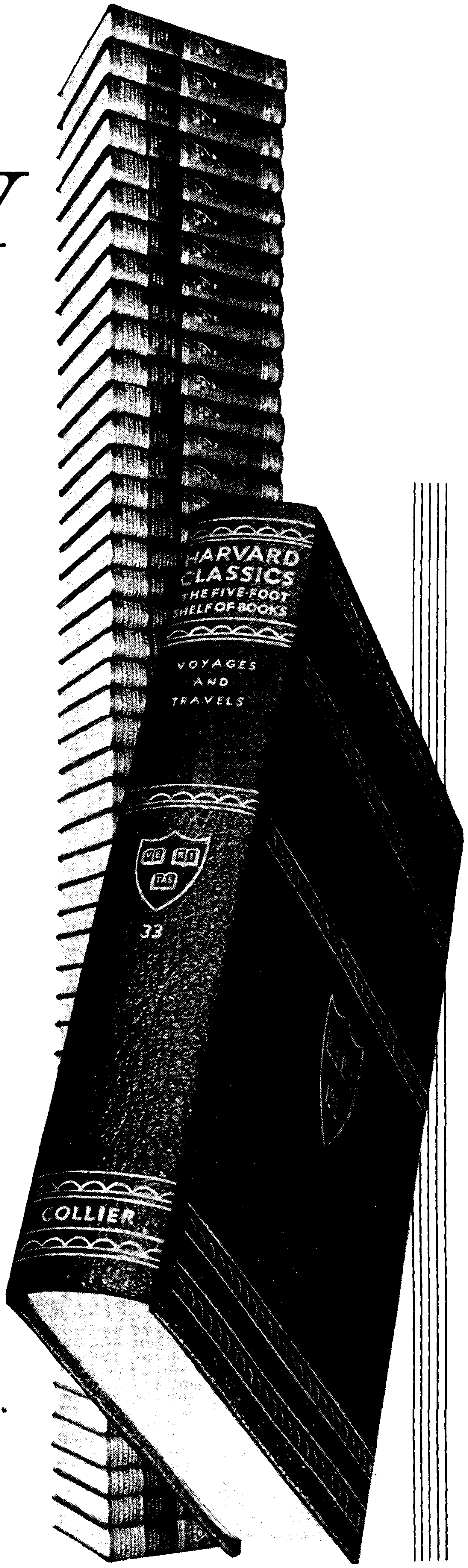

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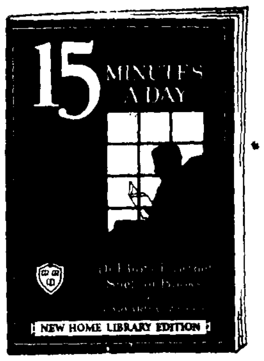


way. He can really be quite nice and to the point."

"Sort of half business and half polo, eh?" asked Claussen.

"No use trying to picture yourself at the altar with him, Sydney," said Ravenna. "I have him pinned together with Eileen. Unless the cloth tears."

"Uncle Mike, you're a pig," said Sydney.

"Do you like this fellow Ryder, really?" asked Claussen.

"I love him," said Ravenna. "Leggett was my brother, and I inherit David from him."

They went up to the apartment and Sydney unlocked the door.

"We've been without servants for days," she said. "They can't stand Emperor Porter. He asks the maids to do his nails and the butlers to draw his bath and it gets right up their noses."

They entered.

"Hi! Porter! Friends coming!" she called.

The echoes walked down the hall and diminished to nothing.

"He's gone to bed," said Sydney. "I'll get him up if it's the last act of my life."

She disappeared. The Claussens wandered about the room looking at Chinese prints along the walls, and Elspeth even stopped to finger the brocade covering of the couch. Ravenna went to the pantry, where he rummaged around noisily.

"Uncle Mike! Mike Ravenna!" shrilled the sharp voice of Sydney Galloway.

"Well? Well?" boomed Ravenna.

"Come here—quickly!" she cried. "*Porter's dead!*"

DETECTIVE HANS SEELIG, definitely bland, sat back in one of the easy chairs in the library and smiled upon Ryder.

Ryder was saying: "I was with Brant at about the time when he must have been killed. Suppose the police find that out! What do they know about the murder?"

"It was gas," nodded Seelig.

"That's suicide stuff," said Ryder. "People take gas when they want to step out from under. Perhaps it *was* suicide."

"We Americans, we do not stop to think, not?" asked Seelig. "But try to think with old Hans Seelig. Let us ask: 'Where was gas in the Brant apartment?' We know that it was only in the kitchen. Then was Brant dead in the kitchen? No. He was dead in his bed. Did he run a long tube from the kitchen to his bedroom? Or after his death, who took the tube away? It is like so, I think. With gas he was killed; and therefore he must have been killed in his kitchen. Then did the dead man stand up and walk to his bedroom and get into the bed?"

"They made certain that it was with gas that Brant was killed?" Ryder asked.

"Absolutely certain," said Seelig. "When you breathe a thing like gas, the lungs are sponges to soak up and hold. So!" He clasped a portion of air between his hollowed hands and smiled again at Ryder, over them.

RYDER recited: "My uncle's guests, Seelig—what a crew they were! Claussen, who hires killers . . . Brant . . . Jimmy Hickey . . . Marene Sutherland . . . Sydney Galloway . . . the countess, from all I hear . . . all spoiled meat, eh? God, what a dinner party, Seelig! Why did he want them?"

"When we have too much money and too much time, we waste them both, not?" suggested Seelig. "You do not speak of Mike Ravenna."

"In politics they say he's a clever fox; but I'll answer for him in everything else. He's a father to me, Seelig. But tell me about another person. You know people, Seelig. Tell me your thought about Leslie Carton."

Hans Seelig delayed his answer. He smiled at Ryder and shook his large head so that his jowls quivered.

"How young it is! How young it is!" he said.

"You mean that I'm acting like a young fool?" asked Ryder.

"Because of her, you have not slept, not?" said Seelig.

"Never mind that. Tell me what you would think."

"There is no going backward for the mind," said Seelig. "Good women with bad Italian boys like Gonelli do not go."

After a moment Ryder was able to say: "I admit she's unlike other people, but she couldn't do murder."

"Some people want only strong drink," said Seelig. "And murder is like that. We Americans have girls that will take gin or whisky. We have girls that will murder, too. And even in Germany—I knew in Frankfurt-am-Main—how close to my heart is that day!—a lovely sweet girl with eyes so blue and like an angel smiling . . ."

"But a murderess, eh?" demanded Ryder.

"Good woman, she is like an egg. One crack in the shell and all the meat may spoil, dear Mr. Ryder."

Ryder lighted a cigarette, stamped it out at once in an ash tray, and rang the bell. When Gains appeared, Ryder asked for an Irish whisky; Seelig would have nothing.

"In the morning like this, it gives me a big knock in the head," said Seelig. "And you, too, Mr. Ryder, now that you have a great deal to think about . . ."

The whisky came. Ryder took it at a swallow and waited for another moment, breathing the fumes. The steady ache in his heart seemed to grow less.

"I want you to keep at the back trail of Leslie Carton," he said. "Keep your best men at work on her."

"No, no, Mr. Ryder! This morning you are strong and fierce. Tonight you will be tender again. Only time will wear the pretty girl away. The badness comes into her eyes with the years. So? Then you know everything without detectives."

"Do as I say," said Ryder. "There's a ghost of a hope that she may be all right. . . . I hope to God she has her golden angel with her still. If she hasn't . . . well, it was not in the room, but she might have been carrying the thing with her, mightn't she?"

"Why?" asked Seelig. "It is not a lipstick. It is not a cigarette case. Why, tell me, would you carry it?"

"Then find out about her," said Ryder. "Whatever the truth is, I've got to know it. . . . And the back-track on Dorrie. Follow that still."

"I shall," said Seelig, "but it is time now to go to visit the room of Daley. Some of the liquor may have cleared out of his brain by this time, and he will talk."

THEY left at once, with Martin, and went to Daley's address. It was one of those dingy brick houses right under the roar and tremor of the Queensborough Bridge. Daylight made only half a step into the shadows behind the front door, which stood open. A smell of gas followed them up the stairs. In the second-story hallway they almost stumbled over a small boy who was playing train in that dun-colored obscurity. He looked up with a white, dirty face and then bent again to his game. On the floor above, Martin, walking ahead, said: "This is the room."

He knocked at the door. They waited, knocked again.

"He may be asleep; he may be full of the stuff," said Martin, and pushed the door open.

Ryder took the lead, here, stepping into a small room that had the shade down and an unshaded electric light burning above a kitchen table in the center of the room. A foul odor thickened the air. Daley lay in the bed with the blanket pulled halfway over his head and his knees drawn up.

"He's cooked with the stuff," said Martin. "That's because you handed him so much money."

Soiled cotton underwear, socks and a shirt were piled on a chair beside the bed. Coat and trousers hung over the back of it.

"Daley!" called Ryder, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the man in the bed. The flesh was stone-hard, and the stone-cold of it filtered through the nightshirt to the fingers of Ryder.

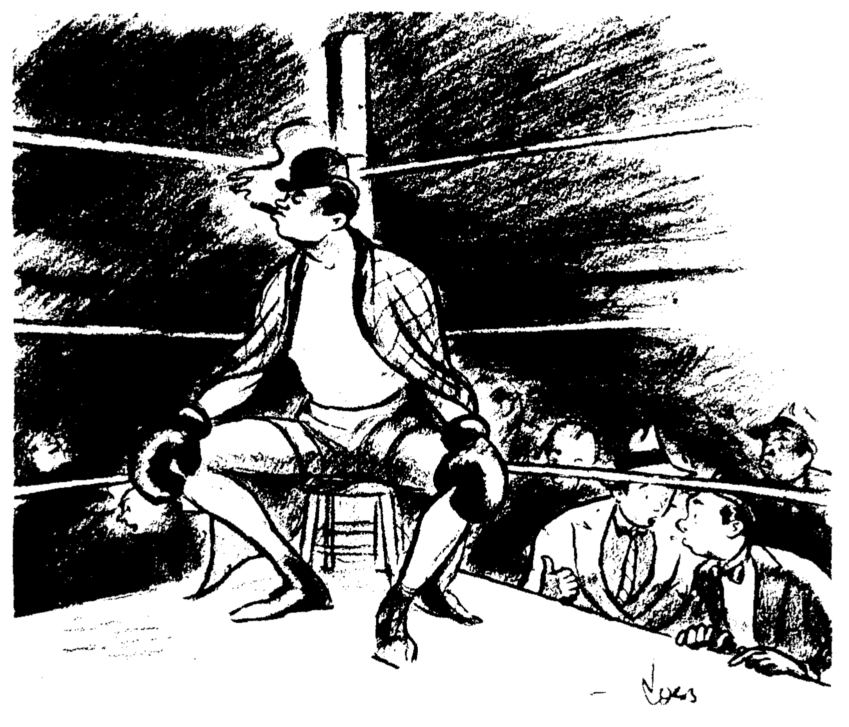
He stepped back from the bed.

"I should have made him talk yesterday," he said to Seelig. "Now it's too late."

Martin stepped hurriedly to the bed and pulled back blanket and sheet. Dark blood clotted around a narrow gash exactly over the scrawny, projecting spinal column of Daley.

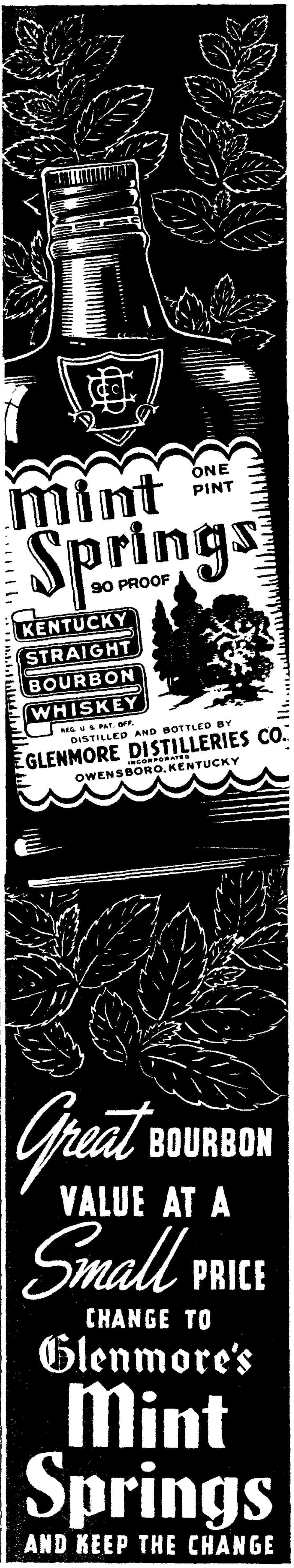
"Yes—he is dead," said Martin, and he drew the clothes up again.

(To be continued next week)



"He's his own manager!"

A. ROSS



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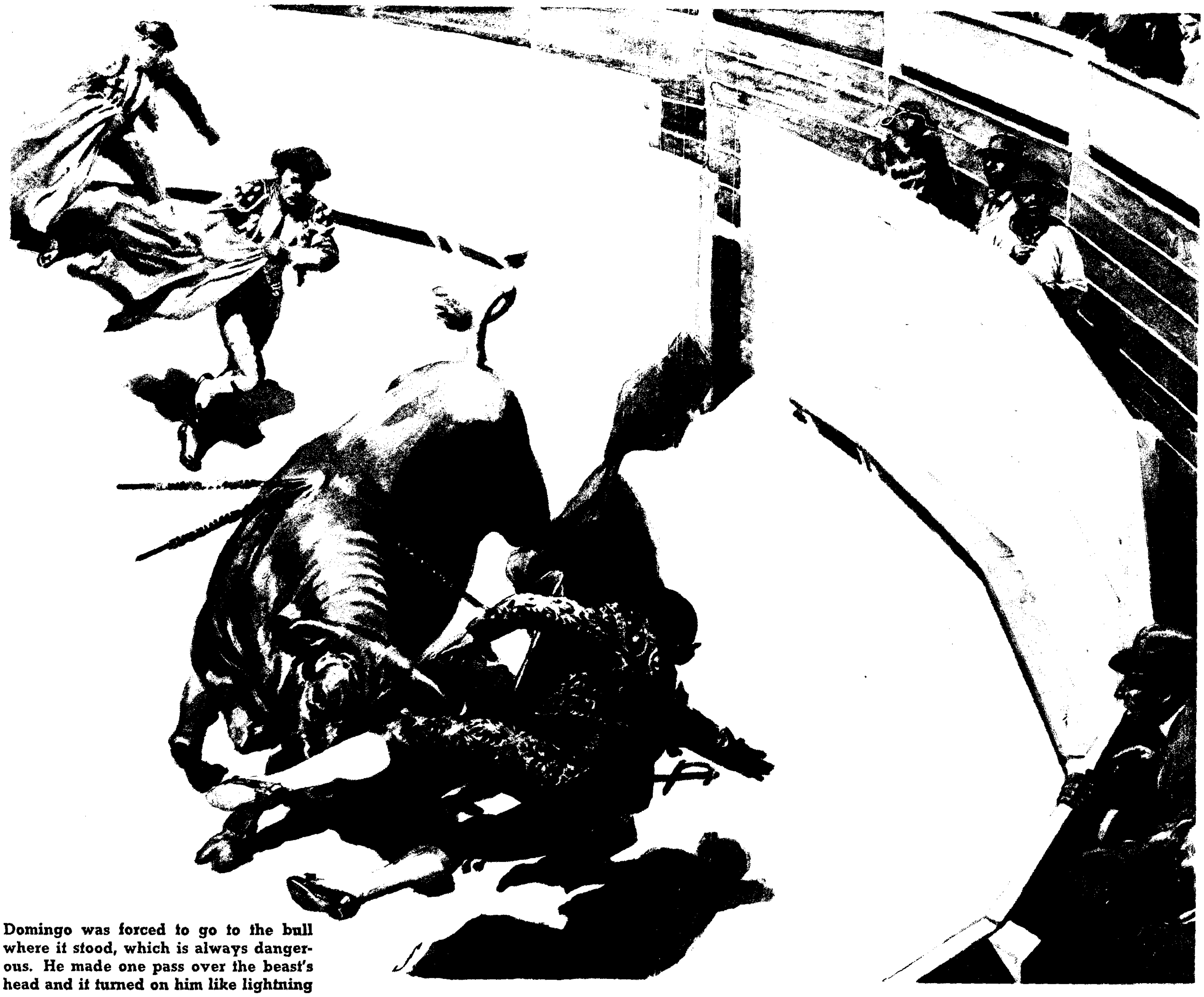

Domingo was forced to go to the bull where it stood, which is always dangerous. He made one pass over the beast's head and it turned on him like lightning

The Last Salute

By A. E. W. Mason

Of Domingo Plata, whose courage was such that he died many deaths without flinching

I WAS never familiar with the technique of the bull ring. I could, however, appreciate the perfect balance with which a great matador like El Gallo on his day or Juan Belmonte on all his days could twirl round with his feet together within a circle the circumference of a saucer. And I knew enough to be aware that the one and only place where the complete emotional content of a bullfight was capable of being absorbed was the *barrera*—that first row of seats which runs round the ring just above the alleyway. From that close vantage one was less aware of the spectacle but more conscious that a man was staking his life upon his craftsmanship and the swift obedience of his co-ordinated muscles. One could hear his taunts and curses, and the low answering fury of the bull. One could see him entering within the crescent of the beast's great horns to deliver his final thrust.

But it was none of these reasons which drew me for a season to every *feria* within reach during the summer months. I went for the fanfare and the parade, the stately march of the matadors and their quadrilles in their gay dresses, across the sand to the Alcalde's box; for the arena so sharply divided between its sun-drenched blazing half and its cool brown half in the shade; for the flicker of fans and the music of the Sevillana; and above all for the cold-blooded passion with which the *corrida* was followed by the spectators.

THAT was all my interest until this afternoon of which I am writing. It was late in July and at Alicante. I lunched with José Romirez, a shipowner from Valencia, in the club looking onto the palm trees and the harbor.

"This is Alicante's great week," he said.

"No doubt," said I.

I was not very responsive. José Romirez was a fan among fans, but the day had a blistering heat. The sunlight turned the roadway into glistening brass and the pools of shadow at the feet of the palm trees were black as night.

"There will be Joselito and Gallo and Domingo Plata," José continued. "I have our seats. I will call here for you at a quarter to four."

But the thought of those heavily padded and heavily ornamented velvet coats in which the bullfighters would race about for two hours made me feel sticky and hot.

"Joselito," I argued, "will be as usual faultily faultless, a picture of unimaginative perfection. El Divino Calvo is as likely as not on a day like this to see his dead mother looking at him from the eyes of the bull and to run away like a rabbit; whilst as for your Domingo Plata, I never heard of him."

"I know," said José, softly. "That is why you should come. He is of Valencia, my own town. I can guarantee you an interesting afternoon. I shall call for you here at a quarter to four," he insisted.

He was stubborn. I was languid. I gave way.

"All right! Have it your own way, José."

At four, then, we were in our seats watching the procession move across the arena toward the Alcalde's box above our heads; Joselito on the left hand, tall, slight, exquisitely proportioned; his elder brother, El Gallo, in the middle, his gypsy face anxious, a queer look of the automaton about the movement of his legs; and on the right Domingo Plata, the man from Valencia whom I had never seen. It seemed to me, even at that first moment, that his gait was slovenly, that his face twitched, that, to use the jargon of the day, he was conscious in the presence of these two famous *spadas* of an inferiority complex.

I looked at José Romirez. He was passing the tip of his tongue between his lips from one corner of his mouth to the other. But his eyes were fixed on Domingo Plata. I looked up suddenly at the crowded seats. Perhaps it was an illusion—I can't tell. But it seemed to me that all eyes were fixed upon Domingo Plata, that all the owners of those eyes were, with an instinctive movement, moistening their lips with the tips of their tongues.

And the seats about the ring were crowded up to the very highest rows. Now Alicante is, to be sure, the playground of Madrid. During the summer season, the trains disgorge battalions of clerks and typists and shop assistants onto the long line of beaches and bathing establishments to the left of the harbor. It was inevitable that the bull ring should be well attended. But a *lleno completo* like this was out of the common, would have been out of the common even on a Sunday in Madrid, with Ortega, say, instead of Plata to complete the trio of matadors. However, here were the three of them, with their hats doffed, bowing to the President's box. Joselito, dignified, a friend of kings, conferring a favor, El Gallo's bald scalp glistening like a very white unripe melon, and Plata's reddish brown head bowed, as though he said, "We who are about to die, salute thee—"

THEN they ranged themselves about the arena, a door was thrown open and the bull was in the open. It was a big black beast of the Santaguena breed, and the Santaguena bulls had been very deadly that year to matadors. I looked at the program. Yes, the six bulls of the afternoon were all from that estate.

But Santaguena or not, it was all one to Joselito. The massive beast could not turn within its own length, and Joselito so forced it to wrench its body and tire out the great muscles of its neck in the effort to do so that it was ripe for the sword well inside of the twenty minutes beyond which no wise matador will allow a bull to live. Rafael Gallo, too, had neither seen his dead mother in the eyes of his victim, nor passed a funeral on the way to the ring, nor suffered any of those portents which turned his superstitious heart to water. He was in his most elfish mood, a bald-headed schoolboy on his holiday, conceding to himself all those little jocosities and funniments of which the ritualists of the bull ring disapprove. However, there were not many of the ritualists present that afternoon, and hats and cigars rained down into the arena.

"Now!" said José Romirez, shrugging himself together on his seat, and "now!" it seemed to me that everyone to the topmost benches, man, woman and child, was saying in an excited undertone:

"Now!"

And the truth of this *corrida* was brought unmistakably home to me by that unspoken message which passes like a spark from mind to mind in a crowd. They were all present, man, woman and child, from the *barrera* to the loftiest seat on the rim of the building, to see Domingo Plata killed. It was he, rather than Joselito; he, rather than the divine bald man, who had packed the Alicante bull ring on this hot afternoon of July.

Domingo Plata was a little man with a scholarly, nervous face, and without doubt the worst bullfighter I ever saw. He made a few preliminary passes—veronicas, I believe is the proper term—with his quadrille spread behind him ready to draw the bull away—the A B C of the matador's art. But as soon as the horses were out of the ring came the first real test of proficiency. It is the fashion, though not the law, that the killer shall himself plant the first two *banderillas* in the bull's back, those long sticks with the steel arrowheads which weaken the animal and prepare it for death. He must stand forth alone, invite the charge and, running swiftly forward across the line of it, turn as the bull's horns flick past his chest and, lifting high his arms, drive the *banderillas* deep into the bull's neck.

DOMINGO PLATA was brave, that was clear, and he had a turn of speed. But he had no eye to measure his distances. The curve of his run was wide. He drove his sticks into the beast's shoulder, and with a roar of fury and a great bound, it shook them both out onto the sand. A yell of derisive laughter broke from the spectators, and his quartet of *banderilleros* took up the work and showed him how it ought to be done. I could feel the relaxation of the spectators and their nerves tighten up again when the last stage of the fight, the *faena,* was timed to begin.

Domingo, with the sword in his right hand and the scarlet cloth in his left, went forward to meet the great Santaguena bull alone. He was brave enough. He marched on a straight line toward the muzzle of the beast.

José, watching him, said—and I certainly heard a tiny note of distinct regret in his voice:

"The bull, too, is brave and noble. It will have no cunning."

He saw that, with no tricks on either side, brave man facing brave bull, the man might win. For my part, looking at that great lump of muscle on the bull's neck, as firm as when, fifteen minutes back, it had rushed into the ring, I couldn't for the life of me see what chance Domingo Plata had, and I said so.

But José Romirez had no ears wherewith to listen to me. His eyes, his every sense, were concentrated on the matador and the bull. I looked about me. The same tense expression was visible on every face. I couldn't doubt that some very important and critical phase in this deadly tournament was being decided. All, however, that I could see at the time was the plain fact that Domingo, with little twitches of his red cloth and little abrupt steps backward, was trying to entice the bull into the center of the arena and that the bull wouldn't budge.

AGAIN and again Domingo tried to lure the great brute into the open. The expectation of the spectators was dissolved in jeers. A cushion flew through the air. Domingo was forced to go in and try to kill the bull where it stood—and that is always dangerous. He made one pass with the red cloth over the beast's head. It turned on him like lightning and the next moment he was flung in his embroidered uniform like a doll against the palisade. The crash was heard loud over the arena, and as the other matadors and the *banderilleros* dashed forward to draw the bull away, I saw Domingo with a leg of his breeches ripped at the thigh and the blood spurting out in a fountain. A cry rang out from a thousand throats, but not a cry of pity. It was *"Ohé!"* rather than "Oh!" It was the *"Habet!"* of the old Colosseum, and as Domingo Plata, with his thigh tightly bandaged, was carried out the band blared out a Sevillana.

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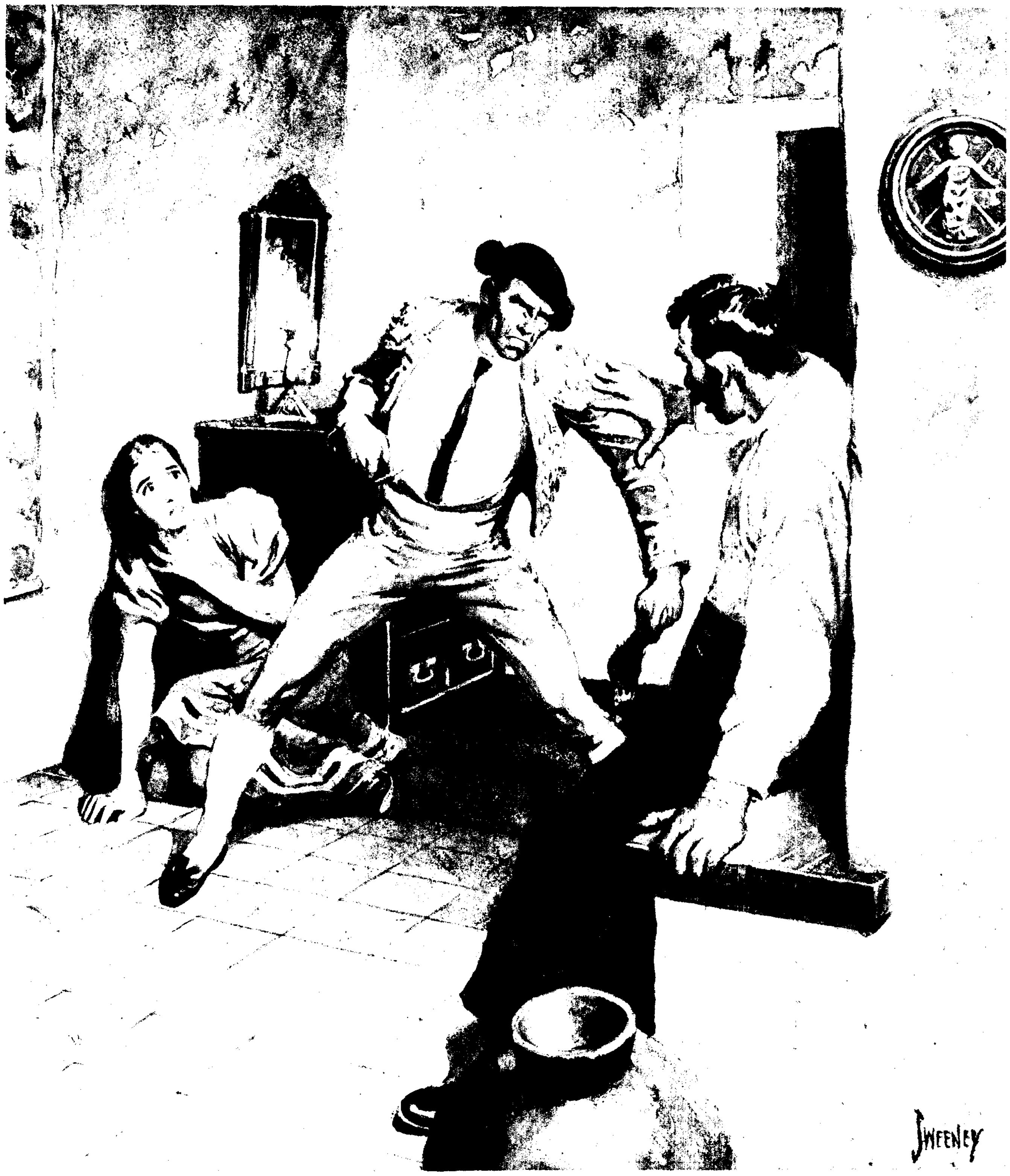

Between them stood Domingo, the trophy in his left hand, his right hand sliding a knife in and out of a sheath

"Wait here," said José, "I'll find out how he is."

He went round to the surgery and came back with a smile of relief upon his face. Now that the fight was over, Domingo Plata was once more a friend of his.

"He has had the luck of the devil," said José. "I was afraid that his thigh was smashed, but the bone was never touched. He has lost a lot of blood, of course, for an artery was severed, but he'll get well."

"No blood-poisoning?"

José Romirez was not afraid of it.

"They are fairly tough, these matadors, and at this time of the year, of course, as hard as nails. Besides, our surgeons know their job."

We watched Joselito kill his second bull with the same graceful and uninspiring precision, but my thoughts were not upon him at all. I said to José Romirez:

"What on earth made that man think he was a bullfighter, and how on earth does he secure an engagement?"

"That," said José, "he shall explain to you himself."

And certainly it was as odd a story as I have ever heard.

FOUR days afterward I was taken by José to the hospital, where Domingo Plata in a separate room lay surrounded in the Spanish style by a congregation of relatives, with every window closed. José dealt with them magisterially. He flung up the two windows to begin with. A tumult of shrill feminine expostulations deafened us both. The poor one would catch pneumonia for a certainty. How could he get well? It was a cruelty.

"How could he get well anyhow," cried José, "with a crowd of foolish women babbling over him in an air that's mephitic? Go out! I have brought a man of sense to talk with him."

He persuaded and cajoled and bullied all of them out of the room, except Domingo's wife, Pilar, and a cousin of his, a big braggadocio fellow with a heavy mustache and an atmosphere of garlic. Pilar was a good-looking woman, dressed rather extravagantly in some delicate white material like a great lady of Madrid. She was of Domingo's age, but she looked worn, as indeed, considering the risks of her husband's life, she might well be.

"You are going home today, Pilar?" said Domingo, smiling very happily upon her. "The good Enrique will look after you."

"To be sure," said Enrique, stroking his mustache.

"Give my love to the children! In a fortnight I shall be home."

Pilar nodded her head and, bending down, whispered in his ear.

"Yes, yes, all that shall be seen to," Domingo replied. "I shall talk with José."

They were got out of the bedroom at last and José Romirez turned sharply on the patient:

"It was about money, of course—all that whispering?"

Domingo Plata smiled, deprecating his friend's indignation.

"But, José, you must really learn something of the world," he said. "Pilar, the darling, is a woman, and women want money." He looked from José to me: "You are the English gentleman of whom José spoke to me?"

José answered for me.

"Yes. I shall leave him with you for a little while, Domingo," and he added to me, "it is good for Domingo to talk. You shall hear the story of a hero," and he left us together.

Domingo laughed outright as soon as we were alone.

"You are curious about me?" he said. "But there is no mystery."

And indeed, as he lay there on his bed, pale and with that spirituality of look which comes from the endurance of much pain, he seemed to me an open, cheerful, trustful person, who had made up his mind after long thought to adopt his hazardous career and was quite unconscious of any heroism.

"I am really a schoolmaster," he began, and I was not surprised to hear it. "I was a government schoolmaster at Valencia and my salary was exactly one thousand pesetas a year, which amounts at the normal exchange to forty pounds sterling. I married—" he shrugged his shoulders to signify that this was the sort of natural thing that one inevitably did. "Marriage has its drawbacks, of course. We could afford no holidays, for instance. But there were other people no better off. We managed—until the children came, first one, a boy, Juan, and then a girl, Marita."

HIS face lit up like the morning, with such pride and pleasure and love that I who looked on was warmed and moved by it.

"You shall see them," he cried eagerly, offering me a treat which I was to recognize as rarely conceded to human beings. "Juan, he is ten. Marita—" and he laughed from joy and then was twisted with the pain of his wound—"Marita," he continued in a subdued voice, "she is eight. But forty pounds a year, eh? I could save nothing for a dowry for Pepita and nothing for an apprenticeship for Juan, and nothing for a new dress for Pilar, my wife. And when I was old there would be no pension. No good, eh?"

"Not good at all," I answered.

"So we had to think, my poor wife and I. And after we had thought of everything I began to wonder. In the village where I lived as a boy, we had an old bull, and on feast days we made the little village square into an arena with hurdles, and had a bullfight. The bull, of course, was never killed, for we could not afford another, and he was not very angry and all the village fought him at once. Every now and then someone was wounded, and there was a story that once when the bull was young, a boy had been killed."

IN THESE village *corridas* it appeared that young Domingo Plata had outshone his rivals. After he became a schoolmaster, José Romirez took him at times to one of the big festivities at some great breeder's estate on the Guadalquivir, and he was allowed to try his luck with other amateurs on the young bulls.

"As an amateur," continued Domingo, "I could hold my own. I talked to José. He was discouraging, but one day in the summer—it was five years ago—a matador fell ill who was engaged for a *corrida* at Castellon. Do you know Castellon? It is a secondary town fairly

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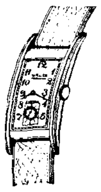

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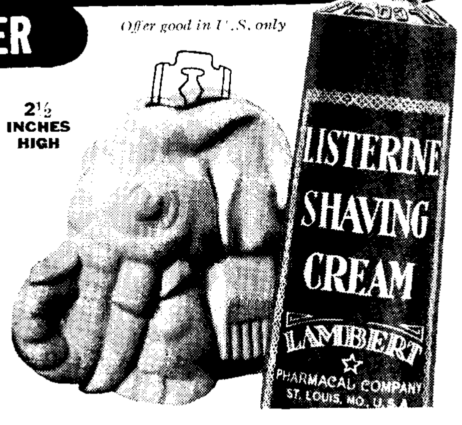

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near Valencia, and the bullfight was quite a secondary affair. The management was at a loss for a substitute. It was the time of the year when any matador of any quality was engaged. José secured the opening for me. The bulls were poor and cowardly." Domingo smiled as he added: "You will be surprised to hear that I wasn't hurt, and surprised too, perhaps, that for that one afternoon I was paid four years' salary as a schoolmaster."

It had seemed to Pilar, to his cousin, Enrique, and to himself that the good God had demonstrated with an unmistakable clarity how Domingo Plata was to provide a future for his children. He had resigned his schoolmastership. He had secured a few engagements. He had been derided, gored, tossed—and gradually there had spread the great news that at some *corrida*—probably the next—Domingo Plata was certain to be killed.

"From that moment I prospered. I fought, say, four times each season. If I was lucky, five. During the rest of the time I have been in hospital. But on those four or five times I fill the seats. They come to see, in my case, blood—yes, that's it, blood. And upon the whole they get their money's worth."

HE GAZED at me with a curious smile of triumph on his face. I really did not know what to say to him, and no doubt I looked sufficiently uncomfortable. For he took up my unspoken thought.

"The blood lust, eh? Yes, as a race we have it. Even José"—and he broke into a laugh which was actually tender as well as cheerful—"even José, who is my very good friend, when he is on the *barrera,* at your side, say, he licks his lips a little when I lead my quadrille into the arena."

He lay back upon his pillow and in a moment or two said softly:

"Well, I shall fight again in my own town, Valencia, at the end of August; and that will be my last fight."

I was startled. There was no fear in his voice, no superstition, no foreboding. Domingo spoke with absolute certainty. The thing was settled.

"But the bulls will be no more dangerous than the bulls you met here at Alicante," I stammered.

"They will be Veragua bulls, the best in Spain."

"But not more dangerous," I repeated.

"No! Yet it will be my last *corrida,* one way or another," he said.

He beckoned to me to come closer.

"I shall tell you something which only José and I know," he continued in a low voice. "With the money I shall earn at Valencia, I shall have eight thousand pounds. Think of it! Oh, it is not one of the great fortunes like Belmonte's! But for me, who had forty pounds a year and no pension? Good, eh?"

"Very good," I answered.

"My wife—she is a darling, but she would like to spend it. It is natural. She has lived hard. But I thought of Juan and Marita. It is their money. So I have kept the secret. Oh, we were more comfortable, of course, these last four years, but still we have been poor people in a small street. I have given everything except what, as poor people, we needed, to José, and he has invested it, some in his ships, some in America, some in England. I have four hundred pounds a year," and he chuckled.

The wounds, the pain of them, the long weeks in hospital were a trifling memory compared with this prodigious fact. A little dowry for Marita, a sum to start Juan on a career, and for Pilar a pleasant competence. For himself, too, if only the good God was kind at Valencia and the Veragua bulls were not too quick and crafty.

"It is amusing that if I had been a better matador I should have done much worse. But I was sure to be killed and it is a miracle that I am not. But each time it would happen, so each time the seats were filled and each time I was paid good money. But after the *corrida* at Valencia, I shall tell Pilar. I can see myself running home to her. 'Pilar, it is over! We will take the *niños* to the best restaurant and make a feast. We have four hundred pounds a year—each year until we die.' "

He stopped at that word "die," not with any shiver of apprehension. He had looked death straight in the eyes too often, and had suffered too many of its pangs to make demonstrations about it. But his face became grave.

"If I cannot run home at Valencia, José will see to it. There is a little trust. Pilar—I love her very dearly, but she does not understand money. She will be safe all her life, she and the children."

He nodded his head with a quite ineffable look of happiness in his face.

José Romirez came back into the room as he finished and looked at his wounded friend with contentment.

"Domingo had to tell someone," he said, "and what audience could he choose better than a friend of mine who can hold his tongue. But that is enough for today."

Outside the hospital, I took José Romirez by the arm, an act which astonished him, for he had the proper illusion that all Englishmen were of an adamantine insensibility.

"It would be a tragedy," I cried, "if that man were killed at Valencia."

José Romirez walked on for a little way without any sign of agreement. Then he said: "Perhaps." He took half a dozen steps and added: "But perhaps not."

I stopped and stared at José. But he was more serious and troubled than I had ever known him to be.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That there may be a worse tragedy in store for Domingo," he said at length. "Pilar and that great hulking butcher of a cousin, Enrique, are lovers. They want him to die. They want his money to spend. Whilst he is fighting in the arena, they sit in his house, hoping and hoping and hoping that there will come a knock upon the door and a message that somewhere in Spain Domingo is on a slab in a mortuary."

IT HAPPENS, of course, infrequently. A third-rate athlete makes history. A jumper above his form soars to a world's record. An author writes forty unconsidered books and then one which will be remembered. So it was with Domingo Plata on the afternoon of his last *corrida.* He was in the town in which he lived, amongst the people whom he knew, and he longed to leave a name there, which should be something more than a synonym for derision. Besides, if he could only reach seven o'clock alive, his passage was booked for the Fortunate Isles. It was Domingo's last throw and he was inspired. For two hours he matched the best of the matadors.

"*Ohé,*" yelled José Romirez at my side, as Domingo played with that last Veragua bull, while the shadow stole farther and farther across the arena. "*Ohé!* I tell you! Domingo too has seen someone in the eyes of the bull, but it was not his dead mother. It was Juan in one eye and Marita in the other"; and he sprang from his seat with another "*Ohé, Domingo!*" as Domingo, having brought the bull in four successive charges past him, with no more than an inch of daylight between his breast and the horn, finished with a swift swirl of the cape, left the bull standing, and walked *indolently* away. *He had* the great beast dominated, obedient. He worked it down to our end of the ring, and then turning his back, skipped like a dancer the whole length of the arena, with the bull at his heels. He never even troubled to look over his shoulder. He was at the mercy of the beast if it caught him up. But every fifth or sixth step he changed his feet, and to our amazement the bull copied him. There was such a tornado of applause when Domingo reached the other end and slipped away as I have never heard even with Belmonte at his best. I asked Domingo afterward:

"Had you planned that dance?"

And he answered:

"No! It came to me at the moment. I had no fear, no anxiety. I had a divine sense of mastery. I was so in harmony with that bull, I knew that he would think as I wanted him to think and do after me what I did."

He completed his *faena* with a magisterial killing. He had the bull's forefeet exactly level, its head lowered to the exact degree. He went in with the scarlet cape held right across his body with his left hand. With a tiny flick he turned the bull's head away and the sword slid down through the neck to the heart, so that the beast stood dead upon its feet for a second and then fell in a mass upon its side. Hats spun down into the arena. Domingo walked round to the front of the Alcalde's box in a rain of cigars. From every side a great shout went up:

"*La Oreja! La Oreja!*"

The bull's ear! The reward of great skill, the tribute to a matador on his day of triumph, was demanded for Domingo. The President with a wave of the hand conceded it. Domingo walked again round the ring and sent the hats spinning back to their owners, bowed and smiled and flourished his hat and, once the ear was handed to him, ran at his fastest pace into the *patio de cabellos* as though he had more important business on hand.

"We must catch Domingo before he goes. Hurry!"

BUT hurry as we did, Domingo had got away. He had run through the *patio de cabellos* to the entrance. He had flung himself into a taxi.

"Did you hear where he went?" cried José, and half a dozen loiterers in the entrance answered him:

"He went home."

José swore loudly and hailed his own car. He gave Domingo's address and pushed me through the doorway.

"He has a good way to go. We may catch him up. Drive fast! Drive for your life!" he shouted to his chauffeur and then sat silent with an odd look of fatalism on his face.

"What are you afraid of?" I asked, and he stared at me.

"You and Domingo talked of the blood lust, didn't you? Of the sharp tang it gives to pleasure. You don't have to be in the bull ring to feel it. Those two are at his house—Pilar and Enrique."

"They weren't watching him!"

"No! Ask yourself why! They were better engaged, those two."

DOMINGO'S house lay in a small mean street near to the port. I expected to see it crowded with his friends. But we had outdistanced everyone except Domingo himself—perhaps Domingo too.

José sprang out of the car and opened the house door. We were in a passage with a straight flight of stairs running up in front of us. José uttered an oath. In a room above a woman was crying and a man, who was not Domingo, was bleating excuses.

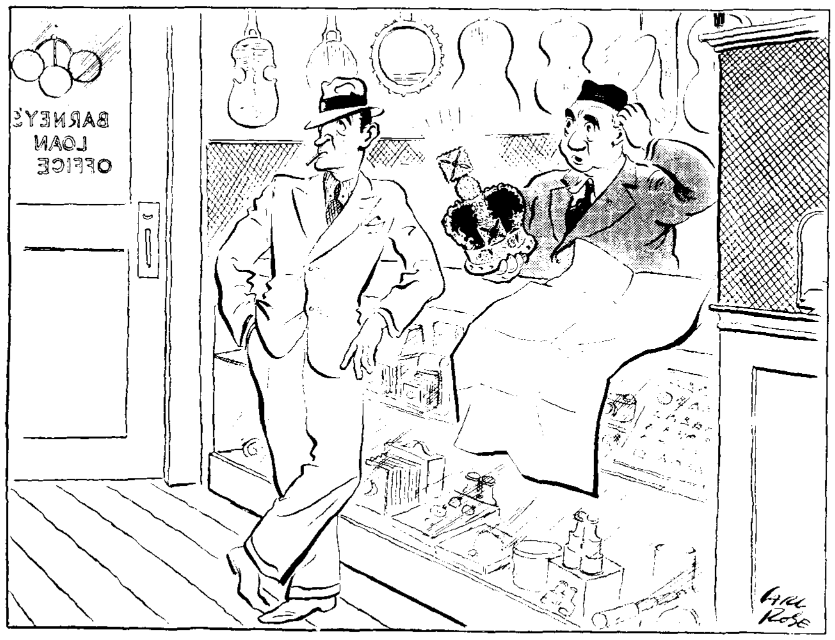
We ran up the stairs and broke into the room. Pilar was in one corner with her hands over her face, Enrique Villa in another, his gross face quivering with terror; culprits who had put the room between them. And between them stood Domingo, the bleeding trophy of the bull's ear dangling in his left hand and his right hand sliding a knife in and out of a sheath at his belt. He said never a word. He was watching Enrique with his head a little lowered, just as a bull will do before he selects from among the *banderilleros* and the matadors whom he will charge. I have never seen a murderer, but I saw a murderer's nearest relation at that moment.

José broke the spell. He took Domingo's right arm and Domingo stared at him in perplexity as though he had never seen him in his life before. José removed the knife altogether from its sheath and Domingo let him do it, watching his hands with an odd kind of distant curiosity, as if he were wondering why this stranger wanted his knife.

"You are coming with us," said José. It was a simple statement, not a question. "And now. In five minutes you'll have a crowd outside clamoring to see the bull's ear."

"Oh, yes, the ear," said Domingo.

He looked down at it as though he had only just become aware that he was carrying it. He spoke so gently that Pilar was quite misled. She crept a little way toward him. It was all a mistake, she said. He was her "*querido* Domingo." He had been happy with her, hadn't he? All these years of pov-



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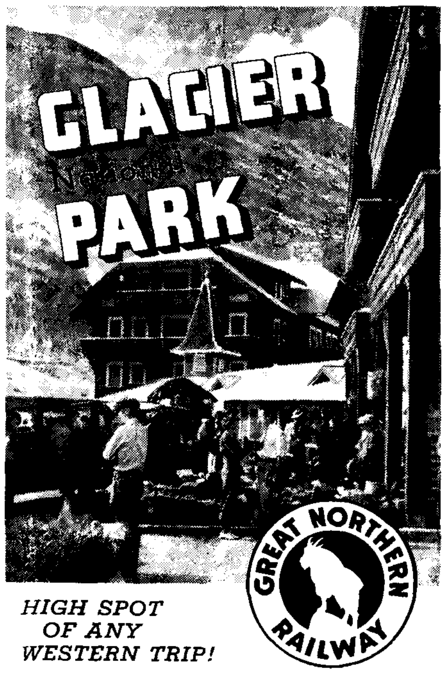

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erty! She wrung her hands. The tears were streaming down her face and now she was nearer still to him. But Domingo was only interested in that beastly grayish trophy which dangled from his hand and dripped—dripped upon the floor.

"It was Enrique," Pilar said in a wheedling voice, summoning her smiles to match her voice. "Enrique pestered me—" and at last Domingo interrupted her.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he said in the low gentle voice which he had previously used. "*Madre de Dios!*" and then raising his left arm slowly he slapped the ear violently across her face, and let the ugly thing fall to the ground. Pilar shrank back with a cry, her mouth open, her white face laced with stripes of blood.

Domingo neither looked at her nor made any sign that he had heard her cry. He went out of the room and down the stairs with José Romirez. In a little room at the back of the house he stripped himself of his bullfighter's finery and put on his ordinary clothes. He folded up the embroidered velvet jacket and breeches, the long roll of scarlet silk which he had worn about his waist, the silk stockings, and put them away in a cupboard, just as if they were still his stock in trade and he would be needing them again. When he had finished, he turned to José:

"The children?"

José nodded his head.

"I shall take them to my house. They shall sleep there. You too."

Domingo held out his hand and shook José's. Then he stared for a few moments at the floor.

"But for you two I should have killed them both." He glanced at me with now a touch of amusement in his bitterness. "Yes, we all have it, you see," he said, recalling our conversation in the hospital. "I should have killed; I felt my knife sliding into Enrique's fat body, and there would have been Juan and Marita disgraced forever."

"That'll do, Domingo," said José and he pushed him gently toward me.

"Take Domingo to my house. Then send the car back for me. The children will have to pack up some clothes. I'll join you with them."

Domingo obediently left the house with me. But as he was on the point of stepping into the car he swung his arms out wide, and with all the braggadocio of a matador dedicating the bull he is about to kill, he cried aloud:

"I dedicate this house to you, Pilar, and to you, Enrique Villa."

We jumped into the car and drove off just as a crowd of cheering enthusiasts appeared at the other end of the street.

THE end of the story? Well, I have told you that Domingo was a schoolmaster. He carried out the plan which he had in his mind, minus Pilar, his wife, and Enrique, his parasite. If you ever cross by the ferry from Algeciras to Gibraltar at nine o'clock in the morning, you will be as likely as not to see a smiling little unobtrusive man. If you climb behind him up a staircase to the first floor of a house in the main street, you will come to a door with a plate, on which is engraved:

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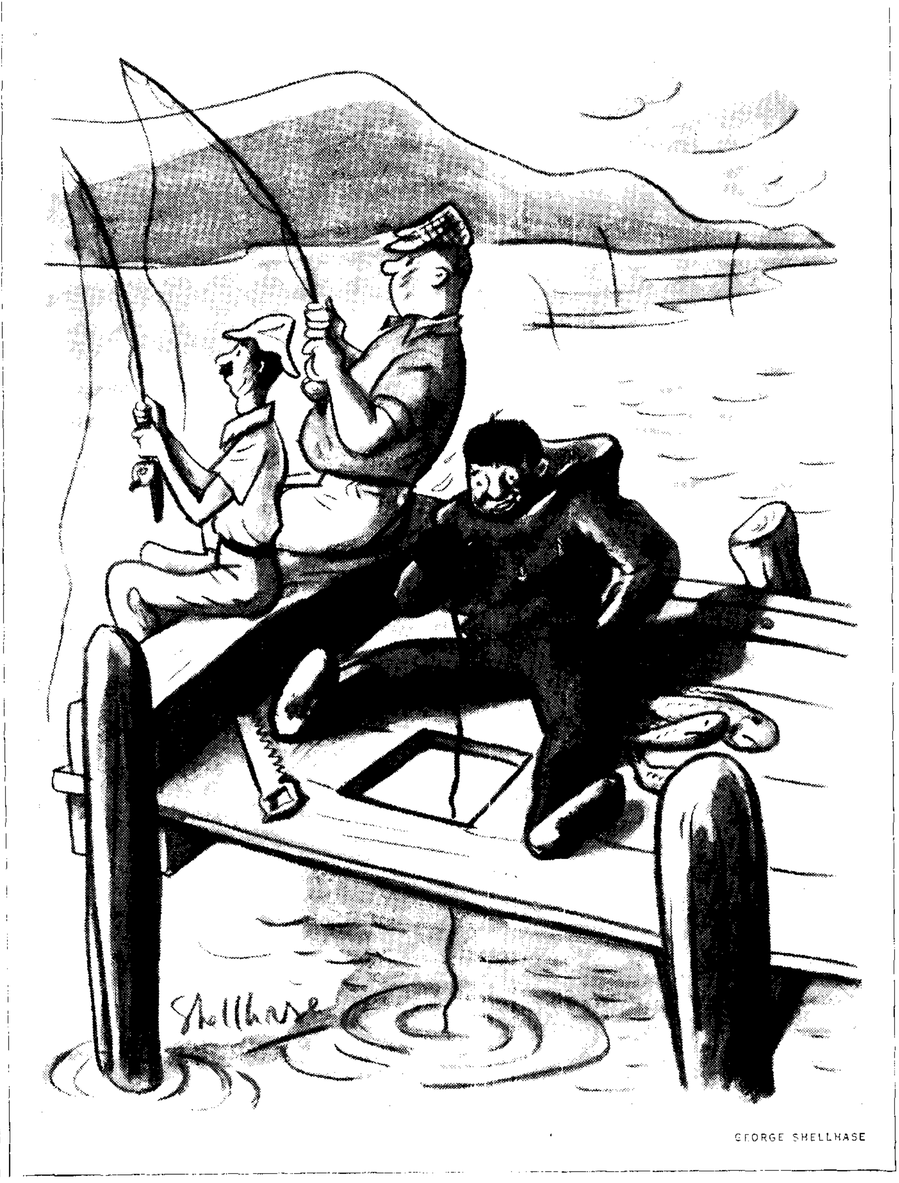
And if the room is empty, you will infer from Domingo's manner that he really does not mind very much whether he has pupils or not. In any case you will certainly not imagine that Domingo Plata had ever been granted the ear in a bullfight, or guess what he had done with it after he had received it.



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Time is an Arrow

Continued from page 11

the dial, and you got a pair of happy twins, baby-blue eyes. An illusion worth a cool thousand dollars a week to any sponsor.

"Let's move out of the flat," Babe said. "We're in the money, now. We can afford Park Avenue. And a little place in the country."

But Sal shook her head.

"No. I'm superstitious. We stay right here. Until the team breaks up."

"Breaks up?"

Babe stared at her mother.

"Are you crazy?"

"Time," Sal explained, "marches on!"

Babe laughed.

"If that's all . . . Why, silly, you're growing younger every day!"

SAL didn't sleep much that night. She lay awake in the dark, wanting Clancy. Wanting him while she was still pretty. While she still had a waistline. And a wish for love. And this ache in her for the comfort of his arms, his lips, the loud, strong, steady beat of his heart . . .

But she couldn't leave Babe. Babe, alone, wouldn't have a chance. Sure, she was pretty and she could dance. But it took more than that these days. It was Sal who had the audience pull: a sense of timing, a flair for comedy, a sparkle and a throb in the throat, a lilt and a punch. Personality.

Alone, Babe wouldn't have lasted a week. Not on the air, where looks don't count.

"If she'd only fall in love," Sal thought, "with some nice boy who'd take care of her!"

But Babe hadn't the urge. She kidded the men, and left them alone. She wanted a career.

"No faithless husbands and baby carriages for *me*," she said. "I'm too smart!"

She laughed at her admirers.

"Sal's the most wonderful mother in the world," she said. "I'd be a fool to exchange her for a wedding ring!"

The time had come to face the truth.

Sal faced it.

Clancy was her mate and her darling, but Babe was flesh of her flesh.

She couldn't forget the promise she'd made the day Babe was born—to keep this child of hers safe and clean and happy, always.

"Okay," she said to herself. "Let's go."

FOR three years, then, she climbed the radio ladder, pulling Babe along. Until, finally, they had an hour to themselves.

Work helped to ease the pain in Sal's heart. Fame helped, too. The higher Clancy went—Albany, Washington—the higher Sal wanted to go. Better comedy. Better dancing. Better music. Every broadcast was for Clancy's benefit. Standing before the mike, sleek and slender and shining, Sal sang for him, and for him alone. Perhaps this was why so many listening Americans took her into their hearts—she asked so hard to be let in!

If Clancy heard—if he cared—he never let on. You see, Babe was still playing stooge to Sal's divine comedy! Clancy probably damned—and switched them off!

Hollywood didn't damn. The studios sent scouts to check on this rollicking pair of twins. Were they as beautiful, as young, as clever as they sounded? Would they screen? How much did they want?

They wanted plenty.

And one bright, hot winter day, they stepped out of a transport plane, orchids shivering on their shoulders, their lips very red, their teeth very white, into Hollywood.

Babe was twenty-two years old. Sal was forty. And you could hardly tell them apart.

In the hotel, surrounded by two dozen trunks and ten dozen roses, Babe hugged Sal.

"Isn't it marvelous, darling? Don't you *love* Hollywood? I'm so terribly excited!"

Sal was thinking that she was three thousand miles away from Clancy. She felt tired and empty and frightened. They were to have their screen tests in the morning. This meant a facial mask, massage, tint, set, and manicure for Sal. And twelve hours' sleep, to iron out the travel shadows. All Babe had to do was to smile sweetly at the camera.

"They've invited us to a night club," Babe said, "tonight. To show ourselves!"

Sal shook her head.

"You run along," she said. "Dazzle 'em, darling. They won't miss me. Knock 'em cold."

Babe did. Looking like a tinsel and flaxen dryad in a white gown and silver sandals and a little ermine jacket. One of the studio's younger executives called for her.

"You two girls are wows on the air," he said. "I don't see why you bother with Hollywood."

Sal didn't see why, either.

Alone, she went to the window and stared out into the dry, starry night. Palm trees rustled in the hotel garden. The air was dusty, hot, sweet with the fragrance of shrubs and flowers and growing things.

SAL thought of the flat in the Forties. How she and Clancy used to laugh together. The fun they had! Since Clancy left, she hadn't lived. She was famous. She had money in the bank. But, God, how *lonely* she was! How she hated the everlasting battle with wrinkles and fat and gray hair! She wanted to be a woman again. Let go and live and laugh. To hell with youth. She hated it. She hated the sight of herself—not a day over twenty-five—Clancy was fifty. The rotogravures revealed him grizzled and heavy, lined and serious. Her Clancy! If she could get into his arms again, and rest—and sigh—deep!

When Babe came in, just before dawn, the storm had passed. Sal, creamed and curled, slapped and anointed, buffed and iced, slept. Or seemed to sleep.

Babe tiptoed over and whispered:

"Sal?"

Sal removed the eye pads and blinked up at her child.

"Sal, I had to tell you—he's simply marvelous!"

"Who's marvelous?"

"George. He was here—you remember? Tall and dark and handsome? He says I'm divine. He says I'll be a star. He says he's falling in love with me. . . ."

"That's swell," Sal said.

She didn't go to sleep again.

And when the camera caught her, the next day, she looked it. There were faint, revealing shadows about her mouth. A tracery of lines at the corners of her eyes. An elusive blurring of cheek and chin. . . .

Babe faced the lens with contours that had neither flaw nor blemish. The camera ate her up and then screamed for more.

Later, in the producer's projection room, a star was born.

But it wasn't Sal.

The producer sent for her.

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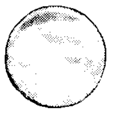

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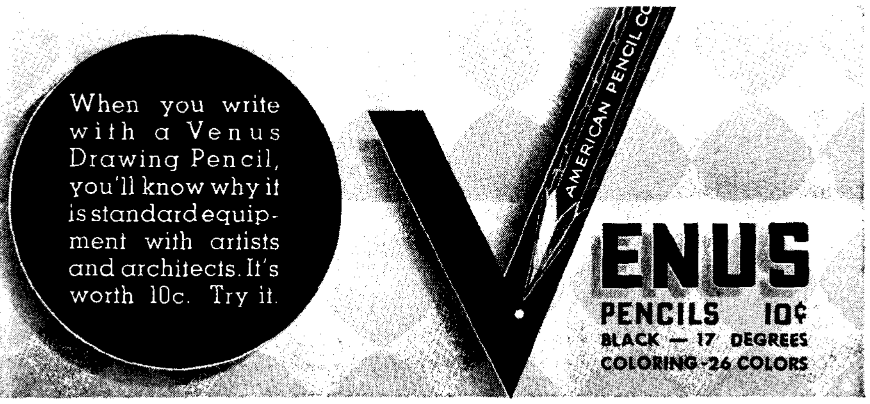

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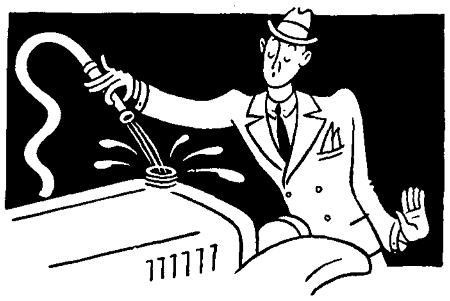

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"Tell her to come alone," was the message. "To my office. At once."

Sal's hands shook as she pulled on her jauntiest, craziest, youngest hat and pinned a fresh orchid to the lapel of her square-shouldered suit.

Babe was riding across the Hollywood hills with George.

Sal faced it. A premonition of what was to come possessed her.

"I'm sorry," the producer said. "We can't sign you together. As sisters, I mean."

"We're not sisters," Sal said. "I'm Babe's mother."

"I see—"

The producer examined his well-manicured nails.

"That explains it," he said.

"Explains what?"

"The tests were—well, rather uneven. Your daughter's extraordinarily beautiful."

"I get you," Sal said. "But suppose you break up the team?"

"Frankly, we must. Surely, you wouldn't stand in the way of your daughter's career?"

"Me? No!"

"That's very decent of you. Very brave. We plan to groom her for stardom. A new name. Careful coaching. The right parts. We think we have something. In fact, we're enthusiastic about her possibilities."

The producer smiled brilliantly.

"Now, as to terms. . . ."

"I'm out?" Sal interrupted.

"Would you care to look at your tests?"

"No!"

She stood, hanging on to the back of her chair to steady herself.

"This is the end of the sister act," she said.

"If your daughter consents—and, believe me, she'd be very foolish if she didn't consent. She has her own life to live. Her own career to consider. I'm terribly sorry, of course."

"I'm not," Sal said. "Oh, Lord, *I'm* not! I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

When Sal got back to the hotel, Babe was there, soaking in a tub full of scented soap bubbles.

"Dry off," Sal said, "and come out. I've got something to tell you."

Babe appeared, wrapped in pale blue toweling, her hair in tight, wet ringlets.

"He's even more wonderful than I thought," she said.

"Who?"

"George. He rides like a Cossack. And he's terribly sweet and masterful."

Sal lighted a cigarette.

"Don't tell me you're in love, Babe."

"I don't think so. But even if I *was*, darling, it wouldn't make any difference. I'll never leave you."

"You won't have to," Sal said. "I'm leaving you, instead."

SHE put her arm around her child, pressing her cheek against Babe's, holding her close.

"Listen, sweet. The studio's agreed to sign you for five years. At so much a week it would make a maharajah sick with envy. You're all set—and I'm flying back to New York, tonight, to marry Clancy."

"*Clancy!*"

Babe tore herself away, hurt and indignant.

"You mean you're going to leave me? For *him?* Oh, you can't! You can't!"

"The studio doesn't want me," Sal said. "Besides—"

She had to sit down. She felt faint and queer.

"I love Clancy. I always have. And now I'm tired. I want to quit and settle down—live a little—before it's too late."

Babe began, passionately, to cry.

"Just when I'm beginning to be happy—you do *this!*"

"Maybe you think I won't miss you," Sal said. "My baby . . . Maybe you think leaving you doesn't tear my heart wide open."

Babe went down on her knees and buried her head in Sal's lap.

"I didn't know. You didn't tell me! *Why . . .*"

Sal stroked the tight ringlets.

"Clancy's my man, that's all."

"More than Daddy?"

"Everything's more," Sal said, "at my age."

"Oh, Sal," Babe sobbed, "*don't* leave me! I'll give Hollywood up. I'll give George up."

"You'll give nothing up," Sal said. "You're going to be a great star. A year from now you'll be backing Garbo off the screen. The studio's nuts about you. Raving."

"Really?"

Babe lifted her head, wiping her eyes on a corner of the blue toweling.

"What did they say?"

"They said you could write your own ticket—the sky's the limit."

Sal put her hands on Babe's shoulders.

"You're safe, now! I want you to promise me to keep clean—the way I've taught you—and to stay happy, always. Promise me, Babe."

SUDDENLY Babe caught Sal close. "You've been so good to me, Sal!"

They clung together, crying.

"Now you get into the tub," Sal said, "and finish your soak—while I pack."

"You're not going now!"

"Tonight. You and George can see me off."

Babe clutched the toweling and ran back to the scented suds.

Sal closed the bathroom door, and put in a call to Washington.

"Mr. Edward Clancy—yes, please. I'll hold the line."

While she waited, she listened to the loud, triumphant pounding of her own heart. Her hands shook. If this was happiness, it was close to pain. She'd waited so many years! And here it was, shining and glorious—a light that hurt. She closed her eyes and prayed: "God let Clancy be there! Let him answer *now* . . ."

"Here's your party, Madam."

"Thanks."

And Clancy's voice, real as life:

"Hello?"

Sal caught her breath.

"At long last—" she began. And laughed. "Clancy? It's *me*—Sal!"

"Sal?" A fraction of a pause. "Where are you?"

"I'm in Hollywood, California. And listen, darling. I've got good news. An hour ago, I signed Babe to pictures. I'm *free*. I'm coming—I'll marry you the day after tomorrow. If you still want me." She couldn't understand. She was crying again. Tears that splashed on the table—big, wet, scalding tears that partially blinded her. "Clancy," she said. "*Clancy*—do you hear me?"

"I hear you, Sal."

His voice sounded far off and strange.

"I wish I didn't," he said. "I wish this hadn't happened. I'm married, Sal. I married a week ago. I thought you knew—it was in the papers."

"No," Sal said. She licked her lips. Suddenly, her hands were steady. Her heart stopped pounding. She was cold and quiet. "I didn't know, Clancy. I'm glad. Glad, for your sake. Very glad for you."

She hung up, carefully. Her head went down on her arms. For a moment a sort of dizziness stole over her.

"Sal!" Babe, from the bathroom: "Who was that?"

"No one," Sal said. She lifted her head. "I was just phoning downstairs for the bill." She laughed, for Babe to hear. "Life begins," she said, "at forty."

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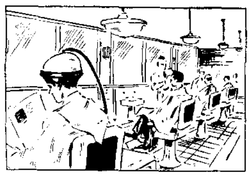

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Up from the Ashes

Continued from page 15

to their former holdings. Lots in the old city were of all shapes; in the new they were, as far as possible, rectangular. All the new blocks were made oblong, instead of square.

If, in the readjustment, an owner lost more than ten per cent of the area of the land he owned before, he got compensation. If he lost less, it was figured the replanning and better roads would more than compensate him for his loss. It was a complicated job but in the end it shot up property values so that every landowner was better off than before, even if he owned a little less land.

While they were about it, the Tokyoites handed themselves three huge new parks and fifty-two smaller ones; a huge central market, a new canal down to Yokohama and streets designed to carry, in the future, high-speed trolley systems. After they had the new layout down on paper they realized that they would have to relocate most of their water mains, power lines and sanitary system. So they dug up the city and did the job. While they were doing it they left enough room underground for all the phone and light wires. Trees were planted at twenty-foot intervals all over the city.

No More Disastrous Fires

It would have been fine, the city admitted, to require all fire- and earthquake-proof construction in the new city, but two things prevented this. First, the Japanese love wood for construction; second, most citizens were too poor, and had lost too much in the disaster, to afford concrete and steel. So the town did the next best thing. It zoned the city and constructed firebreaks—sections in which only fireproof construction was allowed. When a man put up a fireproof building, the city paid him half of the difference between the cost of a non-fireproof structure and the one he erected. Fires can still start anywhere in downtown Tokyo—but they can't get very far—and they don't leap seventy-foot highways very easily.

Tokyo never will have any traffic congestion problem in its business and retail districts, for the simple reason that the Emperor of Japan is God, and no one may look down upon him. The ridge of his palace in its triple-moated grounds in the heart of Tokyo is just about eight stories above the downtown streets—and so eight stories is as high as any building may go. One building—where Nippon Dempo, the great Japanese news agency, works—had to get a special permit because the railing around the roof was an inch over the height limit.

So Tokyo, as it grows, grows horizontally and not vertically. It will never be possible to crowd more and more people into the same working space by building higher and higher.

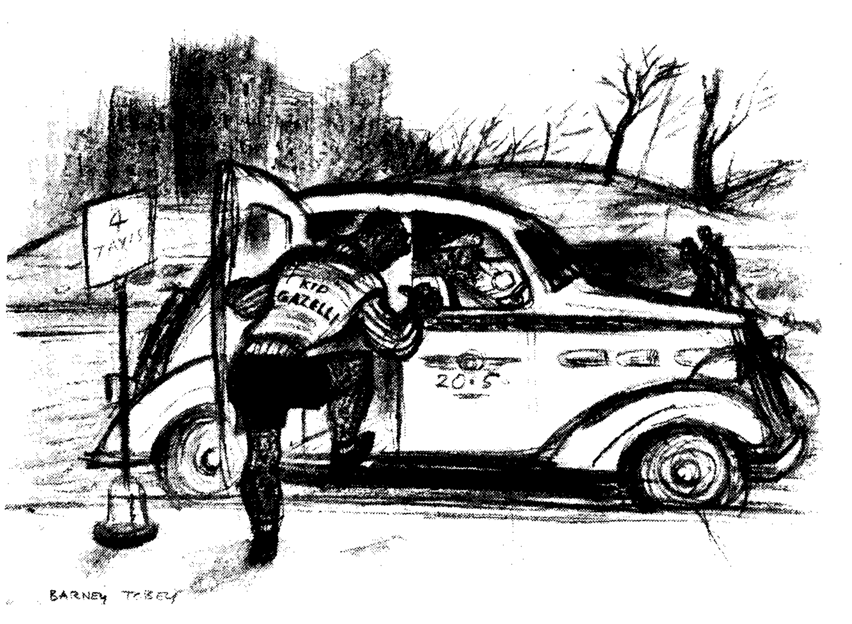
The United States had quite a lot to do with the creation of the new Tokyo. Not only did Americans contribute fifteen million dollars in cash and another fifteen million dollars in supplies as a gift to the city after the disaster, but American architects and engineers were responsible for a great deal of the new construction. You can wander through miles of Tokyo today and, but for the signs, think you are in an American city.

In Tokyo's residence districts the Japanese hide their homes behind high fences and what the front looks like they don't care. It's the inside and the private garden in the rear in which they take pride.

Thousands of the new Tokyo homes, especially in the suburbs, are combined homes and factories in which the vital "cottage industries" that supply more than half of Japan's exports are operated. In the Aomori district, down toward Yokohama, for example, are block after block of tiny home factories. Each home produces just one part, or performs one operation on a part of the completed article.

In the making of dolls, for instance, one family will make the head, another the body, a third the legs, a fourth the arms. A fifth will make the hair, a sixth the clothes, a seventh the shoes. Boys carry the parts to a central assembly plant, or perhaps to an eighth home. After the assembly, the dolls go to a home where mother, father and children specialize in painting. They sit in a row, on their ankles. The doll starts at one end. Two flicks on its head and the eyebrows are on. Each member paints in one feature as the doll passes down the line.

That sort of production line was in operation in Japan years before the name of Ford meant anything. The finished dolls go to a final plant, belonging to a doll manufacturer, for boxing and shipping. He may employ only ten persons in his factory—but he probably employs more than one hundred indi-



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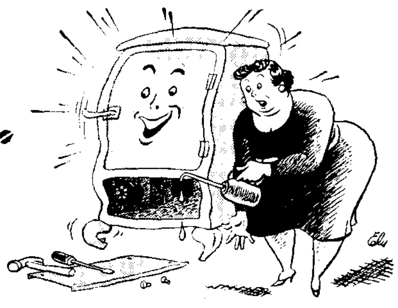

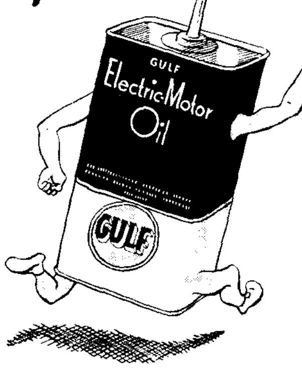

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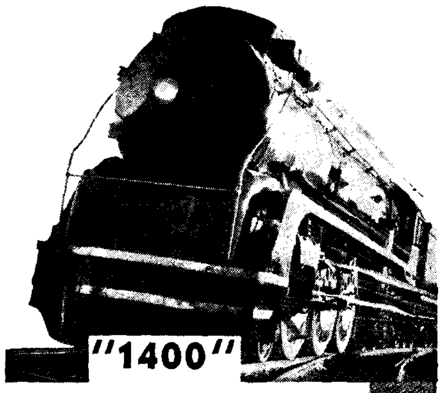

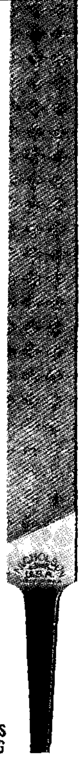

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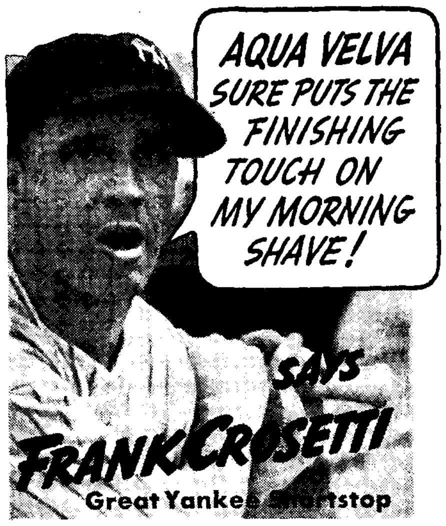
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rectly. The system has several advantages: It cuts down the overhead; it doesn't leave a lot of machinery lying idle in slack times; and it almost eliminates anything like relief. What each factory family takes in it shares, putting away in the state savings bank what it can. In hard times, the nonworkers live on the workers—directly, and not with the intervention of relief agencies and social workers.

Being simple, the Japanese home is cheap to construct and easy to operate. It is little more than walls, roof and floor. Cooking is done by gas or charcoal. At night, padded mattresses are taken from closets and laid on the floor for sleeping. In one corner of the main room is the family shrine, a small platform, with flowers or a dwarf tree on it. On the wall, a picture. Nothing more.

Outside of the people who work at home, half a million of Tokyo's girls and men labor ten hours a day in modern factories amid modern automatic machinery, some of it foreign, most of it Japanese duplicates of the original. But most factories still are not as fully automatic as are American plants. For girls, the wage averages about one yen a day; for men, double that. The yen is worth less than thirty cents, American, but in Japan it will buy about as much as a dollar in the United States—and it must be remembered that the wants and desires of the average Japanese are far below those of the American workman. No Japanese workman owns a car, or even hopes to—not even one of the little ones that Japanese manufacturers copy from the British and sell for about five hundred dollars gold.

An American girl worker can see a movie for a tenth of her daily pay, but a Japanese girl must give up a quarter of hers to see a film show. But streetcar fares start at seven sen—about two cents—and so getting to work and back again is cheap. Food also is cheap and good—rice, millet, fish, green vegetables and fruit in abundance. Even in good restaurants in the Ginza, where the office workers have lunch, you can get more than you can eat for fifty or sixty sen—say fifteen cents. In working-class restaurants the prices are much cheaper and in the city's own restaurants—there are eleven huge and spotless municipal dining halls—poor people can get a full meal for two or three cents.

Factory Girls—Japanese Style

A typical Tokyo factory is the five-story Meiji plant, where eleven hundred people—eight hundred of them girls—work every day. It is a concrete building, with handball and baseball courts, a huge dining hall for the hundreds of daily visitors, other huge halls for the workers and rows of modern German and Japanese machinery. The girls work in kimonos, with white aprons, turning out candy, cakes, pies, fruit syrups, biscuits and pastry. They start at seven in the morning and work until noon. Then they troop down to the dining hall, where they get a full meal for ten sen—about three cents. At 12:45 they're back at the machines again and at 5 they are through for the day.

Like most factories in Nippon, this one operates a great many welfare activities. There is a mutual benefit fund, with the company matching employees' contributions; annual outings and picnics; free medical care and once a month a minister comes around and preaches a sermon—*on company time, too.* Twice a year the company splits up all profits over a certain figure and each worker, at each split, usually gets about one extra month's wages. There is no union.

In the great spinning mills where Japan produces the huge mileage of textiles that undersell the product of any other nation, anywhere, the girls live in great, comfortable barracks, with phonographs and radios and matrons and excellent food. They are mostly country girls, with nowhere to live in the city. If they lose their jobs, they do not hang around Tokyo looking for others; they take their money, go home, and put what they have into the common fund.

Municipal ownership has gone as far in Tokyo as anywhere. Not only does the city operate streetcars and motorbusses and power and light systems, but it runs pawnshops, retail markets, lodging houses, employment agencies and hospitals. The pawnshops charge only about eight per cent a year, and eighteen of them help to tide over people from one pay day to the next. There are eleven great public hotels.

Earthquake-Proof Subways

And there are scores of municipal apartment houses where the rent is graduated, not by the room occupied but by ability to pay. Thus, a poor family of six may get two rooms for two yen a month, while a well-to-do couple may pay twenty-five yen for one room. Each apartment usually has its own interior garden and playground.

To move her millions Tokyo uses surface cars, busses, fast electric interurbans with American-style cars, and a new subway. Other subways are being bored furiously, the theory being that, in the event of another earthquake, they will not be harmed. Several of the subway stations are located in the basements of department stores, which helped to finance them and which rely on them to bring in customers.

The department store idea in Tokyo is to get people up to the top floor and let them circulate downward. So all the top floors have free zoos, movie shows, theaters or other attractions—and the escalators run only upward. The customers come down under their own power.

The world's number two city—if London gives the nod—is kept in order by a sort of military police force, not under the city at all but operated by the Home Ministry. The cops are smart, patient and efficient and wear a short sword. The traffic cops use megaphones to bawl out jaywalkers—which is something the lads in American cities haven't thought of yet. Most potent weapon of the police, however, is the imperial crest they wear on their helmets.

This emblem is so powerful in the minds of the Japanese that it is said burglars and other wrongdoers will usually stop merely if ordered to. There is comparatively little crime. Thievery is usually due to poverty, and the thief, when caught, is taken before his victim. Often, if it's a genuine case of poverty, the victim orders the policeman to give the fellow a good lecture and let him go.

The only cloud on Tokyo's horizon is furnished by a handful of realistic and pessimistic scientists who have gone back through the earthquake records of the past and, from them, projected the future. The Kwanto plain, on which the city is built, they say, gets a bad earthquake about every seventy years. And they have the records to prove it. Others use the same records to prove there's a bad temblor every century, to the year.

If the scientists are right, the millions of closely packed humanity in the cities around the head of Tokyo Bay are due for another disaster along about the end of the century. To keep this possibility before them, they have an earthquake shock every few days, more or less noticeable. But, on the other hand, they have built a city they believe is as near earthquake-proof as modern science can make it. They have done it in a decade. And they're mighty proud of it. They have a right to be.

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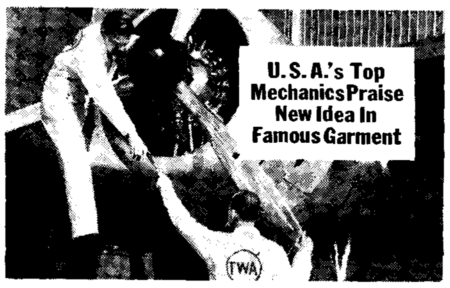
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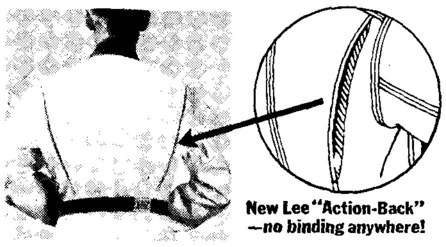

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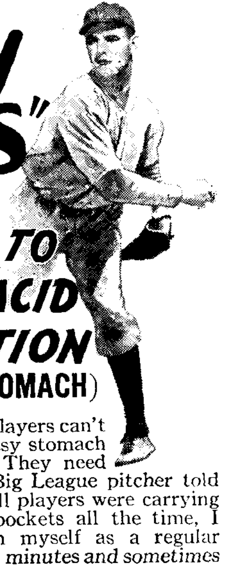

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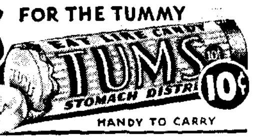


HANDY TO CARRY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 2E-76, St. Louis, Mo.

Don't Call Me a Stooge

Continued from page 18

production of the Four Marx Brothers. They had made their New York hit with I'll Say She Does and Miss Dumont was about to realize for the first time what the theater could mean for men of imagination.

"I almost went crazy," she reports. "During rehearsals they never gave me any lines to learn and when it came down to two days before the opening in Boston, I couldn't stand it any longer. I went to Groucho and complained. 'Don't you worry about the lines,' he said. 'You just go on and we'll get along all right.' "

Proving You Never Can Tell

She was supposed to make her first entrance in a scene with Groucho and waited tremblingly in the wings for some cue from him. She never got it. He was out before the curtain doing something which had never been rehearsed. After it went on for what seemed to be hours, she decided that they were paying her to act, so she went out. Groucho welcomed her as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Won't you lie down?" he said politely, pulling out a park bench.

They went on from there.

For the week in Boston, the show was different every night. When they came off, Groucho would try to remember the best gags of that performance.

"Do you remember what I said in that part where I tripped you?" he would ask worriedly. The director finally compromised by having a stenographer in the wings taking notes. He never did get Harpo and Chico straightened out because they were climbing the proscenium arch and chewing the scenery in those intervals where they weren't interrupting a sentimental number to find a place to sleep. The show was a terrific hit when it reached New York.

It was in this show that Miss Dumont learned the proper costuming for an associate of the Marx boys. The first thing was a whalebone corset guaranteed to withstand anything from the embrace of a cobra to the stab of a spear. She also swore off dainty chiffon and lace garments. Her one experience with those had to do with a loose-sleeved dress which attracted Harpo's eye.

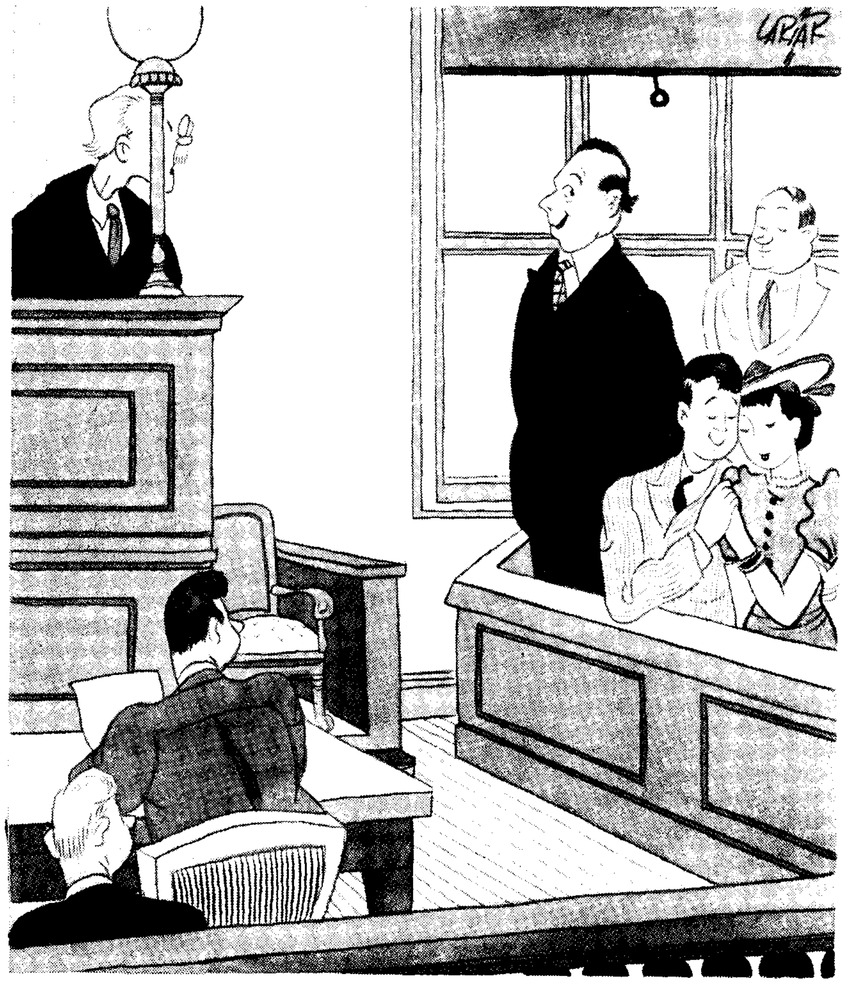
"He put his foot in the sleeve," says Miss Dumont sorrowfully.

Long trains to gowns were also soon discarded. Groucho had a habit of following her off the stage, leaping agilely from one side of the train to the other as he progressed. One night he stepped full on the train in making his leap and Miss Dumont found herself on the stage in her underwear.

"Chico is the one who always saved my life," says Miss Dumont. "He kept Groucho from climbing all over me and always stopped Harpo when he began hooking legs with that cane of his."

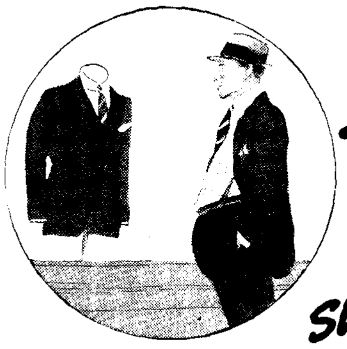
There was a time on tour, however, when Chico reverted to being a Marx. He and Harpo fixed up a series of five alarm clocks and hid them in Miss Dumont's berth. They went off at hourly intervals during the night, driving her nuts. The only saving thing about it was that it also kept the Marx boys awake and Groucho gave his emphatic word in the morning that one more night like that and there would be only two Marx Brothers and to hell with the police.

Between seasons one year Harpo saw Miss Dumont coming up Broadway at 43d Street. He hid in a store entrance, came out when she had passed, grabbed her firmly around the waist and hoisted her aloft while she screamed: "Help, Po-



"Your Honor, I wish to make an announcement!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



That suit looks swell in the Window

How will it look on YOU?

Fat men, short men—thin men, tall men look better, feel better too, in THE BRACER

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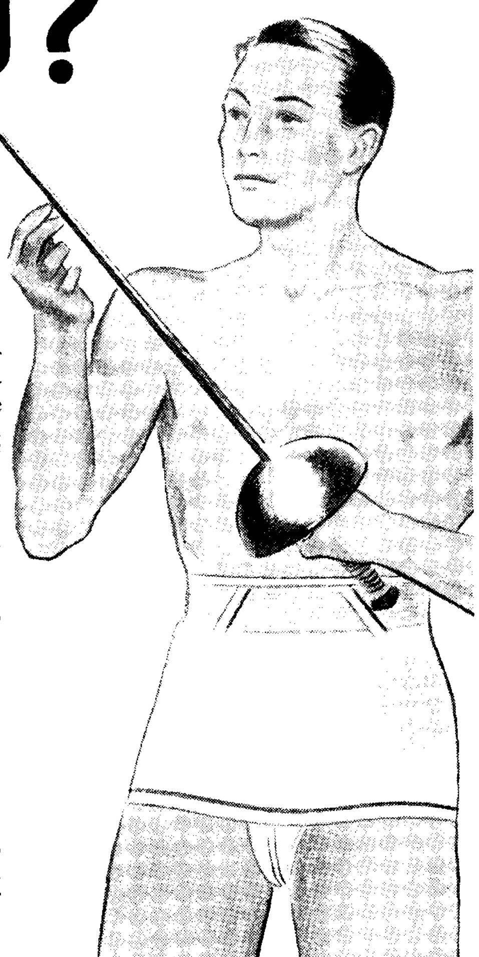

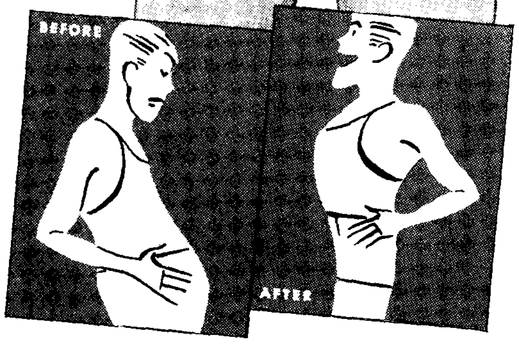

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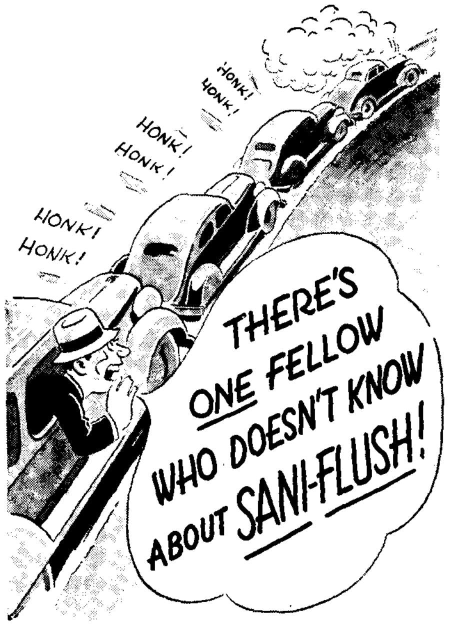
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THERE'S ONE FELLOW WHO DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SANI-FLUSH!

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KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

lice!" When she turned around and saw Harpo she was so embarrassed she ran into a subway station and disappeared.

"Ah-h, Maggie," Harpo was saying after her in protest.

During the tour of Coconuts, a battle went on between Miss Dumont and Groucho every night. There was a scene in which Groucho was on his knees to Miss Dumont. As she would withdraw in high dudgeon, he would make stabs at her ankles with intent to bring her to earth. Being wise to the Marx boys, she had avoided the gentleman until the last night in San Francisco, when she became a bit lax and ended up on the floor.

"That was bad enough," says Miss Dumont, "but it was worse when I tried to get up. That corset was so long that I couldn't bend my knees so I just sort of rocked back and forth there. Groucho was laughing so hard he couldn't help but when he did get around to it, he couldn't. He'd get me half up and then start to laugh and I'd go down again."

When they got off the stage Miss Dumont was so infuriated she wouldn't speak to him. He ran after her up the stairs.

"Ah, Maggie," he pleaded. "Don't get sore. It wasn't my fault. It was these new shoes I'm wearing."

It was some time before this that Miss Dumont came off the stage one night and found her street dress and hat gone. She rushed out in time to see Harpo going through the stage door with them. She yelled at him.

"I'm going to a masquerade," he yelled back. "I'll have them back here first thing in the morning."

This was all very well but Miss Dumont couldn't wear her stage dress home and she had nothing else. She finally compromised on her fur coat wrapped carefully over her intimate garments.

A Lady with Ambitions

Miss Dumont wants to play character parts of another sort and was headed in that direction at the time of Irving Thalberg's death.

"He understood about comedy," she says, "and always insisted that the Marx Brothers' stories should have a real plot. The only thing that ever hurt me about my job was being called a stooge. I resent that. Playing comedy in the movies is a hard job. You just can't stand still and wait for the laughs, but they do have to be timed so that the laughter won't wash out the next lines. When that wait comes it is necessary to be doing something all the time and not just something haphazard. That's what is called acting. I'd like to get parts where I could do something on my own behalf and I hope it can be managed. Mr. Thalberg was talking to me about it and his death was a great loss to me."

The Marx Brothers—now down to three with the departure of Zeppo to be an agent—have found that it is necessary to try out their gags on the stage before trusting them to the screen. Last winter they were on an extended vaudeville tour for that purpose.

"They'd change the act every day and never tell me," says Miss Dumont. "Out front were three writers, checking the laughs and determining what should be tried next. The secret of working with Groucho is to be alert every minute and never get fussed. When he starts talking something never heard before on land or sea, it is up to me to go right along with him. It's hard work but nobody could ask for a more interesting job."

In their latest picture, they take Miss Dumont over the bumps in a physical way for the first time. From manhandling her on the operating table, they finally tip her up and off entirely. The first time it happened in rehearsals there was consternation on all sides. Miss Dumont was so embarrassed she couldn't be dragged on the scene again that morning. The Marx boys were equally shocked.

"Get Maggie the black bloomers!" howled Groucho through his mustache.

In the wallpaper scene she was not so much a wreck as a menace. As the lady of the house, she made the noises which started Harpo and Chico to slapping up the paste furiously. They used paste mixed with glue and at the end of one day's work the cast and the scenery was wrecked.

Harpo Earns His Salary

Rehearsing this scene was no fun because it was hard work. Harpo was required to carry a bucket of paste on his head while climbing a ladder. In Hollywood such scenes are often done fifty times. That was the case with Harpo. Time after time he ran up and down the ladder.

"That's pretty good," said Sam Wood, the director, "but let's get one more shot of it."

Harpo ran up and came down again; up and down; up and down. Finally he sat on the top of the ladder, gasped feebly and said: "What time is it?"

"Twenty past ten," he was told.

Whereupon Harpo fell off the ladder and lay in a coma for the better part of an hour, refusing to rise for Sam Wood, M-G-M or the United States Supreme Court. They get a lot of money out there and often earn it.

What has gone so far may give the impression that Miss Dumont is merely a soft shadow mirroring the Marx family but she has a decided personality and life of her own. Between pictures she rarely sees the boys. She lives in an apartment in the heart of Hollywood, entertains her friends, thinks back regretfully on the days when she was a society lady with no worries about an early call for make-up.

Her three-room apartment is furnished with pictures of her old life, and particularly of Mr. Moller, and it is plain that she misses him, but her eyes are not on the past. As a rule she cooks her own meals, visits about a bit with old friends of the theater and goes to the movies. She has never been at the Santa Anita race track, thinks the night clubs are for people who are bored, which she is *not, and doesn't get excited* about life. If she is an authority on anything it is the Marx Brothers and she approves of them.

"They're rough but they don't mean it that way. If they couldn't be themselves, they'd be ordinary comedians. They tell me that in the early days before I met them, theater managers wouldn't let them in the house without their mother. She left them once in Des Moines to visit friends in New York and when she got back they had been canceled because they almost tore the opera house down during their act. Groucho has the most inventive mind I've ever met. He keeps gnawing at a bit of funny business, changing it, working it backward, skipping lines, altering it every time we try it—and *finally it* becomes something immense. If he's afraid of anything at all it's a matinee audience. The women often don't get his style of humor. It's too fast for them. *But Harpo and Chico always save the* matinees. The women have a motherly feeling for Harpo even when he's galloping around with a leer on his face chasing a beautiful maiden.

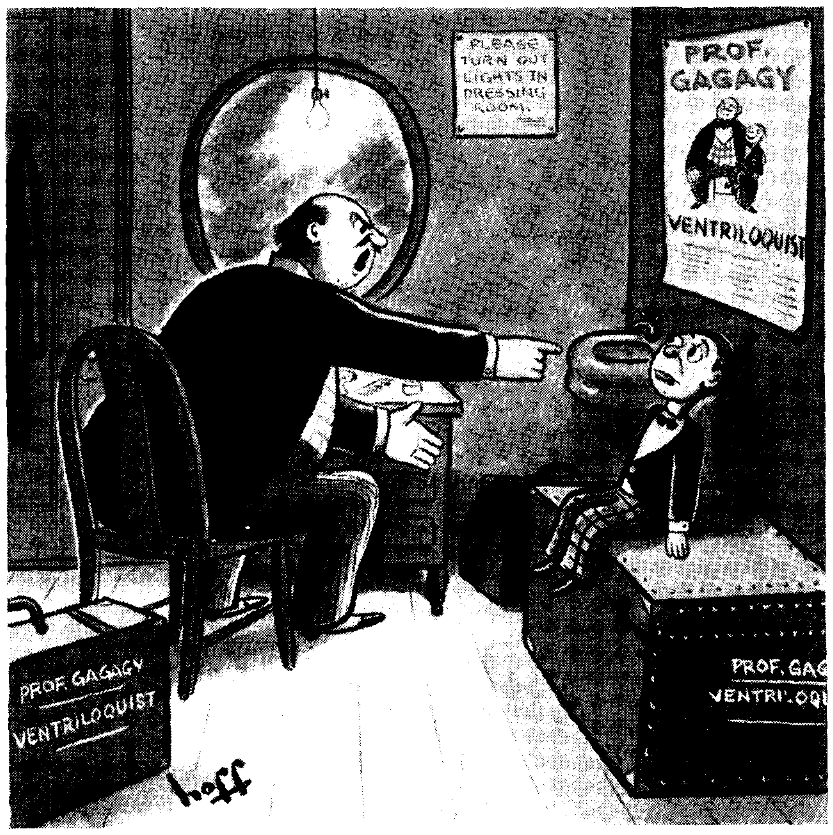
Miss Dumont says nothing about it but somehow one gets the impression that she cares very little about being in the movies.

"It's nice being settled down," she says, but one is entitled to believe from her tone of voice that the circumstance doesn't mean as much as it might.

The trouble is that after the routine is set the director goes over it interminably until it is right. There is almost no chance for variation and although Miss Dumont is a person of refinement she still clings to the opinion that there is *nothing more lovely than leaving a town* with the audience left for dead in the aisles of the theater. She may be a member of the Marx organization but she is also an Assassin of Gloom in her *own right and she misses the prompt* reaction to a superb gag. It is not really enough to make the electricians laugh.

There is only one plank in her political platform.

"I only ask you one thing," she says. "Don't call me a stooge. I think it's terrible and I'll resent it."



"Boy! Were you lousy tonight!"

SYDNEY HOFF

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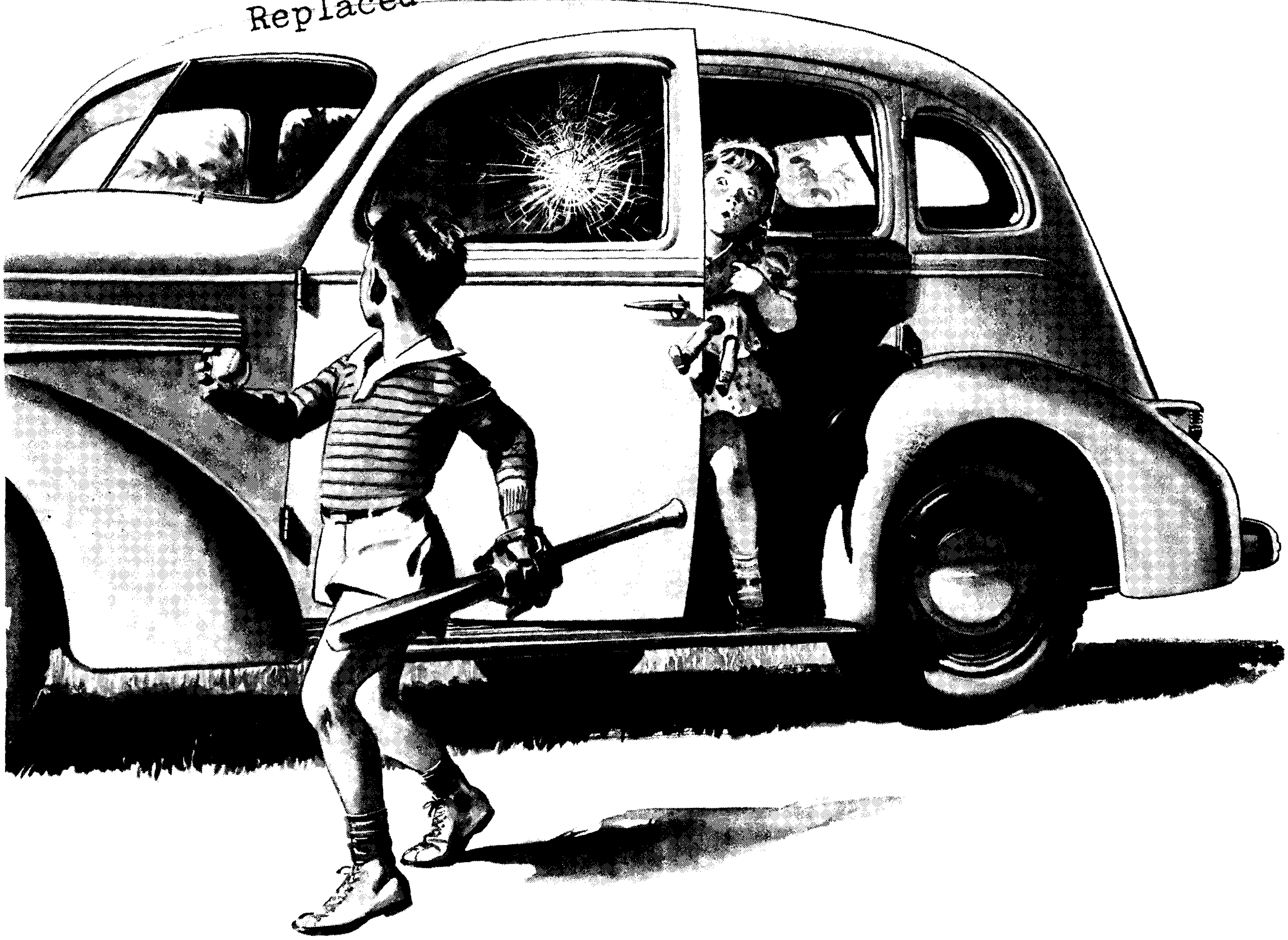
Replaced with SAFETY PLATE GLASS . . .



Jimmy foresees trouble and is getting away from it as fast as his little legs will carry him. Lucky for sister that dad foresaw possible trouble and always insisted on Safety Plate Glass. Now, because of Jimmy's safe hit, dad will again replace with Safety Plate Glass. ¶Safety Glass may crack, or even break, but there is far less danger of anyone being cut by jagged, flying pieces. Car manufacturers have long recognized the greater protection afforded by Safety Plate Glass. Practically all 1937 automobiles are factory-equipped with it, and, the majority of car manufacturers use L·O·F. As long as you drive your car you need this added safety. When breakage occurs, replace with Safety Plate Glass. ¶And, when you ask for it—ask for L·O·F. Your local car dealer or Glass Replacement Dealer is equipped to give you prompt service. You will probably find him listed in the yellow pages of your telephone book under "Glass—Safety."

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COLLIER'S
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PRESIDENT Roosevelt has been talking about disastrous inflation. His spokesmen hint that the perils of inflation were the real excuse for his scheme to pack the Supreme Court. To combat these undescribed, if not indescribable, hazards it is suggested the President must have complete power.

That kind of argument is familiar enough. Nurses used to scare children with dreadful tales of goblins, dragons and other hidden menaces in order to obtain unreasoning obedience. In the nursery this form of argument is obsolete. New Dealers ought not to attempt to intimidate citizens.

Mixing up the Supreme Court issue with our credit and monetary policies is not going to benefit the Republic nor aid the Administration. Only confusion can result from such an effort. We shall do better to keep different problems separate.

The plan to pack the Court, as we have already said, seems to Collier's to be a violent, unnecessary and menacing break with sound American principles. In the very Declaration of Independence we protested against the subordination of the courts by the Executive.

The problems involved in inflation are much more difficult. As a matter of fact, various members of the Administration appear to hold conflicting opinions.

President Roosevelt won his great popularity by what he did about money and credit in 1933. In 1933, as has been said, the country was dying from exhaustion. The physician, President Roosevelt, prescribed whisky, which stimulated the patient and hastened recovery. Now, however, we are not suffering from exhaustion but the whisky prescriptions continue. The times require another kind of treatment.

In 1933 tremendous deflation existed. President Roosevelt took steps to cure it by going off the gold standard, by borrowing, by the building of public works and by vast expenditures of public funds for relief. This program was sound economics.

But the policies that are economically sound when prices are low and are moving lower are not useful when prices are high and rising. We now need to avoid excessively high prices.

Prices won't be controlled, however, until the Administration makes up its mind concerning what policy it will pursue.

Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, says money must be cheap. Mr. Eccles also says that the reserve requirements for banks must be high.

Neither Mr. Eccles nor anybody else can paddle upstream and downstream at the same moment. Interest rates can't be made high and low at the same time. The Administration has to choose between a cheap-money policy and controlled prices. If interest rates are kept low the boom in prices will continue. Economic law, like gravitation, is not the sort which can be changed by Congress or by the courts.

The one simple way to avoid disastrous inflation is to balance the national budget. It was sound policy for the government to borrow and to spend to raise prices which were too low. It is emphatically not sound policy to borrow and to spend to raise prices already too high.

The Administration is confused about inflation because it might be politically unpopular to balance the budget. Before the budget can be balanced, relief expenditures must be reduced. Recipients of relief have votes.

Everybody suspects that there is immense waste in relief expenditures. Of course the penniless have to be fed and clothed and sheltered but the lazy and the cantankerous do not have to be supported by public funds.

The time has come for relief workers to find private employment. Jobs exist. The pay rates and conditions of work on the relief projects must not be kept so high that workers are attracted away from private jobs.

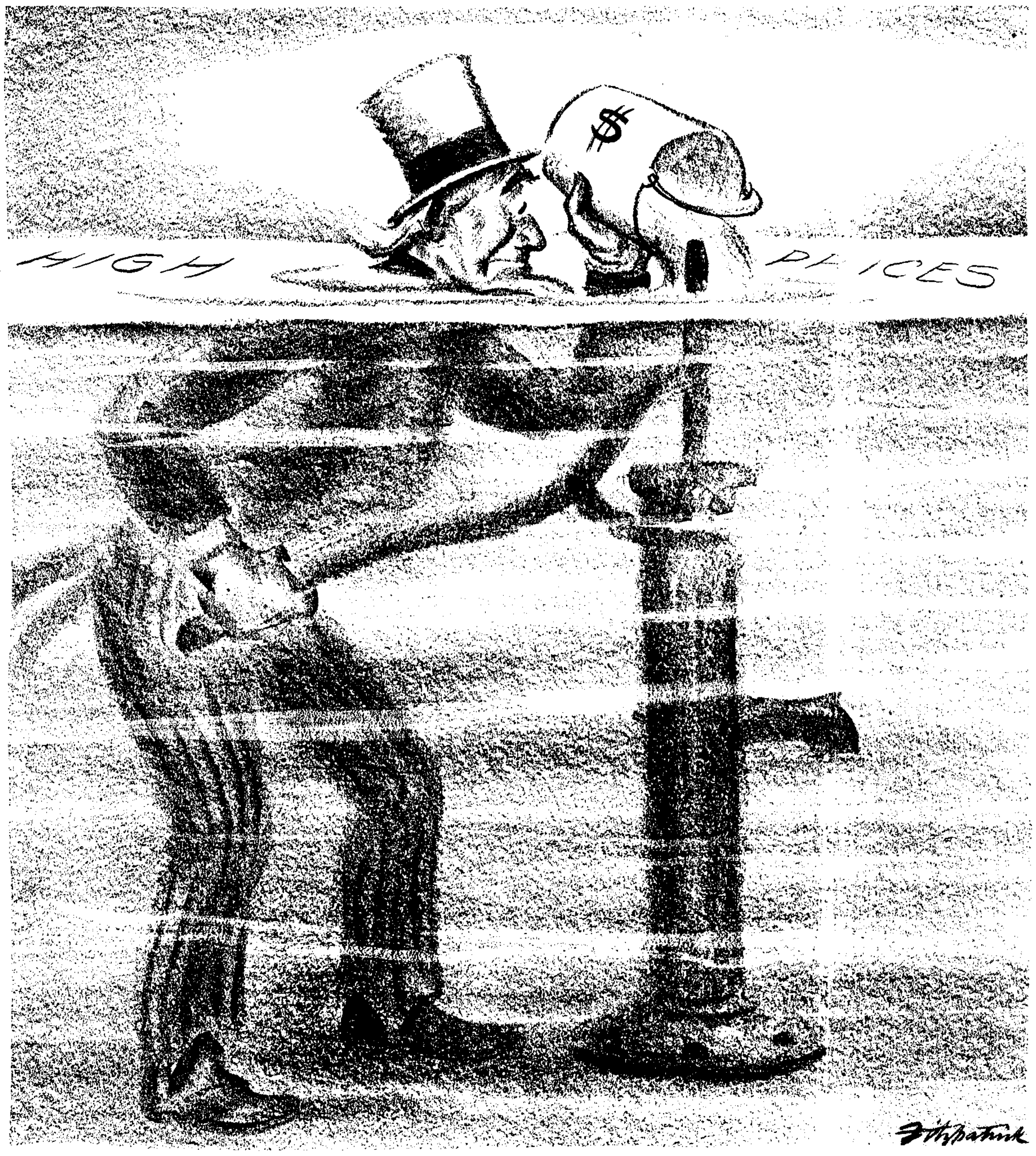
It takes more courage than most Congresses and administrations possess to adopt a sensible and decent policy as to relief. Historically governments have gone down to defeat because they dared not lose votes by cutting off those whose loyalty depended on the distribution of relief. Any measure which tends to halt inflation is sure to arouse the opposition of those who hope to profit by higher prices.

The difficulty which the Administration is having in avoiding a dangerous boom is thus political. As soon as someone suggests reducing relief rolls, worried politicians begin to flutter. Nobody wants a boom but nobody wants to lose a vote or perquisite.

Unfortunately this situation can't be ignored. Doing nothing is in itself a policy but not a policy useful at present. The sound course is to prune all unnecessary expenditures and balance the budget. The easy course is to drift and to do nothing about balancing the budget or eliminating waste.

The easy course of drift would be calamitous for the country and not long profitable to the political party in power. A first-class depression is tough on the popularity of Presidents.

Better think and act now while control is still practicable. To halt a boom is a rude undertaking, and whoever undertakes it, President or Reserve Board, will have a taste of unpopularity. The man in office who doesn't say stop when prices run dangerously high will, however, be crucified for his timidity. A slight dose of unpopularity is the lesser evil.



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Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY
SINCE 1865

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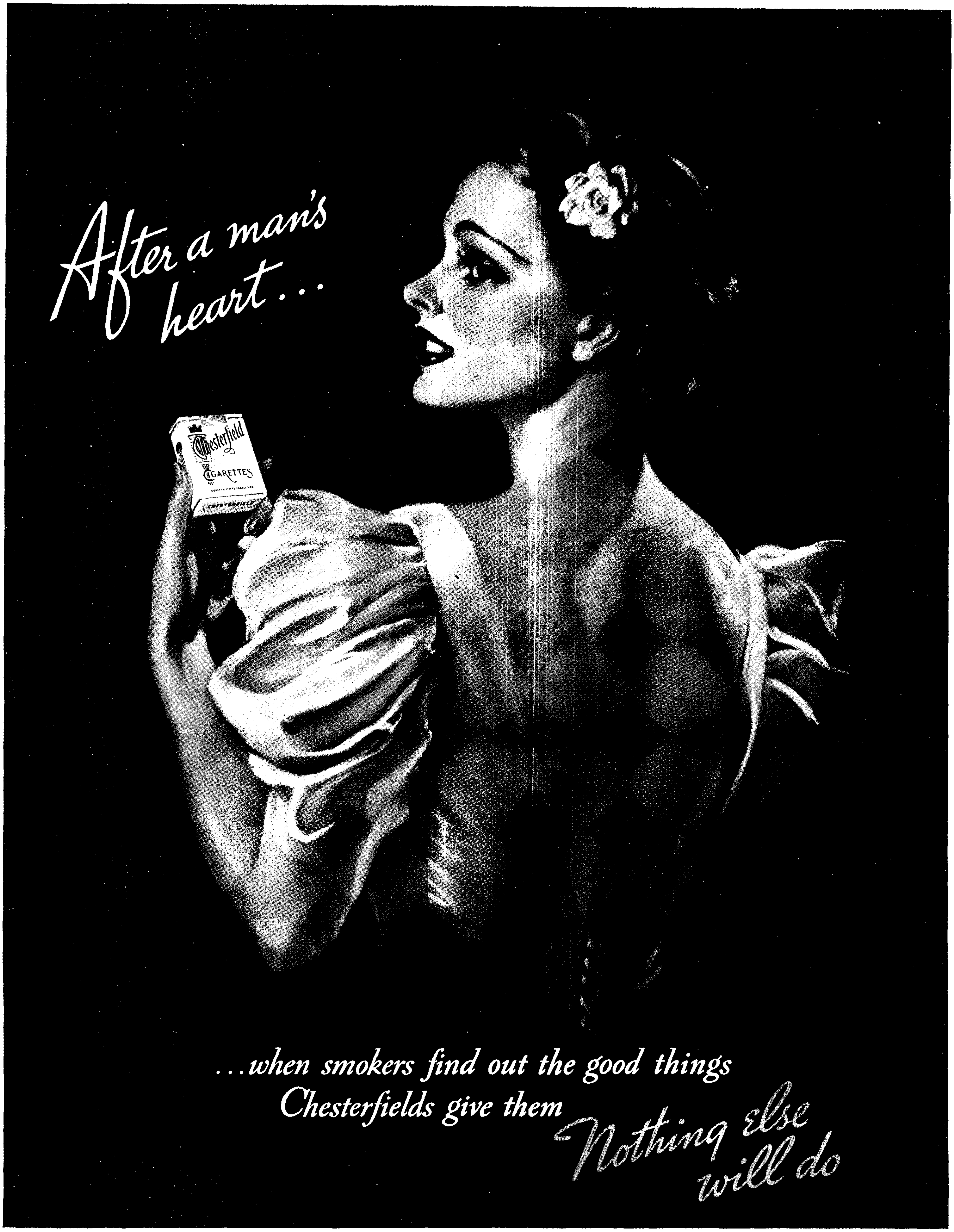
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